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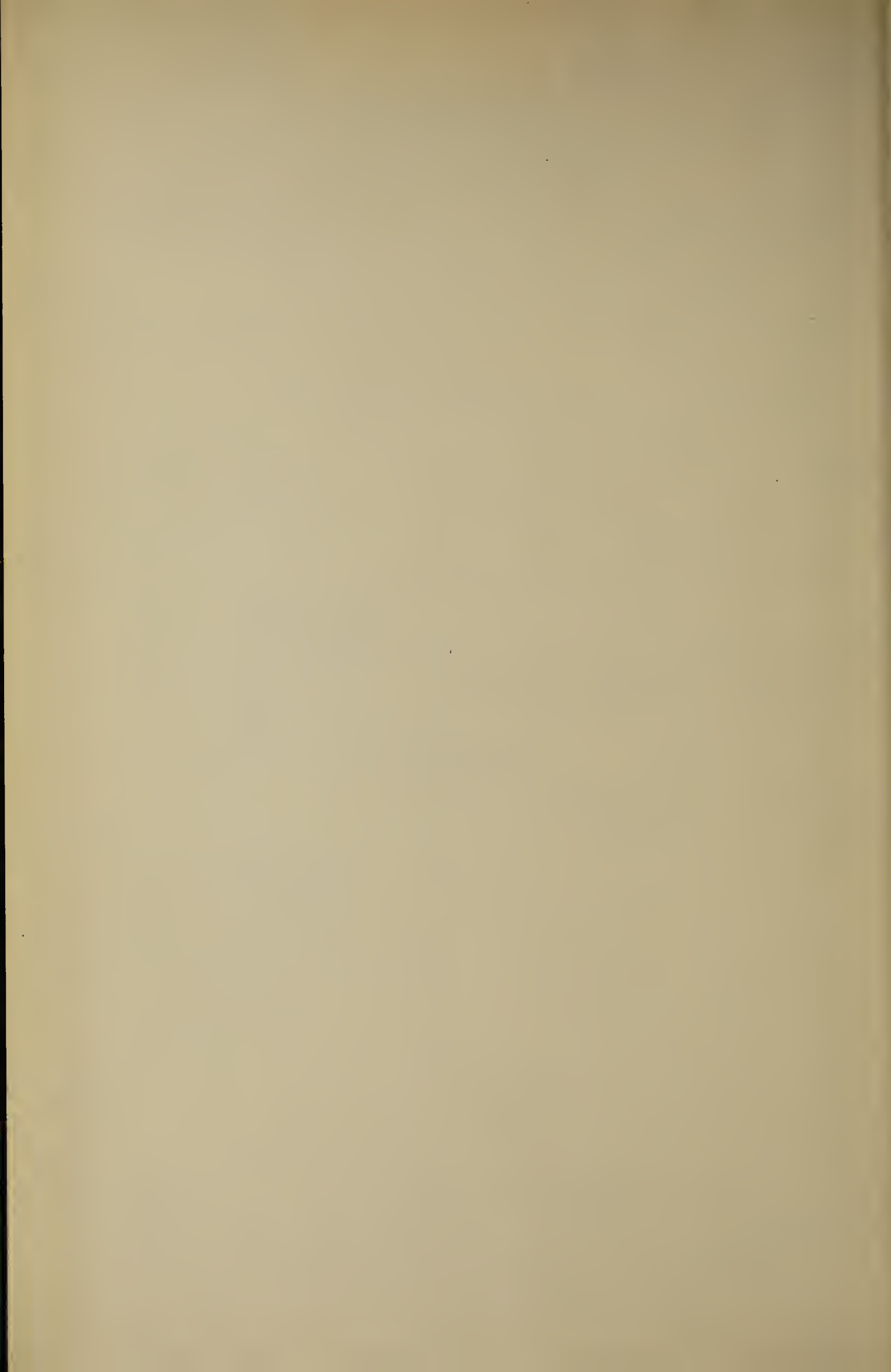
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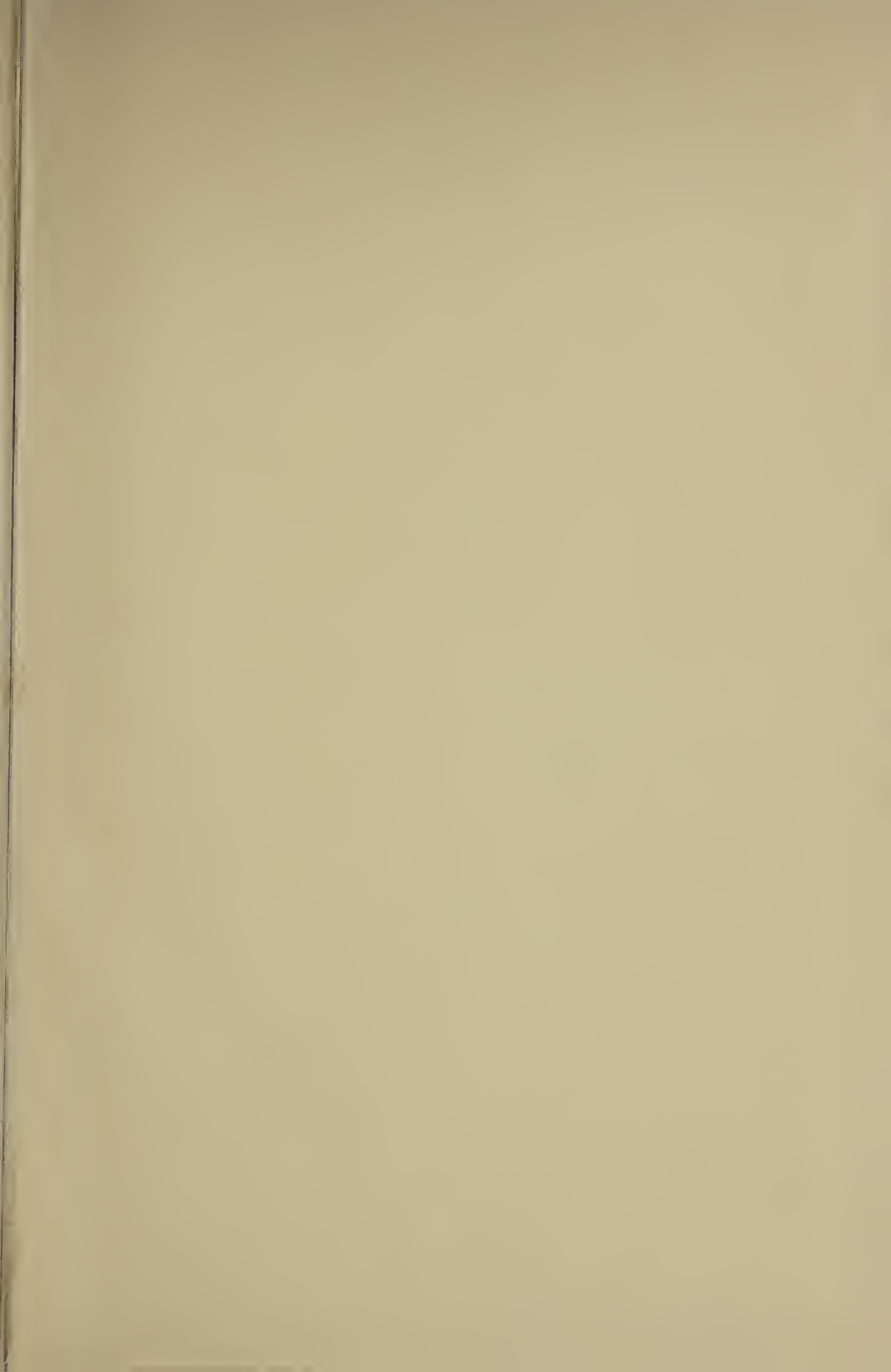
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P E O P L E
of
WALLINGFORD





WALLINGFORD FROM THE AIR

PEOPLE^c
of
WALLINGFORD

A COMPILATION

by

Birney C. Batcheller



STEPHEN DAYE PRESS

Brattleboro, Vermont

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Birney C. Batcheller
Wallingford, Vermont

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PREFACE

1330335

THE purpose of this book is to preserve for future generations some knowledge of the people who have lived in Wallingford and made the community what it has been and to a large extent what it is today. There are individuals and families who have played an important role in the life of Wallingford not mentioned at length in these pages because of the difficulty of securing information and the limits of space in a book of convenient size. Extensive quotations have been made from other publications when they contributed to the subject in hand. Several persons possessed of special knowledge and unusual interest in the subject have written entire chapters. Their names appear under the titles. To them I am deeply indebted.

BIRNEY C. BATCHELLER

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PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD





WALLINGFORD

EAST 10 SOUTH 6 MILES

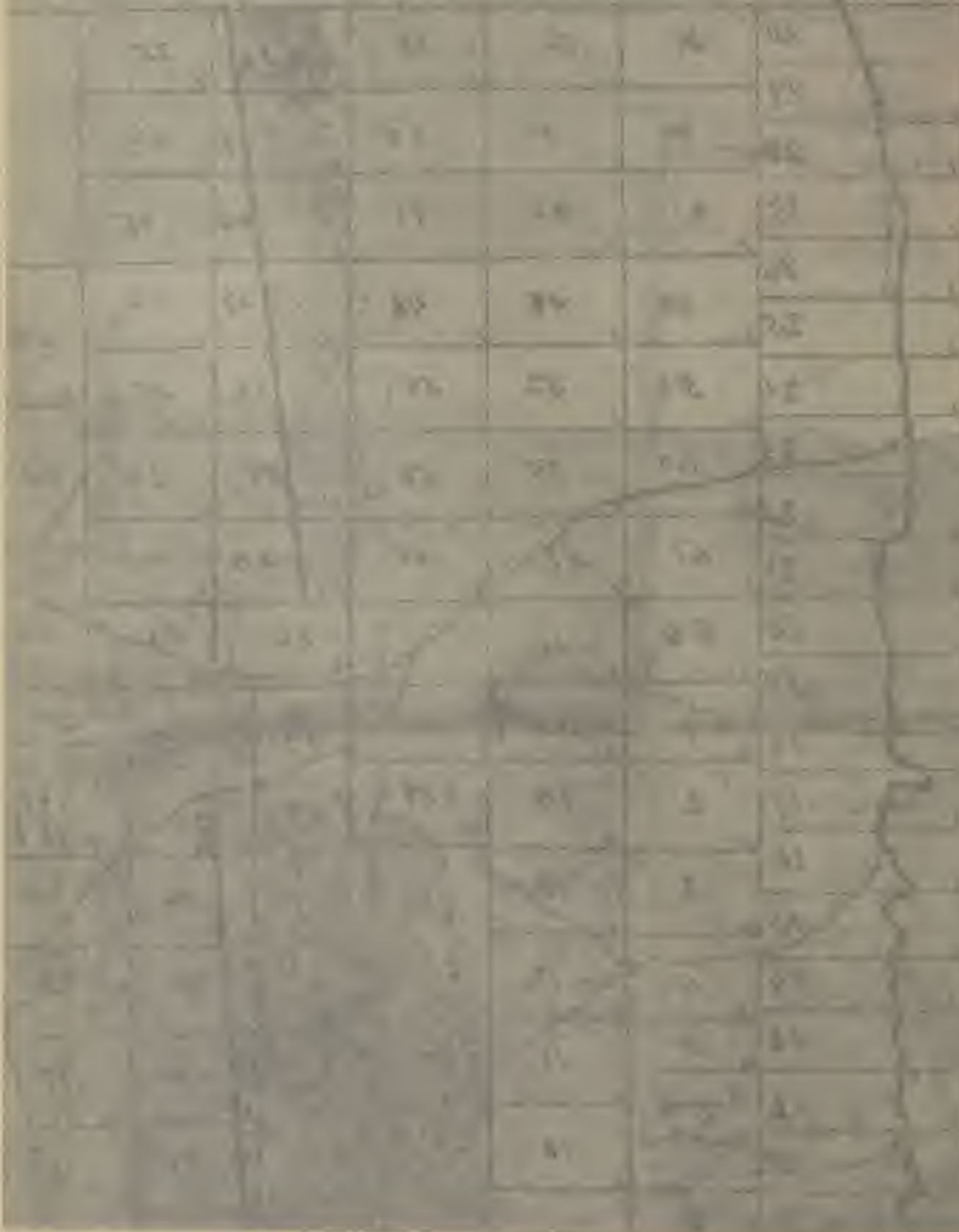
SOUTH 10 WEST 6 MILES

WEST 10 NORTH 6 MILES



WILLIAM

23.07.2010



I. THE GROWTH OF WALLINGFORD VILLAGE

NINE years after Governor Wentworth granted the charter of the town of Wallingford, Remember Baker surveyed its boundaries. Starting June 2, 1770, at the northeast corner of the town of Danby, he ran a line northward, ten degrees toward the east, for a distance of six miles; then turning a right angle, he ran another line six miles eastward; again turning a right angle, six miles southward; and finally turning the fourth right angle, six miles westward to the point from which he started. In other words, he laid out a square, six miles on each side, the boundaries making an angle of ten degrees with the meridians of longitude and parallels of latitude. The question may be asked, did he correct the readings of his compass for its declination from the true meridian? This question is suggested by the fact that the present town boundaries shown on our maps make a smaller angle than ten degrees with the meridians and parallels. The question is perhaps somewhat academic at this late day but interesting never the less. The new township adjoined on the south the town of Harwich, a name later changed to Mount Tabor, and on the west the town of Tinmouth.

This survey is interesting for, as the surveyor dragged his chain along through the wilderness, he noted the character of the coun-

try. From the corners of Harwich and Danby, indicated by a bass-wood tree bearing the mark "W H," the record reads as follows: ". . . . running north ten degrees east through a very thick swamp, at two tallies came to very good land, then hemlock ridges, and at seven tallies crossed a rough running brook, called Pero Brook, within about three chains of Otter Creek, then crossed Otter Creek to the west side, then on to the first mile end and marked with †M on a yellow birch tree, then on with the said line and at the second mile end marked an elm tree with †M, then on fifty-six chains to a small ridge of land and about thirty rods west of Otter Creek, and heard chopping and went to the Creek and is one Ephraim Seally settled there, and supposed it to be Tinmouth, then on with the said line to the third mile end and marked on a beach pole with ‡M, then on to the fourth mile end and marked with 4M and E H on a hemlock tree, then on through a dead marsh and pond and over the pond very good land, then on to a hard maple pole near a run of water and the five mile end and marked on the above said maple pole 5, then on to the six mile end to a beach tree and marked with $\frac{W}{E H}$ for the northwest corner of the said township."

The survey of the remaining three sides of the square is similar. We can appreciate from this record something of the difficulties of surveying in a mountainous wilderness.

The charter, which includes the terms of the grant of land, together with the names of the original proprietors, is recorded in the archives of the town, and may also be found in Thorpe's "History of Wallingford." Only a few of the proprietors came and settled in Vermont. Ownership of the land appears to have been a sort of speculation with most of them. A plan of the township was divided into rectangular lots of one hundred acres, more or less, and each lot given a number. This plan was drawn on deer skin and is preserved in the town vault. Plate I, fac-

PLATE II

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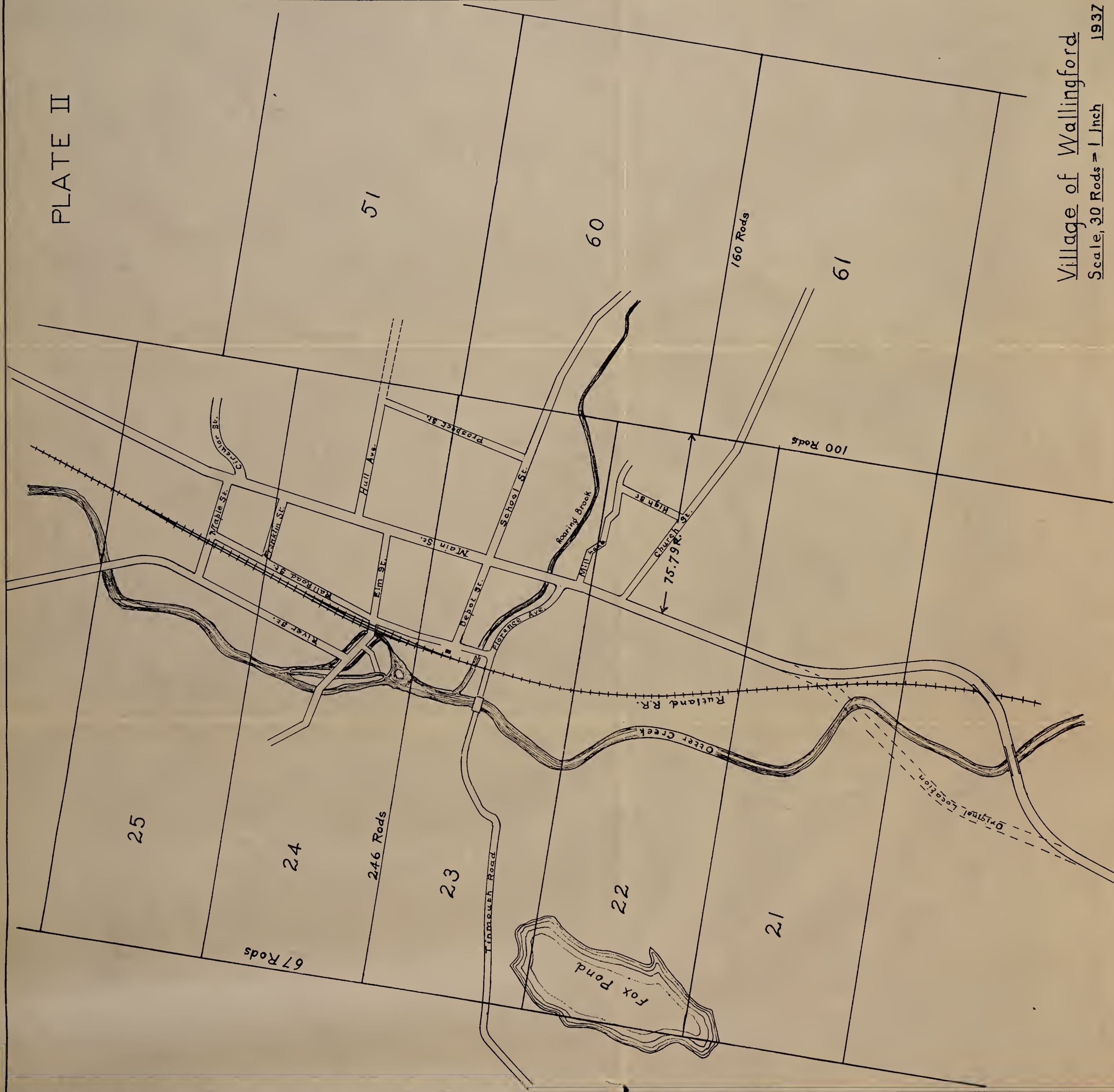
PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

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PLATE II



Village of Wallingford
 Scale, 30 Rods = 1 Inch
 1937



THE GROWTH OF WALLINGFORD VILLAGE

ing page 12, is a photographic copy. We are chiefly interested in that part of the plan in which Wallingford village came to be located; let us say lots numbered 18 to 28, inclusive, in the first tier on the left side. It appears that the proprietors were assigned lots by draft. The record reads: "The draft of the 1st Division lots in the township of Wallingford in the state of Vermont was holden at a legal meeting of the Proprietors at Wallingford in the state of Connecticut Feb. 7, 1773." The persons who drew lots numbered 18 to 28, respectively, were as follows:

NOS.	PROPRIETORS
18	Brinton Hall
19	David Austin
20	Thomas Rice
21	Elisha Hall
22	Samuel Dorman
23	Captain Eliakim Hall
24	Samuel Willis
25	Enos Page
26	Daniel Bassett
27	John Whiting, Esq.
28	Stephen Hall

So far as can be ascertained from early deeds of the eleven proprietors here mentioned only two, Thomas Rice and Elisha Hall, appear to have gained a residence in Vermont. In a deed dated August 9, 1793, Thomas Rice of Clarendon, Rutland County, State of Vermont, sold ninety acres of land in Wallingford adjoining Clarendon. In a deed dated 1787 Elisha Hall of Vermont State, County of Bennington, bought Lot 44 in Jackson's Gore. None of the others are mentioned.

Thus far these lots existed only on a plan and in the minds of the proprietors. Plate II, facing page 14, is a map of the village as it is today, on which these original lots have been laid down so that their position relative to the streets, roads and water courses may be seen.

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

The next step was to survey the lots, setting up markers to designate the boundaries, and this was done by Abraham Ives, Surveyor, in October 1773, six months after the meeting of the proprietors. The survey included the thirty lots in the first left hand tier, eight at the top of the second tier and a few in the third tier. The area of the lots was nominally one hundred acres each with certain allowances for roads. In the first tier they were 67 rods north and south and 246 rods east and west, which is 16,482 square rods. One hundred acres is 16,000 square rods; the difference of 482 square rods is supposedly an allowance for roads. This is according to the record of the survey but is not quite consistent. If six miles, the width of the township, is divided by 30 the result is 64 rods, not 67. We need not be much concerned for our present purpose, however, about the inconsistency. If the lots had been 64 rods by 250 rods then their area would have been just one hundred acres.

The lots in the second tier, of which only eight were surveyed at this time, contained one hundred acres each but were broader and not so long as those in the first tier. They were 100 rods north and south and 160 rods east and west, with apparently no allowance for roads.

The lots having been surveyed and the boundaries marked, they were afterwards referred to in deeds of property; in fact they were in many instances the boundaries of property transferred from one owner to another. The boundaries of some of these lots can be identified today by old fences. The position of the lines on Plate II were carefully compared with photographs taken from the air by the United States Government in its Acquisition Forestry Survey, leaving no doubt as to the correctness of their location. This little map is helpful in reading old deeds.

Having secured definite locations of their holdings the proprietors then proceeded to sell their claims to pioneers who



THE WALLINGFORD HOUSE



THE OLD TOWN HOUSE

THE GROWTH OF WALLINGFORD VILLAGE

would go to Vermont, settle, and cultivate the land, which was necessary to make the title good under the charter.

When the first settlers came to Wallingford the Otter Creek valley was forested. Tall pines, hemlocks and other trees were growing on what are now fertile intervals. Evidence of this was the stump fence that within the writer's recollection bordered the south side of the old Tinmouth road between the highway and the Cascade. The Creek was a sluggish stream, except in flood, that meandered through the forest, shaded by tall trees. Before Asahel and Jedediah Jackson dammed the stream in 1788 to turn a gristmill, sawmill, fulling mill, and forge, and set the waters back to full banks, it was about as we see it today toward South Wallingford, in a dry season reduced almost to a brook easily forded at almost any convenient place. Just south of the village, along the west bank of the stream lay a swamp that was crossed by a corduroy road when the first bridge spanned the Creek: a bridge made with logs for stringers, covered with planks and supported on rough stone abutments, a type common in Vermont before the days of motor cars. As late as fifty years ago some of the logs of which the corduroy road was made were forced up above the surface of the ground by the frost in the springtime. Since then the road has been raised and the remaining logs buried to a depth from which they can never rise again.

Work on the highway was begun and the first bridge was authorized by a vote of the people in 1783. Five years later, by another vote, the width of the highway was established to be four rods. It is interesting to note here that Vermonters have never given up the old land measure of links, chains, rods, etc. How familiar it sounds to hear a native say, for instance, that a given distance is about forty rods.

Roads are like people; they grow. The highway was begun by clearing the trees and doing what little grading the settlers could spare time for. It became the custom to "work out their taxes on

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

the roads." For the first thirty years this high road was scarcely fit for the passage of carriages, travel being mainly on horseback.

When the dam was built and mills were set up on the bank of the Creek a road must have been required to reach the mills from the main road. With no definite recorded date of its building, little error will be made in dating the cross-road, which is now designated as Elm Street, at 1788.

Another cross road was required early in the settlement to reach Sugar Hill and Mount Holly, then a part of Wallingford. Dr. John Crowley tells us that "The first settlement on this tract [Mount Holly] was begun by Abram Jackson, Stephen, Ichabod G. and Chauncy Clark of Connecticut, in the year 1782." It was probably not long after that the road from Wallingford to Mount Holly, by way of what we now know as Sugar Hill and East Wallingford, was begun. This road branched from the highway, and, for a short distance, is now known as Hull Avenue. It led up to the present road called East Street but has been abandoned long since, although it can still be traced. Turning south East Street now terminates at the Clemens place but without doubt it formerly continued southeasterly down to what was the Bump (or Bumpus) place, where there was a school house. Then it continued by the present Sugar Hill Road. The road has been largely effaced between the Clemens and Bump places. We are quite certain that this was the route, for the survey of the Church Street Road terminates at the "old road" near the Bump place. This was an important artery, probably much traveled in early days, since it led over the hills where some of the first farms were located and was a part of the route across the main range of the Green Mountains.

In Chapter III an account is given of the gristmill, sawmill, etc. all using water-power developed by the construction of the Jackson dam across the Creek. The gristmill was the property of Stephen Clark who was one of the settlers on the hill that after-

THE GROWTH OF WALLINGFORD VILLAGE

ward became Mount Holly. It was in 1789 that Clark came into possession of the gristmill and in the years following it changed ownership several times, until, in 1805, it was known as Douglass' mill. That year a road was surveyed from Douglass' mill to the Clarendon line. Evidently the present River Street is a part of that road which we now know as the Creek Road to Rutland. The continuation from the Clarendon line to the Four Corners was not constructed until 1869.

The next important road to be surveyed and constructed was Church Street Road from the highway eastward to the "old road" at the Bump place. This was surveyed in 1807 and doubtless was constructed soon thereafter. It opened up new farming land and offered a shorter route to Sugar Hill and Mount Holly. In the village this was a new street for home sites.

At this time there were probably not more than a dozen houses on Main Street. Solomon Miller's was standing near the corner of Church Street, the first frame house in the village, built about twenty years before. His son, Alexander, had just completed his house on the opposite side of the street. In 1786 Lent Ives purchased fifty one acres lying on the east side of Main Street, extending from Roaring Brook north to the school house [chapel] lot. This with his house on Main Street constituted his farm. Mr. Meacham had just erected a fine house on the corner of Main and Elm Streets, afterwards the residence of Hosea Eddy and later of Alphonso Stafford. On the present site of the Old Stone Shop Alexander Miller had a forge and was manufacturing hoes and scythes. He also operated a tannery located south of his house on the west side of Main Street. The Union Church had been erected about a mile south of the village.

With these salient features before us we can picture the nucleus of a village in Wallingford during the first decade of the nineteenth century. Houses of logs that sheltered the early settlers were still standing but houses of a better, more comfortable type

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

were being built. Gristmills supplied food, sawmills supplied lumber, tanneries leather and forges articles of metal. The farms produced food, also material for clothing which was fabricated within the homes. Housewives made candles that dispelled the darkness in the evenings. Thus the people had the necessities of life, and, while leading strenuous lives, had come to have many comforts and much enjoyment.

At a town meeting held at the house of Solomon Miller May 5, 1788, it was voted to divide the town into districts, and a committee consisting of William Crary, Solomon Miller, Jr., Joseph Benson, Ezekiel Mighell and Salathiel Bumpus was appointed for the purpose. "At first there were two districts, mainly for school purposes, and by 1794 the number of districts had increased to six with a trustee for each district. Within the next twenty years we find the number augmented to ten with a total of five hundred ninety one certified scholars for the year 1815, all over four and under eighteen years of age."*

Over the door of the brick school house is to be seen the inscription "Erected 1818." We are told that the building was constructed by Lent Ives and James Rustin. There was a school house on the site much earlier, for in a deed of land by Lent Ives to Zephaniah Hull there is a clause "reserving the land which the school house now stands upon with sufficient room to pass around the said school house." The deed is dated April 4, 1798. Probably this was a frame building replaced in 1818 by the present brick building. More and more thought was being given to education. A brick school house in the village indicates that it was looked upon as an important and permanent institution. The Wallingford Academy was chartered in 1814 but it never came into being, probably from lack of funds. The name indicates that high expectations might have been awakened. There were from time to time "select schools," held for short periods in spring or fall,

* Thorpe's History, p. 34.



GEN. ROBINSON HALL, 1797-1861

THE LOCAL SPY.

Vol. 1.

WALLINGFORD, VT., DECEMBER, 18, 1857.

No. 28.

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Published every Saturday by,
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CENTRAL BLOCK, UP STAIRS.

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GOOD NEWS FROM HOME.

Good news from home—good news for me,
Has come across the deep blue sea,
From friends that I have left in tears—
From friends that I've not seen for years.
And since we parted, long ago,
My life has been a scene of woe.
But now, a joyful hour has come,
For I have heard good news from home.
Ours—Good news from home, good news for me,
Has come across the deep blue sea,
From friends that I have left in tears—
From friends that I've not seen for years.
No father's hand to guide me, now;
No mother's tear to soothe my brow;
No sister's smile to give me cheer,
Nor brother's smile to give me cheer.
But, though I wander far away,
My heart is full of joy to-day,
For friends across the ocean's foam
Have sent to me, good news from home.
When, shall I see that cottage door,
Where I've spent years of joy before?
Twas there I knew no grief or care,
My heart was always happy there.
Though I may never see it more,
But stand upon my native shore;
Where e'er on earth I'm doomed to roam,
My heart will be with those at home.

A CUNNING THIEF.

Jack, by the constable runnapp'd,
Was destined to the law a prey;
But while his easy keepers napp'd,
He contrived what—his stole away.
A hapless cabinet-maker thus addressed his
ad-locu:
"If you come to the bower I'll be shaded for you;
But he shall be sleeping, bawled with you."

Woman Educated.

I am well aware this subject is a trite one on which the reader cannot anticipate anything new, yet it is one that not only bears to be brought up again, and again, but, like practical sermons its truths are of such vast importance that it actually demands live upon line, precept upon precept; and it would seem its demands were never greater than at the present day.

We are all ready to acknowledge, woman occupies such a position that her influence is widely felt through every grade of society. Of course, it then follows that in her education are blended our dearest interests, and choicest blessings. She is a creature under the influence of circumstances, the clay in the hands of a potter, moulded at will. In this view be correct, how essential is it that she be educated to fill the several stations she holds honorably and happily. Should not this be the great object of her education? Every candid mind will answer in the affirmative, but that it is so regarded past experience testifies too often negatively.

Now when rests the fault? Does it not commence with our first teachings? There, on the bosom of our dear mother we receive our first impressions. Right or wrong, they are so woven into our very existence, that they form as it were a part of our being, with a magic that never loses its enchanting spell. If in infancy then, we are susceptible of teachings so lasting, we may exclaim "what is sufficient for these things?"

Again, where are we to look for those who are successively to fill these places of sacred trust but to the young? Yes, it is the rising generation of sons and daughters that are to take the place of our fathers and mothers, on them rests the future destiny of our individual and national prosperity and happiness. That there is a wide defect, in the teachings of the present age, is known and felt; but the breach seems not to be healing. Is not this attributable to the neglect of pure moral culture. The affections and qualities of the heart are left too much to chance, both by parent and teacher.

There is in a proper education as in arch-

itecture, a beautiful symmetry, a justness of proportion, between the physical, mental and intellectual training. One may possess every possible advantage, of enriching the mind with scientific and literary knowledge, and yet, the most essential part of education be wanting; that of the conscience, and affection. But we have not time or space to enlarge on this topic, still there are two points, requisite in the formation of a good character, too often overlooked on which we will touch, viz., steadfastness of purpose, and perseverance. Watch that mother or teacher who has the care of sons and daughters, and how often do we hear practical lessons of this nature? As soon as we can as it takes her patience or ingenuity, it is thrown aside for another to complete, and something easier takes its place. This in turn, shares the same fate of dissatisfaction, and something new is substituted, or what is more to be dreaded idleness is its successor. The mother, worn with care and anxiety, sits down to complete the tasks allotted her child, forgetting her duty to teach that steadfastness and perseverance in pursuit, are the very means of accomplishing all that is glorious in the world.

That daughter who is unwilling to accomplish a piece of work because it is laborious, or pursue one subject because of its sameness, must reflect, that she is unfit for a teacher, wife, or a mother. She is wanting in those principles on which are founded true virtue and integrity of heart. How many, possessing real talents unaccompanied with this most essential regulator, have made shipwreck of their all in life, and the multiplied cases were traceable back to the cradle or nursery, the spring from which issue all our sins in future life. To that fond mother, now watching her sleeping infant, we would speak in language not to be misunderstood or neglected—teach that *Immortal mind*, committed to your charge, steadiness of purpose, is a course of virtuous action! Let it witness, by your example, your sincerity; showing that you truly believe *stability of character* is the surest road to honor, and when influenced by the right spirit, will secure the richest of blessings here, and hereafter *late immortal*.

"THE LOCAL SPY"

THE GROWTH OF WALLINGFORD VILLAGE

giving some children an opportunity to put a little extra polish on their scholastic attainments. These were privately conducted institutions.

About 1824 Button and Townsend, Johnson and Marsh erected a store on what is now the southeast corner of Main and School Streets. There was no School Street at that time. A store has continued in that location to the present day. For many years Edwin Martindale conducted a mercantile business there; then Danforth Hulett was the proprietor. He enlarged the building, making it three stories in height and since then it has been occupied by several tenants.

The same year, 1824, work was begun on the tavern, or hotel, later to be named The Wallingford House. For the times this was a pretentious building, designed and built by John Ives. There had been several taverns in the settlement but they were little more than family houses that offered accommodation to travelers. Lent Ives' house was a place of this kind. Perhaps the most outstanding was that of Deacon Mosley Hall, about three miles south of the village, shown opposite page 163. The new tavern was not completed until 1826. Its timbers are a part of the present True Temper Inn. The tavern is shown opposite page 16. The horse shed, which was an essential adjunct to every public house, is to be seen on the right. This photograph was probably taken in the late 70s, but the building stood then substantially as it was built. Over the horse shed was a long bare hall with a bench seat running the entire length on one side, in which balls or dancing parties were held. At the front corner there was a public room and office, commonly called a "bar-room," but not a room where beer or alcoholic liquors were sold over a counter; at least not in prohibition days which began in 1852. The dining room extended the entire width of the building north and south, with a single long table in the center which would seat perhaps thirty people. At the front, on the Main Street side, was a small parlor. Bath rooms

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

were entirely unknown. On the broad veranda people of the village and any guests who might be stopping at the hostelry frequently sat and discussed local affairs, politics or any event of interest. Lawsuits were sometimes conducted before a justice of the peace in the bar-room. As late as the 1870's dinner was served for twenty-five cents, frequently including beefsteak. The price of board by the week was four dollars, and when increased to four and one-half the boarders considered it outrageous. There was a large stable at the rear of the house where horses were kept for hire and the teams of transients were cared for.

Soon after completion the tavern was converted to other uses. Sabin & Johnson had a store on the south side; Mary Atwood a millinery shop in one room; John B. Warner a cabinet shop in another; and Judge Button occupied two rooms in the north end for his law office. In 1835 it reverted to its proper use when Chester Spencer opened it as the "first temperance hotel in the world." He continued for two or three years. The landlords who followed were Almerton Hyde, Arnold Hill, J. H. Earle, Elmer C. Barrows and L. J. Vance, until it was purchased by W. D. Hulett in 1877.

A county road from Mount Holly to Middletown was surveyed in 1828, and was constructed to Wallingford village in 1830. This was what is known as the "Gulf Road." The survey included the present School Street but School Street in its present location was not opened until about 1840. This we know from a deed dated June 26, 1839, by Nathaniel and John Ives to the town of Wallingford reading, "Land for the purpose going on the adjoining land to build and repair a Town House for the use of said town and *also the road that is expected to be opened passing said building.*"

The village gradually took on the appearance of a town, accentuated by the building of the tavern, the Baptist Church in 1827 and the Congregational Church in 1829. It had been and still was primarily a farming community, with farms in the vil-

THE GROWTH OF WALLINGFORD VILLAGE

lage, one might say; but the tavern, the stores and the churches gave it an urban aspect which it had not had before.

There are few records of houses and other buildings having been erected during the next twenty years but no doubt each year witnessed some building. There are several large brick houses still standing that probably had their origin in this period; also the home of Judge Button, adjoining the tavern, and perhaps that of Hudson Shaw, now the third house on Main Street north of Depot Street. In 1835 Isaac B. Munson built the brick house on his farm which is east of the Creek on the Hartsboro road. That same year Lyman Batcheller came from Arlington and established his pitchfork business where Alexander Miller had made hoes and scythes years earlier.

At a Town Meeting held March 23, 1839, it was voted to have a Town House built on land of Mr. Ives, east of the Baptist Meeting House, and a committee consisting of William Kent, Charles Button and Joel Constantine was appointed to determine "the size that they shall judge best." At an adjourned meeting held March 30th it was "voted that the Building Committee shall not expend to build a Town House to exceed five hundred dollars." Also, "voted to lay a tax of four cents on the grand list of 1838." The front of the old Town House on the north side of School Street is shown opposite page 17. The building, in another location, is now used as a fire house.

An inheritance enabled Goodyear Clark to build his fine residence about a mile south of the village in 1845.

August 3, 1848, the factory of Lyman Batcheller was burned, but out of the ashes of that fire a stone building arose that has been a landmark to the present day. As time went on additions were made to the stone building; a frame annex at the north end, a brick engine and boiler house at the south end, a store house and an office. The entire plant is shown opposite page 229.

Until the year 1852 no development or event had affected the

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

lives of the people of Wallingford or created as much interest as the building and opening of the Western Vermont Railroad. The work covered a period of several years and was completed to the point of a regular train schedule in 1852. By it the world, as it were, was opened to the people living in the Green Mountains. The shipment of produce to market was greatly facilitated and supplies could be more easily obtained from distant sources.

Before a station building was erected John and Frank Miller moved an old wool barn to the side of the railroad, to serve as a freight depot for the wool and other produce they were shipping to market. They gave the land where the station now stands in order to have it located conveniently for their shipments.

Several letters of Charles Andrus to a friend in Illinois shed light on this period and the building of the railroad. November 28, 1850, he writes: ". . . they have commenced a little in So. Wallingford; they have 40 or 50 [Irish laborers] digging, shoveling, &c, &c." Again, October 8, 1851, he writes: "The Railroad Co. have begun to lay the track and have got 2 or 3 miles down and they calculate to have it all done before the ground freezes, and in Wallingford about the 10th or 15th of this month. Our depot is located on the north side of Roaring Brook below Dale's, or somewhere in that vicinity. There was quite an excitement between those north and those south of the Bridge [Roaring Brook] but it was no use, the up-street had the promise of it by Gen. Hall if they should raise \$2500, and so it ended." In November the same year he writes: "But I suppose you would like to hear what is transpiring in old *Vermont*. Well the Rail Road creates a little talk, there has been some excitement on the location of the depot in this place, perhaps I spoke about it in my last, anyway I will tell you some of the proceedings in regard to it &c. In the first place Wallingford has not taken great quantities of Stock in the Western Vermont R. R. . . . and the inhabitants north of Roaring Brook want it on their side and *we* folks south want it

THE GROWTH OF WALLINGFORD VILLAGE

on our side. So General Hall tells those North that if they would raise \$2500, they should have it as Woods the engineer here said it would cost that to grade the road suitable for a station &c. but Gilbert told 'em that \$500 would fix it right and leave them \$2000 clear.

"So at it they go & partly raise the 2500 & all this time *we* south-enders flutter & bluster & finally cool down & not much said aloud but work still & sly and now the water tank is on this side & they do say that the switch is going to be placed on this side & just as like as not the depot but if I find out before this is closed I will let you know. You see the land on this side *nature* has fixed it right for the station and if the up street folks do not buck up they loose it.

"One poor fellow of an Irishman had his leg taken off Friday morning 6 inst by the gravel train running over him down by General Hall's. he was on the cars & it tipped up & let him off & he fell under—they say he is dead.

"Monday Nov 9 they commence running freight with mail & Passenger Car attached from Danby to Rutland, probably run from Rutland & Bennington between now & Jan 1 1852."

July 1, 1852, he writes: ". . . . Our Western Vermont R. R. is completed, i.e. the track is down and the cars are running regular from Rutland and Troy. I was down in Troy a day or two since—stayed one night only." September 19, 1852, he writes again: ". . . . 'They are laying a 'turn out' into the gravel pit in the village which is the sand bank across the Creek opposite Bucklin's [Beehive tavern] and there is 25 or 30 families of Irish among those briars this side of Wheaton Kent's Hemlocks [in the park] that are to work in the gravel pit, as one train of gravel cars is to be located here this winter if not longer." Those who have rowed a boat on the Creek in the vicinity of the gravel pit have seen, or felt, the old piles in the Creek bed that once supported a bridge on which the gravel trains crossed. In

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

times of low water the heads of these piles can be seen above the surface.

The following year, 1853, Depot Street was surveyed by Harvey Shaw and the street was opened soon after. The street and railway station were a marked addition to the village, creating desirable building sites. Three or four years later Jonathan Carpenter built the large frame house on the north side of Depot Street, about midway between Main Street and the depot.

In 1852 there were but two dwelling houses on School Street, that of Moses Dewgaw, first above the Baptist Church, and that of Arnold Hill opposite the site of the present school house. The Lent Ives house was moved from Main Street to School Street in 1856, to make a place for the residence of Isaac B. Munson, which for years after was pointed out as the handsomest house in the village.

For many years a two-story building stood on the south side of School Street about one hundred rods east of Main Street and was referred to as the Sash and Blind Factory. No one now living remembers when it was built, or who built it, but the town records shed some light. December 21, 1839, N. and J. Ives deeded a house and lot in this location to Silas K. Moore for the consideration of one hundred seventy five dollars. Three years later the property was assessed for taxation at two hundred dollars. There are no records of earlier assessments. The assessed value remained the same until 1847, when it was increased to five hundred dollars and the property is described in the tax book as "*House, Lot and Sash Factory.*" Silas K. Moore deeded the property to Abraham and Warren Adams April 15, 1848, for the consideration of six hundred dollars; March 29, 1855, it passed to John S. Stafford, and May 17th that same year to Nathan Winn. In this last transfer the description of the property reads, "*known as the Silas K. Moore Sash Factory Lot.*" These records justify the statement that the factory was built in 1846 by Silas K. Moore.

THE GROWTH OF WALLINGFORD VILLAGE

In the years following the property changed hands many times. For a while Arnold Fargo held a one half interest, selling to Andrew Bartholemew in 1871, and again in 1876 to William Wylie. Albert Q. Adams gained possession in 1889, using it for a snow shovel factory. The factory obtained its power from Roaring Brook and during the latter years of its existence was little more than a sawmill. In 1923 the building burned and the machinery was destroyed.

Wallingford has not been without its newspapers. Philip Emerson and Amasa Bishop published a small four-page weekly, between the years 1855 and 1860, entitled the *Local Spy*. The format is shown opposite page 21. A copy dated November 21, 1857, contains an article concerning the life and death of Jera-thiel Doty, a distinguished veteran of the Revolutionary War, who died in South Wallingford, the last survivor of the body-guard and escort of the gallant Lafayette to his native country. He enlisted in the Continental Army when only fifteen years old and served seven years to the end. He experienced the dark and gloomy winter encampment at Valley Forge, the battles of Monmouth, Germantown, Brandywine and Stony Brook; the victories of Saratoga and Yorktown. The Alliance was sent by the Continental Congress to convey Lafayette to France and to bring back the negotiated loan of five million treasure. On the return the Alliance encountered a British cruiser and an engagement followed in which Doty was wounded. Again, in the war of 1812, he took up arms in defense of his country, though he had passed the meridian of life. The last half of his life was spent in this town. He was given a public funeral with military honors, the Wallingford Rifle Club acting as a guard of honor. The Declaration of Independence was read and a farewell shot was fired over the patriot's grave.

A partnership was formed by Justin Batcheller and John Scribner in 1856 to carry on a mercantile business. For this pur-

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pose an old dwelling house was moved to the northwest corner of Main and Depot Streets and converted into a store. Thus the "Four-Corners" were beginning to assume somewhat the character they possess today; a tavern and two stores occupying three of the corners. In the issue of the *Local Spy* of December 19, 1857, we read: "Those Lamps of Messrs Batcheller and Scribner have given us 'new Light' in the shape of Knapp's Patent Lamp for burning Rosin Oil. We have tried one of the above lamps and found it to be just the thing, giving a steady and brilliant light for the small sum of *one third* of a cent an hour. B & S keep these lamps on hand, and we advise our readers to call and examine them."

Fire again laid a destructive hand on the community by laying waste the depot in 1858, from which time the present station building dates.

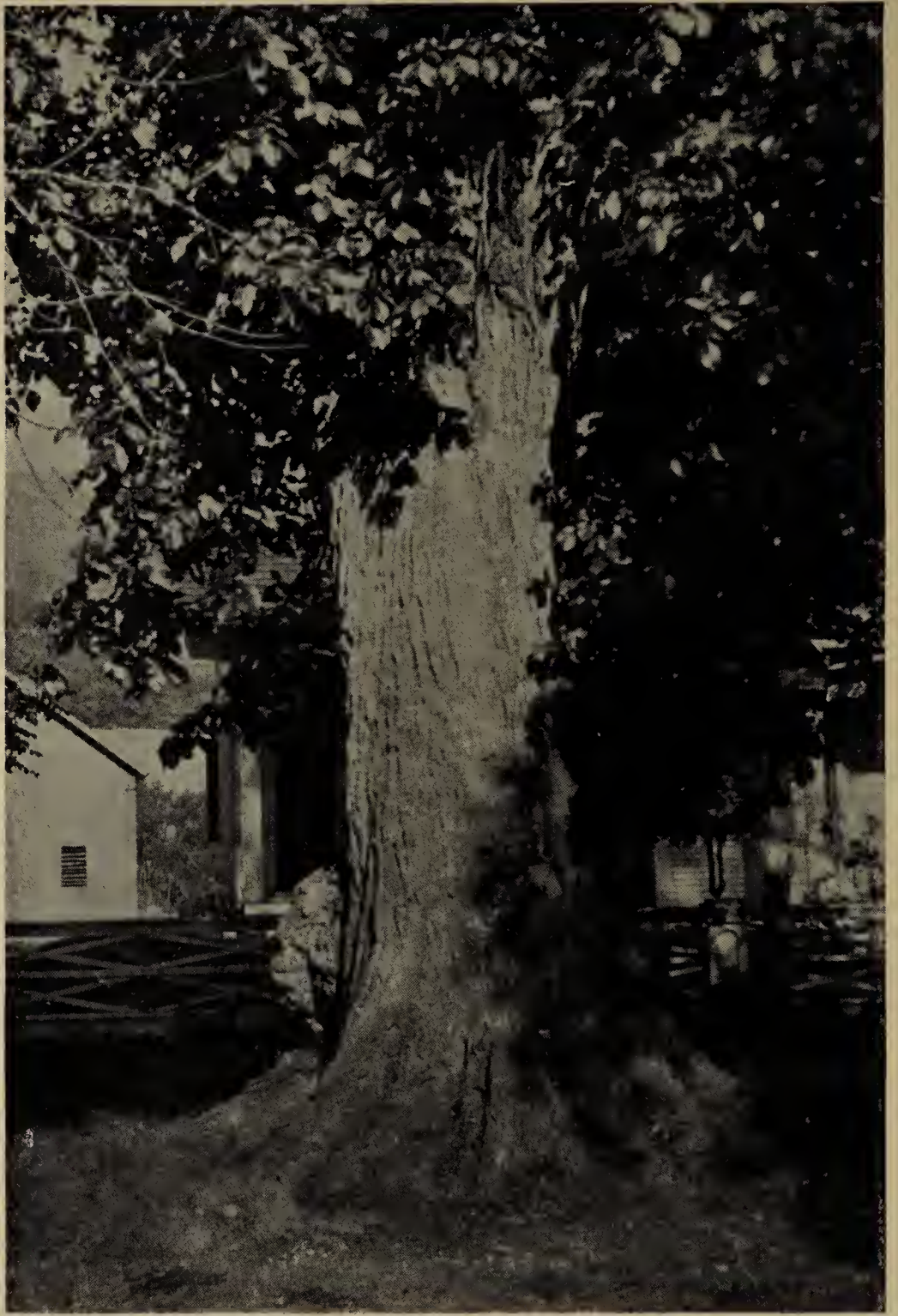
The old bridge across the Creek at the south end of the village had done good service but the roads were being improved; traffic was increasing and the need of a new and better bridge was apparent. In 1859 the wooden lattice truss bridge was built at a cost of two hundred fifteen dollars, exclusive of the stone work. This bridge is shown opposite page 28. For protection from the weather the trusses were covered with wooden sheathing and painted red; hence the name Red Bridge, by which it was commonly known.

The necessity for increased facilities in the public schools had become apparent. A single teacher was no longer sufficient in the village. The town acquired a lot for a new and larger school house on School Street in 1860, but probably the outbreak of the Civil War prevented the immediate erection of a building. The school house, shown opposite page 289, was erected in 1865. As explained elsewhere, it provided space for three classrooms and three teachers were afterwards employed.

Small industries sprang up from time to time. In 1860 F. H.



THE CREEK BRIDGES OF 1859 AND OF 1907



AN ELM IN MAIN STREET

THE GROWTH OF WALLINGFORD VILLAGE

Hoadley built a blacksmith and a carriage shop on School Street a short distance below the sash and blind factory, taking a small amount of power from the brook. The same year Sherman Pratt established a cabinet shop on Depot Street, among other things making and dealing in coffins and caskets. E. D. Sabin opened a tinshop on Main Street near Roaring Brook. S. G. Brett & Son came from Newport, New Hampshire, in 1864 and rented of Abraham Adams, for the purpose of manufacturing wooden shoe pegs, the tall building which later became the finishing shop of Batcheller & Sons. This business continued for two years, employing nine girls in the factory besides four men in the woods.

The village of Wallingford owes its existence in a large measure to the pitchfork industry which has given employment to a large portion of the men of the village. The business grew out of a blacksmith shop, slowly expanding until one to two hundred persons have been given employment. It outgrew the capacity of the Stone Shop. In 1865 John C. and Lyman Batcheller purchased the old gristmill and sawmill property on the Creek and erected a forging plant and store house, besides converting the peg-shop building to their requirements. McKnight, a noted carpenter and builder, constructed the buildings. The following year work of moving began.

That same year, 1866, saw a handsome Gothic church take form at the north end of the village, constructed of limestone from the ledges a little farther north, where Hiram Wellman operated a limekiln. St. Patrick's Catholic Church is a distinct ornament to the village.

In the fall of 1869 a flood worked havoc in the valley, carrying away many bridges. The chief damage in the village was the destruction of the railroad bridge south of the station, a timber lattice structure.

At this time Wallingford saw its most rapid growth in buildings. Franklin Post's dream of an industrial development at the

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north end of the village was to some extent materializing. A large factory was erected beside the railroad, now a part of the plant of the American Fork & Hoe Company. Ten or more houses in a double row were built on River Street; Maple and Franklin Streets were opened and two houses were erected on the latter. The boom, which it may be truly termed, lasted but three years, but during that time a number of families were added to the village population. Then the excitement passed and the village returned to the accustomed tenor of its ways.

The graded school was organized in 1871, with Prof. Otis S. Johnson as its first principal and teacher, expanding its educational advantages to the extent of enabling boys and girls to prepare for college.

In an interval of less than one hundred years, the old burying ground at the south end of the village had become crowded with graves. Few, if any, unsold lots were available. In October, 1871, the adjoining land on the east and north was purchased. Shortly afterward the fence between the old and new ground was taken away, then lots were marked off on the newly acquired ground, paths were made between the lots, winding roads leading up to the top of the hill were constructed, and, at the bottom, where the ground was level, wet and unsuitable for graves, a pool was constructed with a fountain in the center, supplied with water from a nearby spring. Not long after this addition was made land adjoining on the east was purchased for a Catholic cemetery.

More than half a century has since elapsed, and now the monuments and gravestones are almost as numerous in the new part of the cemetery as in the old. It is a population that increases at a rate, even in a small community like Wallingford, which sometimes surprises and makes one wonder how soon the call will come to join the assembly.

Wallingford celebrated its centennial in 1873, stopping to consider the development and progress it had made in the first one

THE GROWTH OF WALLINGFORD VILLAGE

hundred years of its existence. Its method of celebration has been described in another chapter.

The building at this time of the new Tinmouth road, terminating near the railway station, with the covered bridge across the Creek, was a marked improvement and benefit to the people of both Wallingford and Tinmouth, particularly the latter. The location of the road excited considerable discussion and some feeling which was settled in a town meeting. The new road gave an easy gradient to the top of the hill.

For about three years, from 1877 to 1880, Wallingford supported a good weekly newspaper, *The Wallingford Standard*, edited and managed by Addison G. Stone.

Wallingford has had its share of conflagrations, more frequent because the buildings were constructed almost entirely of wood. The tannery of Bradford and Son burned one night in 1876. It was located at the head of Mill Lane where it got power from Roaring Brook. After the fire Frank Johnson bought the property and built a grist mill which he operated for twelve years, then sold his business to William Ballou.

Another fire, due to an ignited chimney, occurred in 1884 and destroyed the old tavern building known locally as "The Beehive." This was a somewhat imposing structure with a row of large square columns across the front, two stories high. It had served as a tavern for a time but in later years was in part the private residence of its owner, with several tenements on the Main Street side. It was located just north of the Congregational Church, and when it burned was the property of Mrs. Ethelbert Eddy, formerly Mrs. William Waldo.

W. D. Hulett was well established in Rutland as proprietor or principal owner of the Combination Cash Store, and was still the owner of the old Wallingford House in 1893, when he had it reconstructed, bearing the name "The New Wallingford," shown opposite page 32. When reconstruction was completed

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

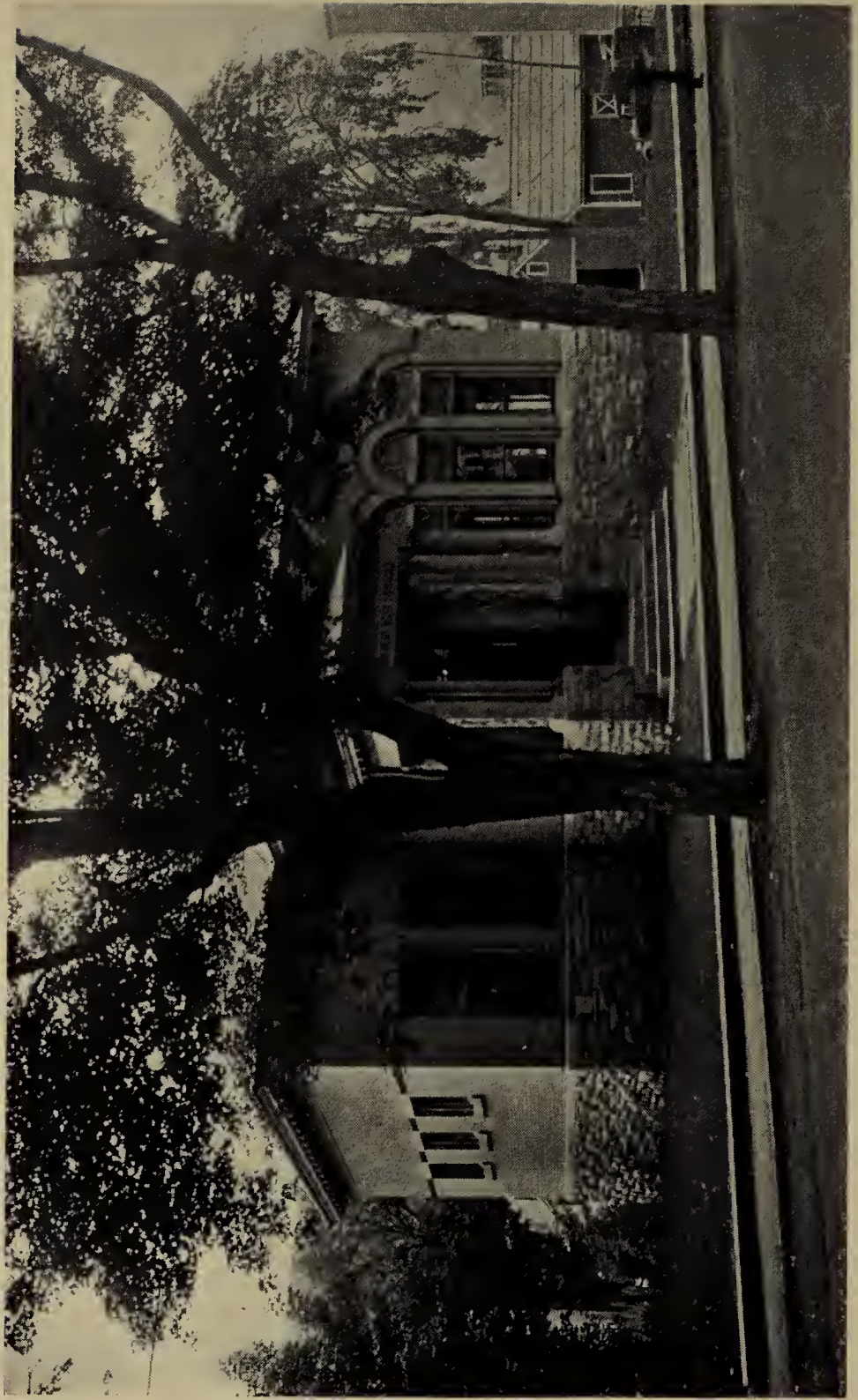
Mr. Hulett engaged J. H. Otis, a veteran hotel manager in the Adirondack Mountain region, to manage his hotel in Wallingford. This he did for two years, much to the satisfaction of the people of the village as well as to the patrons of the house. It was well patronized, a number of people coming from southern states to spend the summer. In later years it was not so popular and declined until superseded by the present True Temper Inn.

John Scribner died in 1900, but the other members of the firm of Batcheller & Sons lived to see their company—incorporated in 1882 under the same name—become a constituent of The American Fork & Hoe Company in 1902. The new corporation had been organized by uniting the principal makers of forks and hoes throughout the country. When the founders of the local company approached the end of their lives, the people of Wallingford were fortunate in having the industry which had been such a large factor in creating the village continued by a strong, conservative concern. Of course, it brought changes but they came gradually. The officers of the old company resided in Wallingford and had personal acquaintance and contacts with the workmen in the factory, whereas the officials of the new company resided in Cleveland and were deprived of this intimacy, although W. C. Mason remained as local manager. On the other hand the new company expanded its plant, employed more men, bore a larger share of the tax burden and adopted a generous policy toward the community, evidenced by liberal contributions to objects of public welfare. It built a new hotel at large expense to replace one that no longer attracted patronage. The True Temper Inn has been a distinct ornament to the village and plays a most important part in making it attractive to both visitors and residents.

The people of Wallingford have much to be thankful for and one item is a public library, housed in a handsome building, the gift of the late Gilbert Hart of Detroit, Michigan. The building,



"THE NEW WALLINGFORD"



THE GILBERT HART LIBRARY

THE GROWTH OF WALLINGFORD VILLAGE

constructed of terra cotta brick and marble, was erected in 1893, and was presented to the Gilbert Hart Library Association of Wallingford, July 16, 1894. The deed of gift states that it was given "for the purpose of establishing and perpetuating a public library and reading room. . . . for the entire period of its existence. . . ."

The conditions of conveyance are:

"1. The said Association shall remain active under its present name and for the purposes for which it was created.

"2. Said Association shall keep and use said premises and the Library Building erected thereon by said first party, exclusively for library and reading room purposes.

"3. Said Association shall sustain, care for and keep in active operation the said library and reading room free to the public and shall maintain and keep in repair the said library building and grounds and shall pay within two months after they fall due all taxes and assessments levied against the said premises and all buildings and their contents thereon situated.

"4. Said Association shall keep the said library open to the public for its accommodation, at least three days each week at such hours as it may determine; and it shall keep said Reading Room open to the public for its accommodation every afternoon for at least four hours and every evening except Sunday evening for at least two hours, but nothing herein contained is intended to limit said Association to the number of days or number of hours each day as above specified."

The Articles of Association are as follows:

"We, the Subscribers, hereby associate ourselves together as a Corporation, under the Laws of the State of Vermont, to be known by the name of *The Gilbert Hart Library Association*, for the purpose of receiving, maintaining and caring for the grounds, buildings and library, to be donated for the use of the

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

inhabitants of the Town of Wallingford, at Wallingford in the County of Rutland in the State of Vermont, upon the following conditions:—

"First: To accept from Gilbert Hart of Detroit, Michigan, the land and building thereon to be by him erected, and the furnishings thereof, and the Library of Books therein to be placed, upon such terms and conditions as shall be placed thereon by the donor.

"Second: To raise the necessary means by donations, gifts, assessments or otherwise to keep said buildings and land in suitable and proper condition and repair for use of a public library only; to protect the books therein and make additions thereto, and provide for the heating and care of the library and reading rooms, and the pay of a librarian and janitor, if necessary.

"Third: To make and enforce proper and suitable rules and regulations for the use and management of said library, not inconsistent with the laws of this State, or the terms and conditions upon which the same is donated.

"Dated at Wallingford in the County of Rutland, this 25th day of March, A.D. 1893.

William C. Mason	Wallingford, Vermont	
Justin Batcheller	"	"
John D. Miller	"	"
J. B. Hilliard	"	"
Wm. G. Marsh	"	"
John C. Batcheller	"	"
Wm. A. Bushee	"	"
S. Henry Archibald	"	"
A. G. Stone	"	"
Lyman Batcheller	"	" "

A small circulating library which had existed in Wallingford for many years formed a nucleus of the new library. To this collection were added numerous government reports and documents which served to fill the empty shelves. Additions came chiefly as gifts from interested persons, but the growth at first

THE GROWTH OF WALLINGFORD VILLAGE

was slow for there was no money with which to purchase new books. The town has appropriated each year sufficient money, with the income from several endowment funds, to heat the building, to pay a librarian and a janitor, and to subscribe to several papers and magazines, but nothing for books. As time went on bequests were made that have created an endowment fund now amounting to four thousand three hundred fifty dollars. Most of the income from this fund is used for current expenses, although a small amount is specifically for the purchase of books.

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About ten years ago, at the suggestion of Dr. R. A. Kingman, there was established in the library a pay-shelf from which books are rented at two cents a day. The proceeds thus earned are used to purchase more books. This pay-shelf, confined chiefly to current fiction, has been popular from the beginning and has supplied a constant addition of books to the library, for when the pay-shelf books have earned their cost they are placed in the library and are free, thereby keeping it to some extent abreast of the times.

There have been many books and magazines donated by friends of the library, and the book committee have endeavored with the funds available to purchase books requested by the teachers of the high school. In recent years the school children have made constant use of the library. For that purpose it is well equipped.

The number of books in the library at the present time is about five thousand eight hundred. The number added during the past year was four hundred forty-five. The circulation for the past year has been ten thousand five hundred twenty-eight.

In his History of Wallingford Mr. Thorpe tells of Mr. Hart's birthplace in Hartsboro and the home of his grandfather, an early settler in town.

Mr. Hart served in the Civil War as Captain, Company H, Second United States Sharpshooters, elected by the company which

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was formed in Wallingford. About 1870 he removed to Detroit, Michigan, where he lived the remainder of his life. His outstanding characteristics were a stern integrity and tenderness toward children. His acts of charity were many, and practically every business move he made was inspired by friendship more than anything else. He loved his country with an intense devotion that one could see in many of his public acts, and throughout his life there shone a keen sense of humor. He scorned hypocrisy to a great degree, and his ideals of life were simplicity, honesty and sincerity. He was public spirited. He was appointed a member of several important state and city commissions. He was a trustee of the Harper Hospital and gave generously to that institution. He was fond of hunting and fishing, and got much pleasure in a small power boat, owning one of an early type equipped with a naphtha engine.

The old Town House had served its purpose for sixty-five years but it was no longer in keeping with the neat and comfortable homes that lined the main streets of this attractive village, nor did it offer accommodation for town offices. It provided a single assembly room in a one-story, unpainted building, used principally for town meetings. Even this assembly room was at times too small to accommodate the citizens that gathered on the first Tuesday in March to elect officers, vote a tax and "to transact any other legal business when met." A view on School Street, facing page 17 shows the front of the old House and beside it the residence of Dr. Hitt, which is the Lent Ives house that originally stood on Main Street.

The desirability of building a new Town House to replace the old one had been the subject of discussion for several years; and the subject of a more desirable site was sometimes debated. The problem of financing a new building presented no serious difficulty, for Alonzo Kent, who died in 1895, had bequeathed the town three thousand dollars for this purpose, and Alphonzo P.



THE TOWN HALL



THE PLANT OF THE AMERICAN FORK & HOE COMPANY

THE GROWTH OF WALLINGFORD VILLAGE

Stafford, who died in 1902 the sum of six thousand. Besides these gifts Joseph Randall died about a month after Mr. Stafford and left one thousand dollars for a town clock. With these three sums in hand the subject was taken up at the March meeting in 1905, in a resolution offered by A. G. Stone reading as follows: "That the town vote to build a new Town Hall on the site of the present Town Hall and the adjoining lot to be purchased of W. D. Hulett, to be known as the Stafford Building in which shall be located the Alonzo Kent Hall, at an expense not to exceed ten thousand dollars. A building committee consisting of the Selectmen, F. H. Hoadley and H. B. Barden be appointed to carry out the terms of this resolution." A vote was taken and the resolution was enacted.

Shortly afterwards the lot adjoining the old Town House on the west was acquired of W. D. Hulett, who removed the Lent Ives building to a lot in the rear where it now stands. Newton C. Bond of North Adams, Massachusetts, was chosen to be the Architect and Engineer of the new building. A contract was entered into with Edward Kilburn of Bellows Falls, Vermont, to construct the building. During the construction Mr. Kilburn fell from the building and was killed. His wife completed her husband's contract. The front of the new building is shown facing page 36.

The building provided a Town Clerk's office with a vault in which to keep records, and a small assembly room on the ground floor. On the second floor there was a large assembly room with a stage, and in the basement a room in which prisoners could be locked up, but which has been used most frequently for an overnight lodging place for tramps.

A bronze tablet on the front of the building reads:

STAFFORD BUILDING
ERECTED BY FUNDS DONATED BY
ALPHONZO P. STAFFORD
ALONZO KENT
JOSEPH RANDALL
1906 A.D.

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

Perhaps the dream of Franklin Post, in which he saw an industrial and civic center at the north end of Wallingford village, is coming true; at least great changes have taken place since he built the three-wing factory beside the railroad, diverted the waters of the Creek for power, erected a double row of dwelling houses on River Street, and opened two cross streets, one of which bears his name and the other that of our sugar producing tree. The inn remains at the four-corners but who can say that a future generation will not see a hotel on the block bounded by Main, Franklin, Railroad and Maple Streets where he visioned it. The depot has not yet been moved, but when the center of population changes it may follow. He did not succeed in having the Tinmouth Road terminate at the center of his picture but no one can say that will not be its ultimate destination.

Franklin Post passed on, and sixty years have wrought changes in that part of the village. Even as I write the ledges are being torn away to make a wider highway for traffic that did not enter into the dream of Franklin Post. Two gasoline stations have sprung up to supply fuel to the endless traffic, and a saw-mill reduces logs to lumber on the north side of Maple Street where a crop of hay was formerly harvested. No vacant building lots are now to be found on Franklin or River Streets, and homes surround the site of Wellman's limekiln.

The Post factory took a new lease of life when H. B. Barden and his brother, who had a small business manufacturing grass-hooks, corn-hooks, corn-knives, etc., in Granville, New York, were induced to move to Wallingford and occupy the idle plant. After they had been in Wallingford for a short time, they undertook the manufacture of scythes and later expanded to include pitchforks, hoes, rakes and other hand farm and garden tools, incorporating the business in 1902 under the name of Wallingford Manufacturing Company. During the following eight years the business increased with the coöperation of John H. Graham

THE GROWTH OF WALLINGFORD VILLAGE

& Company of New York City, who found a market for the manufactured goods. E. L. Seniff, who had had many years of practical experience in the manufacture of forks, hoes and rakes, was secured in 1905 as factory Superintendent.

During the development of the business from 1905 to 1910 the growth of the undertaking resulted in William A. and George A. Graham becoming the majority owners of the enterprise, and, as their principal business was a selling organization bearing the name John H. Graham & Company, they were not particularly interested in continuing the ownership and operation of a manufacturing industry. At that time the Welland Vale Manufacturing Company, Ltd., of St. Catharines, Ontario, was interested in securing a plant in the United States which would give them entrance into the United States market and also enable them to have manufactured in the United States a certain portion of their goods which could be produced advantageously in this country. The business was continued under the ownership and management of the Welland Vale Manufacturing Company, Ltd., from the time of its purchase in 1910 until July 1, 1924. During this period the officers of the Wallingford Manufacturing Company were as listed in Thorpe's History of Wallingford with the exception that during the later years Marion D. Tryon was Secretary instead of H. C. Cook.

During the period 1910-1924, the plant, buildings and equipment, were thoroughly overhauled, improved and extended, and the business was put on a sound financial basis, through the energetic and efficient management of A. W. Ferguson, who came to Wallingford when ownership passed into the hands of the Canadian company. On March 17, 1924, the main building of the Batcheller Works of The American Fork & Hoe Company was entirely destroyed by fire. On account of a change in general conditions—a decline in annual consumption of hand farming tools had taken place in the United States—The American Fork

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& Hoe Company felt that the producing capacity of the company did not justify the rebuilding of the manufacturing facilities of the Batcheller plant that were destroyed by fire. Rather than do this they preferred to purchase the plant and equipment of the Wallingford Manufacturing Company.

Coincident with this change, the needs of the Canadian company for a factory in the United States did not seem to be as necessary to its operation as formerly, and they were therefore willing to consider a sale of property. As a result, the business and assets of the Wallingford Manufacturing Company were sold in 1924 to The American Fork & Hoe Company and the business was merged with the business of the Batcheller Works of The American Fork & Hoe Company, Wallingford then becoming the principal New England plant of that company. Shortly thereafter Mr. Ferguson became Treasurer of The American Fork & Hoe Company and removed with his family to Willoughby, Ohio, to be near the Cleveland office of the company, and R. C. Taft, who was Manager of the Batcheller Works, assumed the management relinquished by Mr. Ferguson. Wallingford suffered a distinct loss in the departure of Mr. Ferguson and his family for they had contributed largely to the social life of the community.

During the operation of the plant by the Wallingford Manufacturing Company, the trade names "Wallingford," "Clarendon," and "Climax" were established, and the products of the company were sold and distributed throughout the United States and in the principal export markets of the world. While the plant was operated by the Wallingford Manufacturing Company it employed from one hundred twenty-five to two hundred employees and was in continuous production throughout the period with few, if any, slack periods.

Prior to 1907 the people of Wallingford obtained their domestic water supply either from wells or from nearby springs

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through privately owned pipe lines, for there was no public system of supply. By a special act of the legislature in 1906, Fire District No. 1 of Wallingford was incorporated with authority to light the streets and make contracts for water as a fire protection and for domestic use. The following year a private company constructed a small reservoir and laid a system of iron pipes in the principal streets from which water could be supplied to any householder who requested it.

A legislative act of 1919 amended the Fire District Charter, giving authority to make contracts and expenditures of money for water when approved by a vote of the people of the district; also authority to hold land to be used for parks or playgrounds, and to vote a tax for maintenance not exceeding three per cent of the grand list of the district.

A legislative act of 1929 amended the Fire District Charter giving authority to borrow money and issue bonds to purchase a water system. That year the water system which had been constructed and operated by a private company was purchased by the Fire District, the transaction being financed by means of a fifty-thousand-dollar bond issue. Since then the system has been extended and operated by the Fire District officers, who form a Prudential Committee. This committee establishes water rates to meet operating expenses, interest charges and payments of bond principal as they fall due. The last bond will be payable in 1954.

The number of pupils in the public school has kept pace with the increasing population and, in consequence of extended advantages of a high school, greater equipment has been in continual demand. In the beginning the town was divided into fourteen districts with a rural or primary school in each. In later years some of the rural schools were closed and pupils have been sent to the village where the high school is located. A school bus conveys the children to and from East Wallingford. As the result of growth and changes, increased facilities have been required. In

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1913 the school house was enlarged by adding two classrooms, lavatories and a larger lobby. Soon this was found insufficient and several primary grades had to be housed in the Town Hall building, using a part of the Town Clerk's office and a small assembly room on the ground floor. These rooms gave insufficient space, were inadequately lighted and ventilated for school purposes and lacked other facilities, but they were the only rooms available. After several years in these quarters loud complaints from parents of the children resulted in a vote of the town meeting in 1934 to construct an addition to the school house. The addition that year comprised two large classrooms and a gymnasium, also new heating equipment and space in the basement for manual training. The enlarged school building is shown facing page 44 and bears comparison with the original building of 1865, facing page 289. The facilities of the grades and of the high school are now equal to those of most other communities. A few pupils are prepared for college each year.

Wallingford is most fortunate in having a natural, wooded park of thirty acres beside a small mountain lake that offers excellent bathing, within a fifteen-minute walk from the center of the village. This recreational facility was the gift of Lucretia Kent Stone to the Wallingford Park Association, Inc., a corporation created to care and maintain the park for the benefit of the people of the community. The gift was also a memorial to her late husband, Addison G. Stone. The deed is dated April 28, 1919. On August 19, 1921, the exercises of presentation and acceptance were held in the park by the lake (now called Elfin but formerly Fox Pond) in the presence of a large assemblage of citizens. This park property is a part of land once owned by Solomon Miller and by his son Alexander.

The Park Association received another gift of land lying beside the Creek and Tinmouth road, September 10, 1929, for baseball and other sports. The tract has an area of about four acres. Prior

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to the acquisition of this land the boys of the village had used a vacant lot lying between Main, Franklin and Railroad Streets, but as motor traffic increased the assemblage of cars and people in this locality became dangerous as well as inconvenient. Through the efforts of W. P. Cary funds were subscribed to purchase a suitable playground for the young people. Further contributions enabled the athletic field to be filled and graded to secure a level surface covered with turf.

The "*Wallingford House*" of John Ives, built in 1824 and reconstructed by W. D. Hulett in 1893 to bear the name "*The New Wallingford*," was destined to another transformation in 1927, after the property had been purchased by The American Fork & Hoe Company. Charles B. Rowley, Architect, residing in Cleveland, Ohio, was given a commission to redesign the hostelry that had offered board and lodgings to weary travelers and had been a landmark in the village for a full century. That he executed his commission in a highly satisfactory manner is acknowledged by all its patrons. It is difficult to realize that such an attractive building could have been made on the frame of its predecessors, occupying the same ground. Even the old horse shed of the Wallingford House was utilized and but slight additions were made. The American Fork & Hoe Company has always shown a spirit of generosity toward the village of Wallingford in matters of public welfare, but no act of it has contributed so much as the construction of the True Temper Inn. While adding to the attractiveness of the village, no doubt the company hoped to extend a knowledge of its product by making its trade-mark the title of the new hotel. Whether or not that was a dominating motive which inspired the purchase and improvement of the property, the name True Temper Inn has gone far abroad.

The inn was kept open throughout the first year after its completion but the patronage was so small during the winter months that since then it has been closed from November to May. It has

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attracted many people to its comfortable lodgings and its generous board. It is frequently the meeting place of groups for business or social gatherings.

At long intervals Vermont has been subject to floods. Those who suffered loss will remember the down pouring of rain on November 3, 1927, which caused a freshet, or flood. In Vermont the greatest damage was done in the Winooski valley, but Wallingford did not escape entirely. Rain began falling Wednesday afternoon, November 2d, and continued all day Thursday, coming down faster than the water could run off in the regular channels. As a result, streams overflowed their banks, bridges were carried away, roads were flooded, railways were undermined, communication was interrupted and transportation was largely discontinued.

In Wallingford village most of the damage was done by Roaring Brook, which became a raging torrent that dammed its own course with boulders and gravel, then overflowed its banks, making new channels in fields and roads, undermining the railway and making highways impassable. In the gulf east of the village the road was entirely destroyed. West of Main Street the channel of the brook became clogged with rocks and débris until it made a new course to the left across the railroad; then it broke over the right bank, flowing across gardens and down Railroad Street, finding an outlet under the railway track between Elm and Franklin Streets. The electric supply was cut off, telephone service was interrupted, and in two instances water supply pipes were broken where they cross the Brook on Main Street. The highway was flooded both north and south of the village for several days.

On Sunday following, electric service was partially restored, and on Monday the Creek Road to Rutland was opened by way of Center Rutland. Train service on the Rutland Railroad was not re-established until November 21st. During the suspension mails were carried by motor after the flood abated.



THE SCHOOL HOUSE AND GYMNASIUM



TRUE TEMPER INN

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The wooded hills and mountains of Vermont provide an ample supply of timber and the mountain streams furnish economical waterpower which have made possible the establishment of numerous woodworking industries throughout the state, and several in Wallingford. Already mention has been made of wooden bowls, oxbows, sash, blinds, sleds and wagons as manufactured products of this village. The pitchfork industry, which since 1835 has given the largest employment, consumes large quantities of ash timber for its handles. Since November, 1933, the Christopher Swezey Incorporated has occupied the building originally built by Batcheller & Sons for a triphammer shop, where it has manufactured wooden clothespins which differ from those most commonly used in being square instead of round. Considerable quantities of beech, birch and maple timber have been cut up into these small household implements each year since the business was established. The plant, employing eight men and four women, has a daily output of about one hundred eighty thousand pins.

In these last days many changes have taken place; highways and roads are no longer either solely or chiefly for the convenience of the townspeople but for the people of the state and the nation. They are no longer built and maintained by the farmers who work out their taxes. The reason for these changes is well understood. By act of the legislature of 1931 the State of Vermont took over about one thousand miles of its highways and named them "State Highways," assuming the control of their maintenance but requiring the towns through which they pass to contribute to the cost of maintenance. Since they were taken over the federal government has contributed to their improvement.

The highway through Wallingford from Danby to Clarendon is a part of the State Highway System which has been improved by the state with the approval and assistance of the federal government, and is designated Route No. 7. In 1936 it was graded and paved with concrete from the north boundary of Danby to

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the Munson school house. In 1937 the location of the highway just south of the village was changed in order to build a combined bridge across the Creek and an over-pass across the railroad. At first it was proposed to make the bridge and over-pass at the south entrance of the village without changing the location of the road, but due to protests of the village people who visualized the injury that would result to adjoining property and to the beauty of the village, the bridge and over-pass were located farther south, necessitating a bend in the highway. The old and the new locations of the highway are shown on Plate II, facing page 14. These highway changes were followed by the laying of concrete pavement from the Munson school house, where it stopped the previous year, northward to the bridge and railway over-pass project, and from this project through the village during 1937.

The population of Wallingford township has fluctuated somewhat in the century and one half of its existence. It increased from the beginning until 1830 when it reached a maximum of 1,740 persons, then fell off for two decades but regained somewhat and reached another maximum of 2,023 in 1870. Since then it has declined and in 1930 was 1,564. While the population of the township has at times declined, that of the village has increased pretty steadily, showing the trend of population from the rural sections to the villages. By a recent count the population of Wallingford village is 793, and the number of dwelling houses 251. On the map in the Rutland County Atlas of 1869 the number of houses shown is 110. If the population has varied in proportion to the number of houses then the population of the village in 1869 was 347.

II. PIONEERS

FROM AN ADDRESS OF REV. H. H. SANDERSON AT
THE CENTENNIAL OF WALLINGFORD, 1873

THIS township derives its name from Wallingford, Connecticut, from which place came a number of its early settlers, who, doubtless, heartily attached to their native place, desired to give its name to their new home. Its history commences by its charter by New Hampshire, Nov. 27, 1761. At this time the Canadas, by the reduction of Quebec had passed from the power of the French into the possession of the British government, so that the long continued hostilities between the two nations in this section were at an end; in consequence of which the lands on the upper Connecticut and west of that beautiful river began to be considered of value. They were therefore eagerly sought, both by speculator and those who desired to make actual settlements upon them. This will account for the fact that there were 18 townships surveyed by New Hampshire on the east side of the Connecticut River and 60 I think on the west side in about a year subsequent to the cessation of hostilities. Up to that time these lands had been entirely closed against emigrations, on account of fear of French incursions and Indian depredations. Thus, over twenty years had passed and not a single settlement had been made above Charlestown—the old number 4, from which I come to address you. But the causes by which emigration had long been deterred being removed, it again received a new impulse and the excitement of

the people to obtain the new lands laid open to them was intense. And though New Hampshire had really no right to the soil, yet her governor assuming that it belonged to her if to any existing state, freely gave charters and titles of what she did not possess, and events ultimately demonstrated that she could not hold. Under these circumstances it is hardly needful that I should say that these lands did not all fall into the possession of persons desirous of making actual settlements upon them, but that a considerable share of them were obtained by speculators to be turned to their own interests. We cannot go back to enquire what were the motives of the proprietors of Wallingford. We will suppose they were good, but that they were in no hurry to settle on their lands or induce others to do it is evident from the fact that they allowed nearly twelve years to pass before they saw fit even to call the first proprietors' meeting. This took place at Wallingford, Connecticut, September 12th, 1772. Of this meeting Captain Eliakim Hall was moderator; and all the business transacted at it was to vote "to lot out 100 acres to each proprietors right and to choose Mr. Isaac Hall 2d a committee to superintend and Captain Eliakim Hall and Miles Johnson a committee to draft said allotments." The amount of land in the original township was 23,040 which if I mistake not was the usual number of acres embraced in the New Hampshire charters.

To those who are familiar with the controversies which took place in respect to the territory now embraced within Vermont it will not be a matter of surprise to learn that the proprietors afterwards obtained a charter from the State of New York conceding the same rights. This illustrates their foresight, for it shows that they meant to be certain of their title whether New York or New Hampshire should become victor in the possession of the spoil.

There is another fact which I may as well state here, and that is, that though the town originally and at its organization, March



MRS. MILLINDA IVES CHATTERTON, 1772-1867

10th, 1772, contained the number of acres which I have stated, its boundaries since that time have been somewhat changed, October 31st, 1792, there were taken from it 3,388 acres to form, with what was previously called Jackson's Gore, and a portion of Ludlow, the present township of Mt. Holly. The next year, October 19th, 1793, the legislature passed an act annexing to Wallingford a portion of the town of Tinmouth. The land annexed is what is now usually known as West Hill and which was a full equivalent to Wallingford for all that had been taken from it on the eastern side.

These preliminary matters being disposed of we are now prepared to come to the consideration of the settlement of the town. This was made in the spring or summer of 1773 by Dea. Abraham Jackson who came from Cornwall, Connecticut, where he was probably an officer in the church, whence his title. His family, when he came to the place, consisted of a wife and ten children, to whom another Loraine, was subsequently added. He then had the blessing pronounced upon the good men—"Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thy house, thy children like olive plants round about thy table."

It has happened to Dea. Jackson to be accredited by tradition with honors which belonged to others and which we would gladly permit him to wear in the memories of posterity if in this way we could be just to those to whom they are due. But as this is impossible you will allow me to say that the honors of being the first town clerk and first representative with which he has been invested by common report, belong to his eldest son, who bore the same name and who was a man of very great energy of character, as well as superior ability. Tradition has also assigned to Dea. Jackson the honor of being the first Deacon of the Congregational Church. But this belongs to Nathaniel Ives, the father of the late Millinda Chatterton. But, though it was not his lot to hold these offices, still he was one who ought not to be held

less high in the estimation of his posterity, for he has left to them an untarnished name. He was a great lover of good order and a profound respecter of religion and never failed to give to both the benefit of his example. And need I say that such men require not office to distinguish them, for are they not dignified by their characters with the highest title to respect? They are the right kind, too, for pioneers, inasmuch as we see that as a settlement begins, it often continues. For in this matter the old proverb, "birds of a feather," &c., is probably as true as in any other. You who are citizens here, then, may very possibly owe much more to Deacon Jackson than you have been accustomed to suppose. For his claim to a place of respect in our memories is not merely that he came here and cut down the first trees, and let the sun shine in where it had not shone before, but that here, by his instructions to his family, and by the influences which he radiated around him, he laid the foundations of social and religious order, which might have been laid very differently had it not been for him.

I have referred to the large number of children in the Jackson family; and I would like to draw a picture of them with their father and mother seated around their table here in their rude home in the wilderness. Behold them then, with nothing but a rough log cabin to shelter them, its floor the bare earth or hewn sticks put clumsily together; its walls mud-plastered, and only pleasant from the fact that they would keep out the wind and the cold; its windows of rude construction, placed very high for fear of the entrance of wild beasts, so that the children could not look out. And their table! oh, it was not of mahogany or black walnut, such as their posterity sit at, but was good clear pine, which was kept as clean as the nicest human hand could keep it. And round it what a company—thirteen in all—to be supplied with food, and what a pile it must have taken! But the hearts of the parents leaned trustingly on God, and it has not come down to us that they were ever left destitute of the needful supply. But I

have no time to dwell on this picture, and can therefore only say further that Deacon Jackson, through his descendants, has gone out into all the earth. His numerous family, most of them, grew up to act well their part in their day and generation. This was emphatically the case with two of his sons, the eldest and the youngest. Abraham held many places of trust in the gift of his fellow citizens, which he filled, as we have reason to believe, with the highest acceptance; and Vermont has had few more able sons than William Jackson, or who had either in education or religion extended wider or more beneficent influences. The descendants of Loraine, too, as well as her own true life, entitle her to a respectful remembrance on this occasion. But, although Deacon Jackson was the first legal settler—that is, the first who had any title to his land—George Scott and family were the first inhabitants. The dwelling of this individual was nearly opposite the spot where the school house now stands, in the Marsh district. It was a mere shanty, and scarcely worthy to be called a human dwelling. . . . Scott was a natural vagabond, and continued to live in town; though the proprietors wished to get rid of him, and he finally died at the poorhouse, perhaps within the recollection of some here. If so, and any of you wish to drop a tear to his memory, you can.

In addition to Scott and family, one other individual settled within the present limits of Wallingford prior to the advent of Deacon Jackson. This was John Hopkins, from Salem, New York, who came in 1770, and cleared about three acres of land on West Hill, which was then within the bounds of Tinmouth. Hopkins was 18 years old, and boarded, while clearing his farm, at Danby Corners. He sowed it with wheat, which grew so tall that he could go into it, and while standing erect, tie it over his head. In the following year he settled on the land, and built a log house. He subsequently married and had six children, and I suppose

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that some of his descendants still reside on the Hill. He was a Presbyterian in his religion, and a good man.

Now from what has been said of George Scott and John Hopkins we are by no means to infer that Deacon Jackson was not the first settler, for this honor is undoubtedly his due. For as the Hopkins' place is not within the original bounds of Wallingford, no claim to it can be put forth for him, and that the advent of Scott here constituted Wallingford in its beginning we are unwilling to concede. We prefer to regard his arrival here as a little before its beginning, and as really having no connection with it. Let no one then hereafter on account of the facts mentioned above, attempt to deprive Deacon Jackson of the honor of having been the first settler which has been universally conceded to him.

The settlement of Deacon Jackson having been made, others very soon followed. Among those were Abraham Ives, Lent Ives, Daniel Bradley, Benjamin Bradley, Joseph Jackson, Ezekiel Miles, Ephraim Andrus, and Jonas and Edmund Bumpus, and Stephen and Goodyear Clark. Most of these were men of decided character, and suited to the times which were approaching. Men on whom the defenders of liberty and the independence of the New Hampshire Grants could most perfectly rely. Some of you have looked upon the venerable form of Lent Ives, for heaven graciously spared his life till his locks were whitened with the winters of four score years, but of Abraham Ives and the Bradleys you know less. Perhaps to some of you their names may even sound strange. Yet in their day they had no little celebrity. Abraham Ives, both as a business man and a political man, was known throughout the territory which now constitutes the state. That he was a person of influence may be inferred from the report that he was a member of the convention which met at Dorset, July 24th, 1776, and consisted of 51 members, representing 35 towns. This convention was called to consider one of the most im-

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portant subjects which ever came before a deliberative assembly in this state: viz., in what relation Vermont, then the New Hampshire Grants, should stand to the states of New Hampshire and New York, and the Continental Congress by which the independence of the then 13 states had been only 20 days before declared. The result of this meeting was that the convention agreed to enter into an association among themselves for the liberties of the country, but that they would not associate with either of the countries or with the Provincial Congress of New York and that any of the inhabitants of the New Hampshire Grants who should enter into such an association should be deemed enemies to the common cause. On the 25th of September following the convention met again when without a dissenting vote they resolved to take suitable measures as soon as may be to declare the New Hampshire Grants a free and separate district and that no law or laws, direction or directions from the State of New York should be accepted.

This shows in what estimation Mr. Ives was held when such important business was committed to his hands.

Mr. Ives was a man of great energy of character and was never happier than when he was full of business. He held the various offices of Captain, Justice of the Peace and High Sheriff. He also kept a store and tavern, the first that were opened in the town. These establishments were not on a very large scale for the house in which they were first kept had only one room and a bed room. But this was only the beginning and greater things came afterwards. For according to my informant, Mrs. Millinda Chatterton, he subsequently built a frame house where he kept his store and tavern and had it painted and papered and was pretty smart.

In order to show what changes have come over us in a century, I will relate one incident:

Mr. Ives one day started out to go up to Mr. Richmond's, near

the Eliakim Ballou place, to carry home an iron wedge which he had borrowed a few days before; but having gone about half way, what should he encounter but a huge panther, which, with glaring eyes, stood only a few feet distant in the path before him. Of course, the uppermost question in his mind was what he should do. It occurred to him that contending with such a creature with only an iron wedge might be rather a serious business. But though fighting might be dangerous, any attempt to flee might not be adapted to better his situation. So making up his mind to stand his ground he hurled his wedge with all his strength at the head of the creature. With a terrible scream it darted off into the forest, leaving the valiant captain in indisputable possession of the path.

As the offices which were held by Mr. Ives will be brought in in another connection, I will only say here that his residence was at what has since been known as the Meecham place on the west side of the street, a few rods (second house) below Mill Lane (Elm St.). I will also say that Mr. Ives did not continue in Wallingford beyond the years 1786 or '87. Getting involved it was thought through the dishonesty of his agents in the sale of wild land for taxes he thought it best to leave the state. He therefore exchanged farms with Mr. Samuel Hull of Connecticut, the grandfather of our most respected citizen, Alfred Hull, Esq., and went to Connecticut and Mr. Hull came here.

Like the Ives, the Bradleys were staunch men and true. Mrs. Esther Bradley, the wife of Daniel Bradley, was a sister of the Ives and was a very excellent woman. Parthena, her daughter (so our lamented venerable friend Mrs. Chatterton was accustomed to say) was the first child born in town. It has been usually thought that Loraine, the youngest daughter of Deacon Jackson, had that honor. At the time of the birth of Parthena, Mr. Bradley lived on the Oliver Ballou place. When the British occupied Castleton he took his family and went to Connecticut; and when

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he returned, not being satisfied with his farm, Mr. Johnson the proprietor of whom he had purchased it took it back and let him have the place about midway between the village and South Wallingford, for so many years subsequently occupied by Deacon Mosley Hall.

Benjamin Bradley, whose wife was the daughter of Ezekiel Miles who lived on the Thomas Hulet place just below our beautiful cemetery [next to the railroad]. It has more recently been owned by Hon. David E. Nicholson. Mr. Bradley being sick could not like his brother go to Connecticut, and some persons who were half Tories came to him and advised him for his personal safety and the better protection of his friends to put himself under royal protection—that is to go to Castleton and get a certificate from the officer commanding there that he was a true and loyal subject. But when Mrs. Bradley understood the object for which they had come her patriotic blood was at once up and she gave them a lecture and bade them begone and never to come there again on such an errand.

An incident of the war perhaps may properly come in here. A Tory from Manchester seeking to go and put himself under royal protection at Castleton, got as far as Greenhill, in Wallingford, on his way. The citizens learning that he was on the hill went out after him. He pointed his gun at them when they immediately shot him down. His gun was not loaded but they supposed it was. He was brought down to Mr. Benjamin Bradley's where he was kindly cared for, but soon died of his wounds. Mr. Bradley buried him on his own land on the spot which is now the village cemetery. He was the first that was buried there. When Mrs. Chatterton, with her father Nathaniel Ives, came to town in 1779 the cemetery contained eight graves. It is now the resting place of hundreds.

In speaking further of the settlers who almost immediately followed Deacon Jackson, I will say that Chrispin Bull built the first

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grist mill in town at what is now South Wallingford, and that Joseph Johnson built the first in the village. What Ephraim Andrus did I hardly know, save that he was a poet and a wit and often created a good deal of amusement for the people.

Ezekiel Miles was a staunch patriot, as were also Edmund and James Bumpus. We may therefore say that Wallingford was truly fortunate in her early settlers. And we may owe them a greater debt of gratitude perchance than we know.

In the year 1779 came into town two good men; the one was Joseph Randall, the other was Nathaniel Ives. The first was the second deacon of the Baptist Church; the other the first deacon of the Congregational Church. Mr. Randall was a man of eminently correct principles and habits, and none of our earlier and later citizens have been deserving of more regard. Briefly, to sum up his various services he was Deacon of the Baptist Church 56 years, supplying gratuitously the place of pastors for more than a third of that time. He was clerk of the church 54 years and leader of the singing 36 years. Justice for the past 50 years—Representative four years, Judge of Probate four years. He was also in 1793 a member of the Constitutional Convention. In addition to this he bore his part in the War of the Revolution and also in the War of 1812. An honorable man, a Christian, a patriot, he was of very great benefit to the town and performed no inconsiderable service for the State. Mr. Ives was less distinguished yet was ever held in great esteem by his fellow citizens.

The house where Nathaniel Ives first lived was near the spot now occupied by the residence of Mrs. Randall [south corner of Main Street and Florence Avenue]. Mrs. Chatterton who was 7 years old when her father moved to the place used to give the following description of it and of the state of things then existing here. It was a log cabin, as all the houses of the settlement then were. It had a chimney but it had no hearth and it had no door until some time after they had moved into it. For a door

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they used to hang up a coverlid until it become convenient to get one.

I have already spoken of the settlers who had come in before her father came. Let us now look for a few moments at the situation of this new comer. His nearest neighbors on the south were Benjamin Bradley and family, a little beyond the present cemetery and there were none on the north nearer than the Meecham place then occupied by Abraham Ives. There was no bridge across Roaring Brook. When they crossed it they had to go on logs one side of which was cut off and made flat so that they could walk on them better. The brook was much more of a stream than it is now and there were fish in it in great abundance and down on the Creek there were plenty mink, muskrat and beaver.

For some time after they came to Wallingford, deer were found in considerable numbers in the forest and then she would get sight of a bear or a moose. And almost every night too they used to hear the cries of wolves and other wild animals not very far away. They used most to frequent the thick forests down by the Creek and the woods on the other side. At first these sounds frightened her but getting accustomed to them after a while she minded nothing about them.

Speaking of the condition of things in her childhood, "Everything," she would say, "has changed from what it was then. Even the birds many of them are not the same as they used to be. When I came here we had the hawk and the owl and the blue jay, the partridge and the woodpecker and wild pigeons and wild duck and the snipe. But we never used to hear the lark and there were but few robins and swallows and blue birds and orioles and bobolinks. When I want to realize how old I am I let memory take a journey back to the doorless and hearthless log house by the roaring brook."

I have stated that Abraham Ives kept the first store and tavern. Neither of these was opened before 1779. No iron could be ob-

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

tained without going to Ticonderoga. The inhabitants made their own sugar and most of their clothing. Mrs. Abraham Ives had a calico dress which cost 15 dollars. Mrs. Abraham Jackson also had one. They were very much admired.

This description will give you a view of the changes which have taken place. Scarcely anything remains as it was save the heavens which are over us. There in their beauty and glory still canopy as is but the scenes amid which we move are now changed. And as I am now speaking of changes perhaps no greater change has taken place since the days of our fathers than in the modes of conveyance. For our grandfathers and grandmothers did not use to ride in Pullman cars and beautiful covered topped carriages for though they perambulated "somewhat and muchly" it was not clearly in the modern fashions. The ordinary mode of passing from place to place was on horseback. And when the sexes rode together it was on what was termed a pillion. That was a kind of saddle with a soft cushion extending behind having in addition to the ordinary stirrups of the saddle an additional one for the female, who mounted on her soft padding was accustomed to hold on by putting her arms around the gentleman's waist behind whom she rode. I presume some of the young people would like this mode of riding now. But it was very hard for the horse and has now gone so entirely out of date that I presume a pillion has not ever been seen by one of a thousand of the present generation.

I have thus spoken of the early settlers and some of the circumstances of their early situation. I would like to say more but time will not allow for many other topics still remain on which at least a word ought on this occasion to be said.

III. SOLOMON AND ALEXANDER MILLER

AFTER Governor Benning Wentworth began granting land west of the Connecticut River to settlers, no doubt the citizens of Massachusetts and Connecticut were much interested and there may have been some excitement among those who had an inclination for pioneering. The territory had been known as a wilderness prior to the declaration of peace between England and France that followed the defeat of the latter at Quebec, but after settlements began more and more was known of its fertile lands, its forests and its water-power. One can imagine groups of men in larger towns, such as Springfield, Massachusetts, and New Haven, Connecticut, congregating at the village store, or at the blacksmith shop, discussing news from the grants, speculating upon who had secured the best land, etc., or perhaps listening to the tales of a settler who had recently returned from the Green Mountain region.

Progress was slow in colonial days when communication was on horseback or by horse-drawn wagon over roads that were little more than trails through the forest. Governor Wentworth granted the charter for the town of Wallingford November 27, 1761, but ten years elapsed before the Proprietors held their first meeting in Wallingford, Connecticut, September 12, 1772;

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and the town was not organized until six years later, March 10, 1778. In the meantime a few settlers had established themselves on the land, constructed log houses, made clearings in the forest and got small fields under cultivation. At the first town meeting Abraham Ives was chosen Moderator; Abraham Jackson, Jr., Clerk; Joseph Jackson, Abraham Jackson and Jonah Ives, Committee. Almost the first needs of the settlers were a gristmill and a sawmill; the former to prepare food for themselves and their animals, and the latter to make lumber for a multitude of necessities. One of the advantages of this mountainous country, not possessed by the level prairie, was an abundance of water power that could be easily and cheaply developed, requiring only the skill of the mason, the wheelwright and the blacksmith.

Down at West Springfield, Hampden County, Massachusetts, Solomon Miller was occupied in collecting taxes when not engaged in farming. He was evidently thrifty and had an eye open to an opportunity for a good real estate investment. He was born in 1731, when colonists were familiar with the forest and the Indians who had not been entirely driven from their hunting ground in New England. He probably knew men who fought in King Philip's War and heard tales of the burning of Deerfield and the massacre of Bloody Brook from persons who were living at the time these events occurred.

About a month after the battle of Bennington Solomon enlisted in Captain Levi Ely's company and served as a private in the regiment of Colonel John Moseley, for the short period of thirty-three days, on an expedition to "Northern Department," traveling a distance of one hundred twenty miles. The records give no information concerning the object of the expedition.

Solomon married Desire Smith in 1756, she being then twenty-three years of age. Their family included seven children that lived to maturity; five boys and two girls. They were Solomon, Jr., born, 1761; Samuel, born, 1764; Elisha, born, 1766; Desire, born,



Property of
Solomon Miller,
Wallingford, Vt.

MAP OF SOLOMON MILLER'S PROPERTY, PLATE III

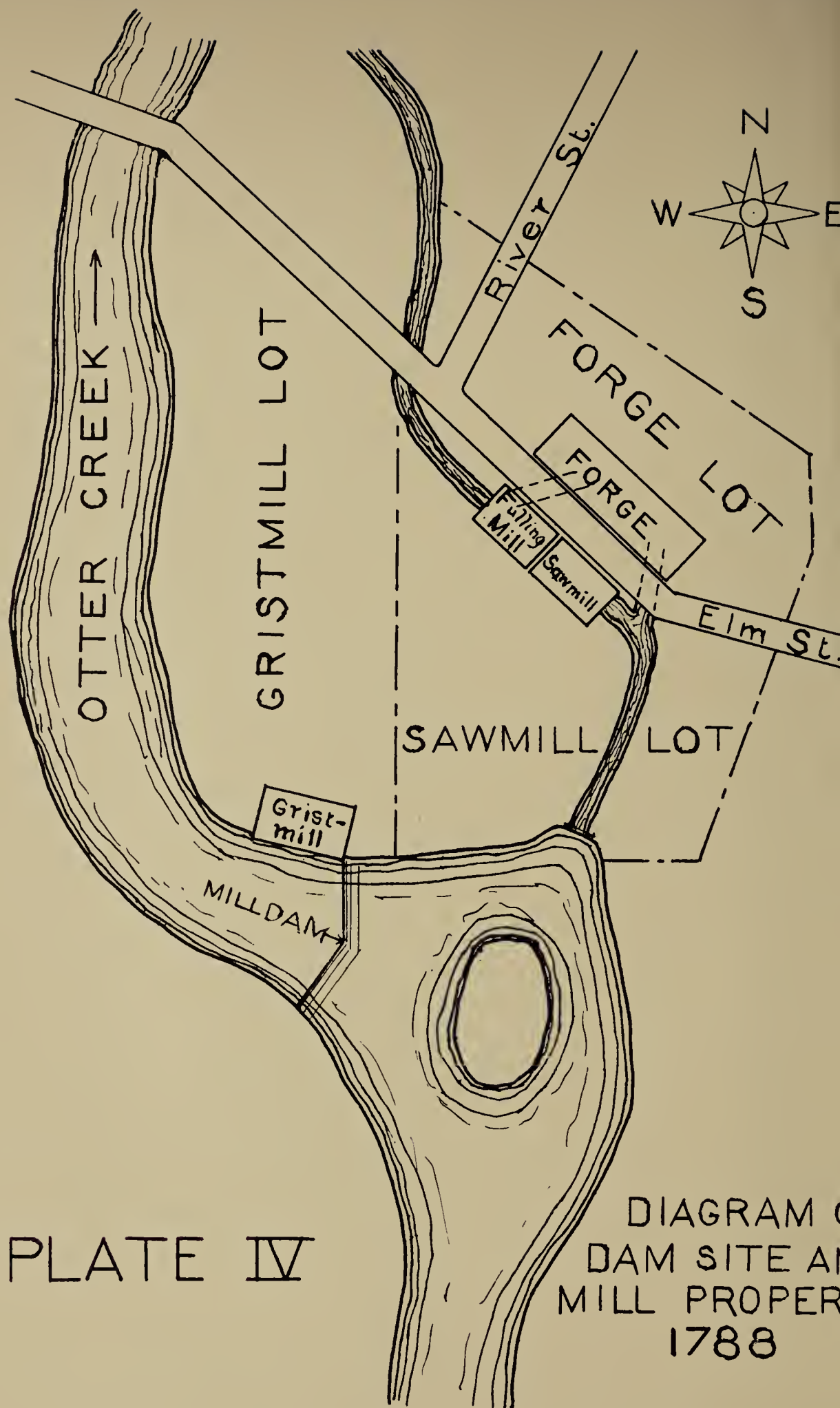


DIAGRAM OF DAM SITE AND MILL PROPERTY, PLATE IV

SOLOMON AND ALEXANDER MILLER

1769; Epaphras, born, 1770; Anna, born, 177-; and Alexander, born, 1776.

Solomon Miller's first purchase of land in Wallingford is described in a deed dated October 6, 1784. He did not move to Wallingford until three years later, but it is scarcely probable that he bought what was afterwards described as his home lot, located on the main highway, without having inspected the ground. It was located on the east side of the highway and was divided twenty-three years later by a road, the lower part of which has since become Church Street. The lot was nineteen rods wide on the highway and extended eastward about seventy rods, having an area of nine acres. For this land he paid £15, equivalent to, let us say, \$75. On this lot, probably just north of the present site of the Congregational Church, he built his home, the first frame house in Wallingford. Years later this house became a part of Mrs. William Waldo's house, known as "The Bee Hive," located on the northeast corner of Main and Church Streets. This house, built for a tavern with large, square, two-story columns on the front, was burned in 1884.

About four months later, February 26, 1785, Solomon purchased of Abraham Ives, for the consideration of £100 (approximately \$500), forty-one acres of land located on both sides of the highway, extending from the east end of his home lot westward to the Tinmouth town line then established near the west shore of Fox Pond. This lot, together with his home lot, was 32 rods wide north and south and 250 rods long east and west, an area of fifty acres. This purchase was followed in March by another from Thomas Hinman of 40 acres for the sum of £90 (approximately \$450). Of this, thirty acres lay between the highway and Otter Creek, part being north of a road from the highway westward across the Creek, now known as Elm Street, and part south of this road. Ten acres lay on the east side of the highway and on the

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north side of the first road from Wallingford to East Wallingford, now named Hull Avenue.

Solomon must have foreseen a village growing years later in this locality, his foresight probably being founded on the character of the ground, which was somewhat higher than the intervals along the Creek, and the water power in the falls of the Creek where a gristmill was already established and which was destined years later to turn the wheels of an industry.

On October 27, 1785 he purchased of Pratt Jones for £50 (approximately \$250), one hundred ten acres of land lying farther east, away from the highway, and bounded on the north for some distance by Roaring Brook. Later the Church Street road was constructed across this parcel of land.

In July, 1787, Solomon Miller and his family moved from West Springfield, Massachusetts, to Wallingford, his oldest son being then twenty-six years of age and his youngest, Alexander, eleven. He devoted himself to farming and in addition carried on a business of tanning and shoemaking.

It is interesting to note that the needs of the pioneer are first, a gristmill to prepare grain for food; second, a sawmill to supply lumber; and third, a tannery to supply leather for shoes, boots and harness. Clothing was made in the homes, requiring nothing more than hand-operated machines of simple construction, such as the spinning-wheel and loom. Thus were food, shelter and raiment prepared when new homes were established in the wilderness. All who had preceded Solomon Miller in making homes in Wallingford had of necessity built log houses that required no other material than the trees of the forest; but when those rude structures were succeeded by frame houses the need of iron was felt for a multitude of details such as nails, hinges, latches and all the product of the blacksmith shop. This need led to the construction of a forge in which Solomon was interested, as will be explained farther on.

SOLOMON AND ALEXANDER MILLER

The home lot of nine acres and one quarter of Lot 22 were deeded by Solomon Miller, Jr. to his father for one dollar November 16, 1789. We have no explanation of this transaction for a mere nominal sum, but it eventually gave Solomon, Sr. ownership of practically all of Lot 22.

In December, 1789, Solomon Miller extended his demesne by the purchase of one hundred acres adjoining his land on the south and extending to the Tinmouth town line, giving him land that touched the shore of Fox Pond. This purchase was made from Joseph Crary of Cavendish and the consideration was £27 (approximately \$135). He made but one other purchase of importance, a small lot on the east side of the highway, October 6, 1792. Thus it will be seen that within an interval of about five years Solomon Miller came into possession of more than two hundred acres of land where the village of Wallingford was destined to be located. The total cost of this land, based on the consideration given in the deeds, was £309 (approximately \$1,545).

April 5, 1796, he sold the land he owned on both sides of the road we know as Elm Street, about thirty acres, to Daniel Moon for £164 (approximately \$820); and five years later he sold the ten acres on the east side of the highway to George Ruhman for \$200. These two lots, comprising forty acres, is the land he purchased of Thomas Hinman in 1785 for £90 (approximately \$450). These transactions indicate his business ability.

The shaded portion of the accompanying map, Plate III, indicates the land owned by Solomon Miller.

On February 10, 1789 the following named persons entered into a contract substantially as follows: the party of the first part, Stephen Clark; the party of the second part, Solomon Miller and Abraham Jackson, Jr.; the party of the third part, Asahel Jackson and Jedediah Jackson; and the party of the fourth part, Chauncy Clark.

It appears that these parties covenanted and agreed to pur-

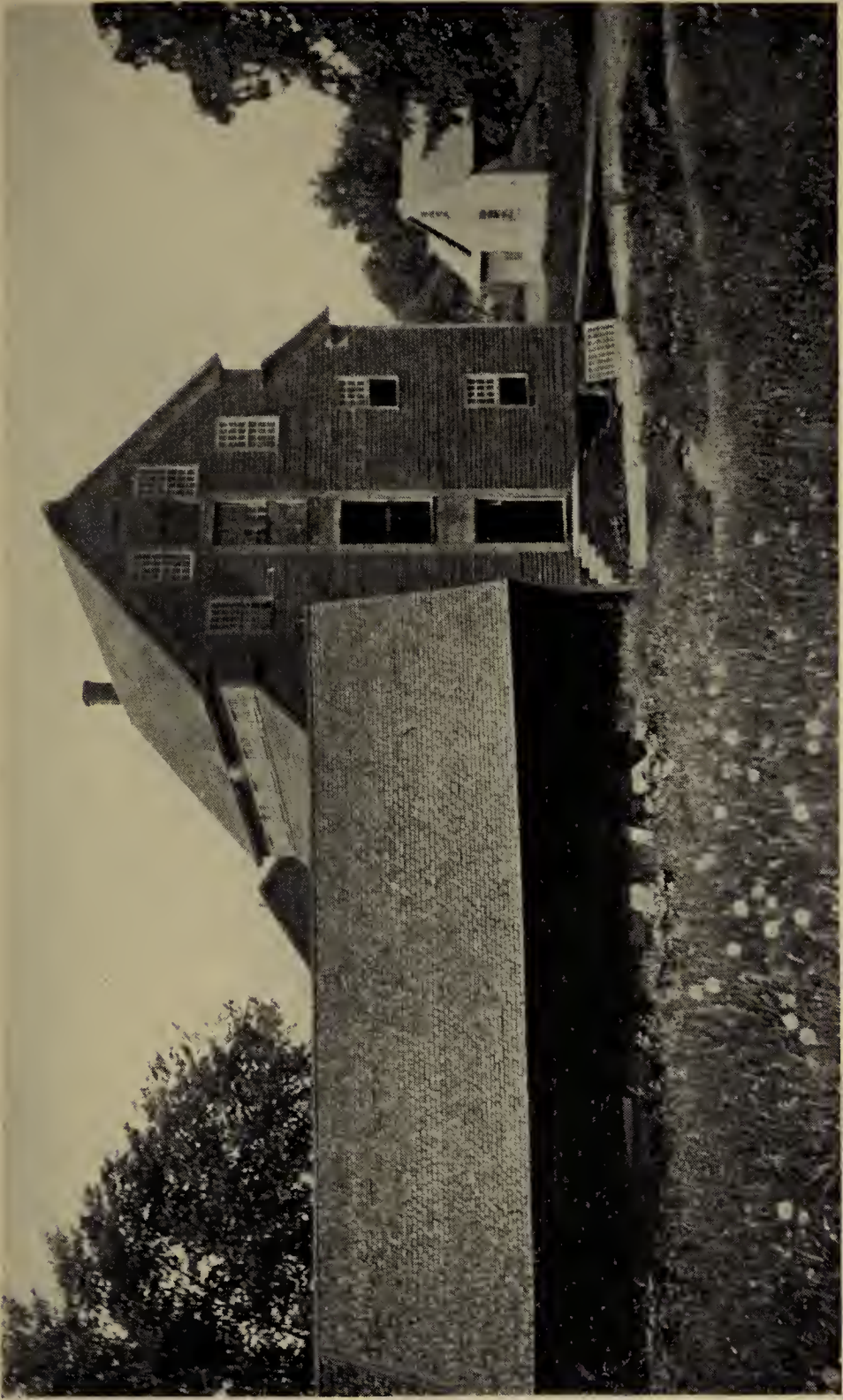
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chase of Asahel Jackson a gristmill, a sawmill, a fulling mill and waterpower to operate these mills for the sum of £460 (equivalent to about \$2,300). This mill property was located beside the Creek where a dam had been built the year before by Asahel and Jedediah Jackson to develop power. It was this same water power and land that Batcheller & Sons purchased about 1865.

The agreement by and between the four parties further stipulates that Stephen Clark shall have the gristmill known as "Clark's Gristmill," and the land described as the gristmill lot; that Asahel sells to Solomon Miller and Abraham Jackson, Jr. what was known as "Jackson and Miller's Forge" and the land on which it stands, described as the forge lot, together with the dwelling house and coal houses thereon; that Asahel sells to Jedediah one fourth part of the so-called "Jackson's Sawmill" with one fourth part of the land belonging thereto which is called the sawmill lot; and that Asahel sells to Chauncy Clark what is known as the "Chauncy Clark Fulling Mill" with the land on which it stands, containing nine square rods.

The accompanying diagram shows the relative location of the Creek and dam; the four mills; the boundaries of the lots; and the relative positions of Elm and River streets. The dimensions of the buildings are not known but they are indicated in their approximate locations.

The agreement further states that Stephen agrees to maintain one-third of the "great dam" and the flume to his gristmill; the parties of the second part agree to maintain one-third of the great dam, one-half of the dyke from the Creek to the sawmill, nine-tenths of the great flume leading from the sawmill to the fulling mill and the whole of the flume from the fulling mill to the forge; Asahel and Jedediah agree with Stephen, Solomon, Abraham and Chauncy to maintain $\frac{27}{90}$ of the great dam and $\frac{2}{6}$ of the dyke; also the gates of the sawmill; finally Chauncy agrees with Stephen, Solomon, Abraham, Asahel, and Jedediah



THE SAWMILL ABOUT 1880



MASONIC APRON OF ALEXANDER MILLER

SOLOMON AND ALEXANDER MILLER

to maintain $\frac{3}{90}$ of the great dam and $\frac{1}{6}$ of the dyke. It is further agreed that Stephen shall have the first privilege of water from the Creek, sufficient for two sets of grinding stones and a bolt in the gristmill; Solomon and Abraham shall have second privilege of water sufficient for two fires, the great hammer and trip-hammer in the forge; Asahel and Jedediah shall have the third privilege of the water sufficient for the sawmill; and Chauncy shall have the fourth privilege of the water for the fulling mill.

It is stipulated in the agreement that the surface of the water above the dam shall be not more than nine feet and one inch above the surface of the water below the dam. The allowable height of the dam was a subject of discussion many years later.

This is a remarkable agreement covering ten closely written pages in the public records of the town of Wallingford. It sheds much light on the early history of the village and for that reason, beside the part that Solomon Miller played, it is given considerable space here. The accompanying diagram, Plate IV, was carefully plotted from the boundaries of each lot as given in the records and from measurements of present landmarks.

The contract and other evidence implies that Asahel Jackson owned the gristmill, sawmill and fulling mill; also the water rights that he had developed by building the great dam, with the help of Jedediah Jackson, the year before; that the forge and iron works had been built by Solomon Miller in partnership with Abraham Jackson, Jr. and Jedediah Jackson on land that Solomon purchased of Asahel, Jedediah and Samuel Hull. By this contract the gristmill became the property of Stephen Clark; the forge, the property of Solomon Miller and Abraham Jackson, Jr.; the sawmill, the property of Asahel and Jedediah in the ratio of three to one; and the fulling mill, the property of Chauncy Clark. Three years later, January 27, 1792, Solomon sold his interest in

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the forge and adjoining buildings to D. Mecham and O. Richardson for six tons of iron.

When Batcheller & Sons bought this property in 1865 Deacon Post had a mill on the site of the gristmill for grinding tanbark, the forge had been replaced by the pegshop building of Brett & Son, but the sawmill was still standing and continued to be used. At the west end and attached to the sawmill was a building equipped with saws and a lathe for making fork handles. In the basement of the building there was a machine for making wooden bowls. It is probable that this building attached to the sawmill was originally the fulling mill of Chauncy Clark. The sawmill and the pegshop building are shown opposite page 64.

Stephen and Chauncy Clark were brothers and were early settlers in that part of Wallingford which afterwards became Mount Holly. They had another brother, Ichabod Goodyear Clark, whose grandchildren were Philander Goodyear Clark, Mrs. Israel Munson and Mrs. David E. Nicholson of Rutland.

We wonder what change was taking place in the life of Solomon Miller after the turn of the century, for, in a brief deed bearing the date February 14, 1803, and for the consideration of \$3,333.33 he conveys to his son Alexander, in these words, "The whole of the farm on which I now live in the town of Wallingford aforesaid, containing about two hundred ten acres." Possibly his health was broken down; or he may have felt the effect of declining years; or, in contemplation of future events, he may have anticipated the difficulties of distributing an estate comprised largely of real estate. It is interesting to note that the "consideration" was an amount much in excess of the sums paid originally for the land. No doubt the buildings and the labor expended upon the land had greatly enhanced its value.

On the same date his son Alexander deeded to his honored father, Solomon Miller, and to his honored mother, Desire Miller, "The following tract of land in the town of Wallingford afore-

SOLOMON AND ALEXANDER MILLER

said the south half of the dwelling house and two acres east of said house including land for a garden together with one half of the barn and one half of the land on which the orchard stands west of said barn with the privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging to them, the said Solomon Miller and Desire Miller for and during the term of their joint lives and the life of the survivor of them, to use and occupy and enjoy as to them shall seem meet and proper the aforesaid premises being the same that have been this day deeded from the said Solomon Miller to me. Reference to said deed being had for particular description of said premises."

Thus the lands of Solomon Miller in Wallingford passed to his youngest son Alexander, and provision was made for the father and mother during the remainder of their lives. Two years before his death Solomon became an invalid and gradually suffered the loss of his faculties until, toward the end, his son Alexander attended his father night and day. He died August 20, 1807, at the age of seventy-six, his wife having preceded him March 9th of the same year.

Solomon Miller served as First Selectman for the year 1786. We find no record that he held any other public office. He was evidently interested in the church for he was present at the public meeting called at the request of twelve petitioners desirous of forming a Congregational Church Society, and he was one of thirty that formed themselves into a Society "for the Support of the Gospel."

Alexander Miller was born in the year 1776. He doubtless came with his parents to Wallingford in 1787, for he was then eleven years of age. His educational opportunities were probably limited to winter terms in the district schools which at best offered but meager advantages. His natural ambition probably lay in the direction of business, rather than along scholastic lines. This conclusion is supported by his success in business and the ungram-

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matical, badly spelled letters that he wrote later in life. Most of his schooling was no doubt gotten in Springfield, for when he came to Wallingford in his eleventh year he was old enough to help with the work on his father's farm and in the tannery. Probably this is what he did until 1803, when he purchased his father's farm and began operating it as proprietor.

The consideration given in the deed of the farm was \$3,333.33. One wonders how he had been able to accumulate so large a sum, for he was then but twenty-seven years of age. It seems more probable that his father accepted his note for at least a part of the purchase price. From that time on, besides the business of farming, tanning and perhaps forging, he had the care of his father and mother.

Shortly after the father's death, August 20, 1807, Alexander married Lucretia Robbins. She was a teacher in Troy, New York. Their courtship had been long, as shown by the letters exchanged, copies of which follow this brief outline of his life.

Alexander built the house that is standing today opposite the Congregational Church and the accompanying reproduction from a photograph shows it as it was about 1880 before the piazza was added. A large elm tree to be seen standing in the street in front of the house was growing there before the town of Wallingford was put on the map; perhaps when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. In a letter to Miss Robbins dated 5th of July 1807 he says, "my house goes on slower than I could wish but hope to have it finished in a few weeks where by being more alone I believe my father will be better." This fixes the date of the house. Before building his house he lived with his father whose house stood on the east side of the highway, about where the Congregational Church now stands, or perhaps just north of Church Street. Again he writes, Sunday evening, 26th of July, 1807: "I have now removed to my house I have been erecting & find it has no bad effect upon my Father."

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The house has been, and still is, an ornament to the village. Its fine proportions, its substantial appearance, its simple lines, its spaciousness that suggests comfort and gives an air of dignity, all contribute to making it one of the best examples of colonial architecture in the village. While the piazza may contribute a little to convenience and comfort in the warm summer days, the columns and brackets are not in harmony with the original design. Alexander showed his good taste in placing the house well back from the highway and in providing a broad lawn with ample shade.

Alexander Miller was a member of the Masonic fraternity. His apron has been preserved bearing upon it insignia of the arch, the sun, moon, stars and numerous other symbols. The following letter shows his connection with the organization.

Rutland October 1 1810

Dear Sir

I under stand that the grand Lodge Met on Monday even & it is sed that you are one of the officers if so it will be necessary that you should attend if not I think it would be very agreeable to you to attend & all the rest of the Royal Arch masons as I under stand they have a wright all though we are not all voters be so good as to inform be so good as to inform all our Companings in Wallingford &C I am with Due Respect your very Sincer friend & humbel servt—

Thos. Miller

Cap. A Miller

P S Excuse me for wrightin I did not no but it Might escape your mind

Alexander was a member of the local militia company but records cannot be found giving the date of his enlistment. Presumably he enlisted as a private but when Governor Smith called out the militia to suppress the so-called "Potash and Lumber Rebellion," May 5, 1808, he held the rank of Lieutenant; and when he

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was relieved of military duty, September 3, 1811, a letter dated Pawlet, August 14, 1811, expresses regret for his proposed resignation as Captain and the hope that he will stand for election another year, speaking of him as a favored candidate.

The following is on record:

To Alexander Miller of Wallingford

This is to notify & warn you to appear at the dwelling house of Ebenezer Towner in Wallingford on the 25th day of Sept. Instant at 7 o'clock in the forenoon; also, on the usual place of Parade in Tinmouth, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon of said day—armed & equipped as the Law directs for a Regimental Review—to attend to the Instructions which you will receive from Captain & Commanding Officer—By Order of Nathan Gould, Captain

Jacob Houghton
Secretary

To Alexander Miller

of the fifth Company of Infantry in the 2nd Regiment 2nd Brigade & 2nd Division of Militia in the State of Vermont

Alexander's only active service beyond training and parades appears to have been in connection with the so-called "Potash and Lumber Rebellion." Commercial intercourse with Canada developed after the close of the Revolutionary War in which western Vermont profited, due to the facilities of transportation by way of Lake Champlain and the Richelieu River. Ira Allen proposed the cutting of a ship canal connecting waters of the lake with those of the St. Lawrence to promote this commerce and made a voyage to England to secure the cooperation of the British government.

The great pines that in colonial days had been reserved for "masting His Majesty's Navy" were cut down by men who owed allegiance to no king, and were gathered into enormous rafts, then floated slowly down the lake, impelled by sail or sweep. They bore as their cargo barrels of potash that had been con-

densed from the ashes of the forests, sacrificed in flames to satisfy man's wants. The crew of the raft lived on board, and the voyage, though always slow, was pleasant and easy when the south wind filled the sails. In calm or adverse winds, it was hard work to keep headway with the heavy sweeps, and the voyage grew dangerous when storms arose and the leviathan heaved and surged on angry waves.

Sloops, schooners and square-sailed Canadian boats plied to and fro, bearing northward cargoes of wheat and potash; southward salt and merchandise from over-seas. After midwinter the ice afforded a highway for traffic in sleighs with loads of produce to exchange for goods or coin.

* "The declaration of what was commonly called the land embargo in 1808, cutting off this busy commerce, and barring western Vermont from its most accessible market, caused great distress and dissatisfaction, and gave rise to an extensive contraband trade.

"The Collector of the District of Vermont wrote to Mr. Gallatin, United States Secretary of the Treasury, that the law could not be enforced without military aid. Upon this, President Jefferson issued a proclamation, calling on the insurgents to disperse, and on civil and military officers to aid in quelling all disturbances.

"There is nothing in the newspapers of the day or in official documents to show any combination to oppose the law, and at a regularly called town meeting the citizens of St. Albans, through their selectmen, formally protested to the President 'that no cause for such proclamation existed.' Nevertheless, the militia of Franklin County were called out by Governor Smith, a Republican, who had that year been elected over Tichenor. The troops were assigned to duty at Wind Mill Point in Alburgh, to prevent the passage of certain timber rafts, which however, got safely past

* "Vermont" by Roland E. Robinson, Houghton Mifflin Co.

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the post in the night. For this the Franklin County troops were unjustly blamed, and, to their great indignation, were sent to their homes, while militia from Rutland County and a small force of regulars were brought up to take their place."

Alexander's company left Wallingford about June 1, 1808 for Swanton. On June 2d he writes to his wife from East Middlebury assuring her of "no Difficulty except the fateague" and saying, incidentally, that he has blistered some of his toes. On Monday the 6th of June he writes from Swanton where the company is to be stationed for some weeks. He speaks of Captain Pratt's company from Rutland being destined for Alburgh, or Wind Mill Point. He also says, "I learn today that I shall be stationed here at Swanton Falls with about thirty men possibly to watch for wagons on the different roads in this vicinity, the rest of the company will be, I expect, stationed at Huntsburgh, about 15 or 20 miles east."*

Politics frequently crop out in his correspondence. He writes, "I came away from home with a full determination to be neither Federal or Democrat but I cannot find scarcely a Decent man here but is oposed to the present measures of government." In a letter to his wife dated June 25th he writes of being appointed Paymaster with increased pay which insures his remaining until the company is ordered home. He had hoped to return earlier and was anxious about his crops, business, etc. His farm was in charge of a man whom he calls Aron. There is a tinge of homesickness in his letters, due no doubt, to the want of more active service, the company being occupied with little more than police duty. He hopes to get a ten days' furlough but does not succeed. On June 28th he served on a Court Martial at Wind Mill Point for the trial of Edmund Merrill. He probably returned home and was discharged from further duty about the first of August.

* Alexander's letters are on file in the Vermont Historical Library.



RESIDENCE OF ALEXANDER MILLER



GRAVES OF SOLOMON AND ALEXANDER MILLER

SOLOMON AND ALEXANDER MILLER

Alexander built a blacksmith shop on the site of the present Old Stone Shop which he equipped with a water wheel and a triphammer. This was built prior to 1808, for in a letter written at Swanton June 13th he says, "I am anxious to know * * * * how the work goes on in the Shop & how many hoes & Scythes are Sold & what pay he gets for them &c." This indicates clearly the character of the work being done. A wheelwright shop was also built beside the blacksmith shop on his land, which leads to the conclusion that he built it also, and that he may have made wagons, sleds, etc., although the wheelwright business might have been carried on by someone else. He sold both the blacksmith shop and the wheelwright shop with more than an acre of land to John Ballou of Shrewsbury, October 1, 1814, and the entire property eventually passed to Lyman Batcheller, as told in another chapter. The year before this he purchased a small plot of ground for a grindstone house and the privilege of drawing water from the milldam in the Creek to operate the grindstones. This was probably used to grind the scythes and other tools that he made at the blacksmith shop. After selling the blacksmith shop he purchased the privilege of taking water for the benefit of his farm and tan works. The location of the tan works is not definitely stated but it was probably a short distance south of his house.

Between the years 1813 and 1843 Alexander entered into numerous real estate transactions. He purchased upwards of thirty parcels of land at a total cost of something over six thousand dollars, and he sold about as many parcels for which the total consideration was a little less than six thousand dollars, giving the impression, at first thought, that he was the loser in the end; but that conclusion does not necessarily follow, for the land that he bought may have been more valuable than the land that he sold. His ownership at the time of his death of two farms beside the home farm is sufficient evidence of his thrift and business ability. Most of the real estate that he bought and sold was located in or

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near the village of Wallingford. Besides dealing in real estate, operating a blacksmith shop and a tannery, he occasionally loaned money upon mortgages. Eight of these are to be found in the records of the town. These transactions show his activity as a business man and the large part he played in the life of the community.

On March 10, 1828 he deeded to the Congregational Church Society thirty rods of land for a church site, the consideration being twenty-six dollars which probably covered the expense of the transfer. In other words he made a gift of the land.

Alexander and Lucretia had no children but they adopted a daughter, Sarah Maria Hughes, daughter of Joseph and Desire Robbins Hughes. Sarah's name was never changed. She attended Middlebury College when it was a female seminary and afterwards married Elias Wheaton Kent in 1844.

Lucretia Miller died February 20, 1839, at the age of fifty-five. Alexander Miller died March 11, 1844, at the age of sixty-eight.

By the will of Alexander Miller his home farm passed to Elias Wheaton Kent and his wife Sarah. Harvey Button of Wallingford was given what was known as the Robbins House and \$1,200-interest in Alexander's, so-called, Middle Farm. The American Home Mission and Tract Society was given \$1,200 as a trust fund. The Congregational Church Society of Wallingford was given \$1,200, to be known as the "Minister's Fund." A fund of \$300 was created for the use of the Sabbath School and to teach young singers. Laura Miller, a niece, was given the use of \$600. Charles Miller, a nephew, was given \$1,000 after the death of his father; and Henry Miller, a nephew, \$500 after the death of his father.

Harvey Button, familiarly known as "Judge" Button, was an outstanding lawyer; a graduate of Middlebury College, whose loyalty to his *alma mater* was indicated by his regular attendance at commencement; and a citizen held in high esteem by his fellow

SOLOMON AND ALEXANDER MILLER

townsmen. His wife, Irene Miller, was a daughter of Epaphras Miller of Middlebury and niece of Alexander. Her mother was a granddaughter of Abraham Jackson, first settler in Wallingford.

Alexander's property consisted largely of real estate, live stock, farming implements and household furniture, including the Home Farm of seventy-five acres, valued at \$4,000; the Middle Farm of one hundred fifty acres lying east of the Home Farm, valued in excess of \$1,200; and the East, or Jackson Farm, of one hundred seventy acres, valued not less than \$1,800.

It will be seen that Alexander Miller, or Squire Miller, as he was familiarly called, stood among the best citizens of the town in his time. He served as Selectman for the years 1824, '25, '26 and '27. He represented the town in the legislature for the year 1826. His real estate holdings and business career, his service in the militia, the public offices he held and his contributions to the church, all bear testimony to his character and public spirit. His wife, to use the language of Mrs. Chatterton, a contemporary, "was the first and foremost where there was any good to be done."

There follow letters of Alexander Miller and Lucretia Robbins, the originals now in the possession of Mr. John Spargo, President of the Vermont Historical Society.

Wallingford 21 of May 1802

Worthy Lady,

I here you have had the Small Pox to the greatest extremity but are getting better it is a bad Disorder in the Lightest Stages of it but the most terrible of all in its worst Stages it is one pleasing consolation that it cannot be taken but once and it generally Leaves a person in a better State of health than it found them—,

You Doubtless will recolect my intention of writing to you which I Would have taken the Liberty too before now had you been well.

As you are not a stranger to my wishes and I am totaly ignorant of yours I think it not amis to ask you Whether my addresses to you would be agreeable or not if not agreeable I Shall not be

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

offended if you Direct this by Some Safe hand to me and be assured I Shall ever be in Sincerity the Same

With Sentiments
of Respect Alex Miller

Miss Lucretia Robbins
Troy.

Troy June 12th 1801

Sir I received a letter from you by the hand of your friend, in which you ask me, if your addreses would be agreeable to me? I answer, without formality, that I have no objection to your addreses.——

Perhaps you will think me too frank in my answer but I am no friend to unnecessary preambles, should you see errors I trust you will not trifle with a female pen.

I am Sir your well wisher

Mr. Alex Miller

L. Robbins

Wallingford 21st of June 1802

Most Respected
Lady

I received your friendly letter of the 12th inst., and am pleased with your frankness, which you are pleased to call it which I consider a qualification of the highest magnitude. you wrote of errors which if you apologise for I shall suppose you expect some from me, but maddam my unacquaintance with writing but more especially to one of your Sex must plead my only apology, & if I am acquainted with you which I think I am I need not that. My Dearest Lady my motives in writing to you is that of friendship which I consider of all others the most honorable ever wishing to cultivate the acquaintance I have formed with you as long as I found it agreeable to your wishes. Social or friendly intercourse cannot Long continue Delightsome unless founded on virtuous and honorable principles. I shall always think my self Deprived of one essential point of my happiness in Life as Long as I am secluded from an union with some virtuous Lady in whose society and friendship I shall be her chief confident.

SOLOMON AND ALEXANDER MILLER

Permit me maddam withot flattery to inform you that I have that inestimable opinion of you but perhaps I am taking too great liberty. I hope my frank method of writing will convince you that I do not intend to trifle with your generosity even if you were to Discover the Secrets of your heart.

I am maddam what I ever was your friend A. Miller

5th of August 1802

Worthy Lady. Mistake not my motive on the subject of our correspondence being a secret which if I rightly consider it might be equally advantageous to your self. when I were at Troy I had not leasure to have much conversation with you as I could have wished but concluded to make the subject of my wishes our correspondence. Your consenting to my addresses did not consent to the manner in which I take that which I hardly know whether it is too great Liberty or not but I hope you will not in future be so reserved on the subject as to Lead me into errors I feel a Degree of Diffidence in writing from a want of knowing your wishes perfectly I hope you will not be Backward on a subject of as much importance as I would wish to make I think you cannot Doubt my intentions if I meet your encouragement

I am maddam withot affectation
or flattery A. Miller

Miss Lucretia

Troy August 19th 1802

Sir, The professions of friendship which I have received from you induces me to write, yet fearful lest I should incur a suspicion of forwardness—A proper degree of secrecy in our correspondence may be advantageous to you and recommendable in me, but if your intentions are founded on the principles of your professions you cannot object to the sanction of my parents—Writing is an agreeable way of correspondence to me by it we are enabled to maintain acquaintance and friendship. You write of my reservedness will you be good enough to compute it to my diffidence as it is a subject entirely new to me.

Without the pleasures which are derived from friendship we should be deprived of many of those pleasing enjoyments we now experience. A true friendship is an inestimable treasure, but Oh

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

how many that trample the sacred rites and overshadow villanies
under the pleasing mask of Friendship—I am Sir in Sincerity,

Your well wisher
Lucretia Robbins.

Mr. A. Miller

2^d of Oct. 1802

Worthy Lady,

Your letter of the 18th August by the hand of Mr. Houghton I received. I feel unhappy that you that you should doubt the sincerity of friendship which I have expressed to you and think of its being under the veil of flattery & Deceit & mere Professions only.

Permit me maddam to ask what advantage I should derive situated as I am from attempting to injure a lady of your knowledge and respectability in the world. Surely nothing, but a lost reputation & become Odious among my acquaintance. I think my reservedness in forming acquaintance among the Ladys had ought to be a sufficient proof that I do not wish to be possessed of the studied art of gallantry. I have no objection against the sanction of Your Parents indeed it were my wishes if in the first place I had your confidence they are the only persons from whom you are to expect the best & most impartial advice I have no Disposition to hurry or run headlong into matters of this consequence. But what am I ever to expect will you allow me to Quote the Last sentence of your letter you their Say, A true friend is an inestimable treasure but Oh how many that trample the sacred rights and overshadow villanies under the pleasing mask of friendship. Are my sentiments unknown to you. Surely not, the principles which have Directed me so far were inspired with a high respect of your person your virtues & accomplish- accomplishments and intended to cement a Lasting union which should dissolve only with existence. these I am ready to declare were the genuine sentiments of my heart

But maddam if you think me capable of prostituteing the sacred rights of friendship as exprest above or indeed so long as you are in the least Distrustfull of it I am sure you cannot treat a subject of this kind with that familiarity that it had ought to be treated, although you attribute the cause to the newness of the subject yet I consider it arising from another cause. If I am

SOLOMON AND ALEXANDER MILLER

in an error respecting your sentiments It is from you I expect corrections confidence in friendship is equal to both parties if you can place no confidence in me how am I to expect any from you. I long have & still Do wish to maintain an honorable correspondence with you the Long acquaintance I have had with you gives me every proof of your worthiness but wish it might be equally pleasing on your part my feelings you are no stranger too. I fear I have already trespassed on your patients in my Lengthyness I will add no more. Except my best wishes for your for your perfect and future happiness & be asured I am what I would wish to be known to be your friend

With Sentiments of Respect Alex Miller
Miss Lucretia,
Troy.

Troy December 12th 1802

Sir,

I received a letter from you Dated Oct. the 2 in which you informed me you received my last.

I also perceived by the severity which I think was visible in your Letter that it was not received as I expected.

I ask your pardon if I have accused you of useing deceit and flattery and violating the rights of friendship—be assured Sir this was not my design. But the quotation contained in your letter from mine I repeat again. That under the covert of friendship there are many who have trampled its sacred rights and become instead of true friends ungrateful comforters and vain deluders— To shun those misfortunes has been my study and to be reserved (especially in my behaviour to your sex) has always been my aim—And if this is deviating from the path of rectitude in your Opinion, I fancy whatt would be the admiration of the greatest part of Mankind is your dislike—and you consider this as intimating that I believe you would become a prostitute in the cause of friendship. You are mistaken Sir if you apply it to be my intention be pleased to peruse that letter again (there may yet)* be room for a more favourable construction—

Perhaps I may be extravagant in my notions of delicacy but I idealize it in reflecting that it is the greatest honor of my sex—

* Words missing through breaking seal of letter.

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

You write as though you considered yourself an entire stranger to my wishes—Let me ask you sir what you imagine to be my motive in wishing to continue the correspondence but to increase the begun friendship and familiarity. You can not think my intention is merely to entertain an Idle hour, far from it—Perhaps there is no person on earth who I might with less fearfulness entrust confidence whatever than with you but I have not felt disposed to unravel the secrets of my heart unless I thought probable there might be a return.

Consider the bias'd sphere in which a female must act in general in the world and perhaps you will not so much blame your friend.

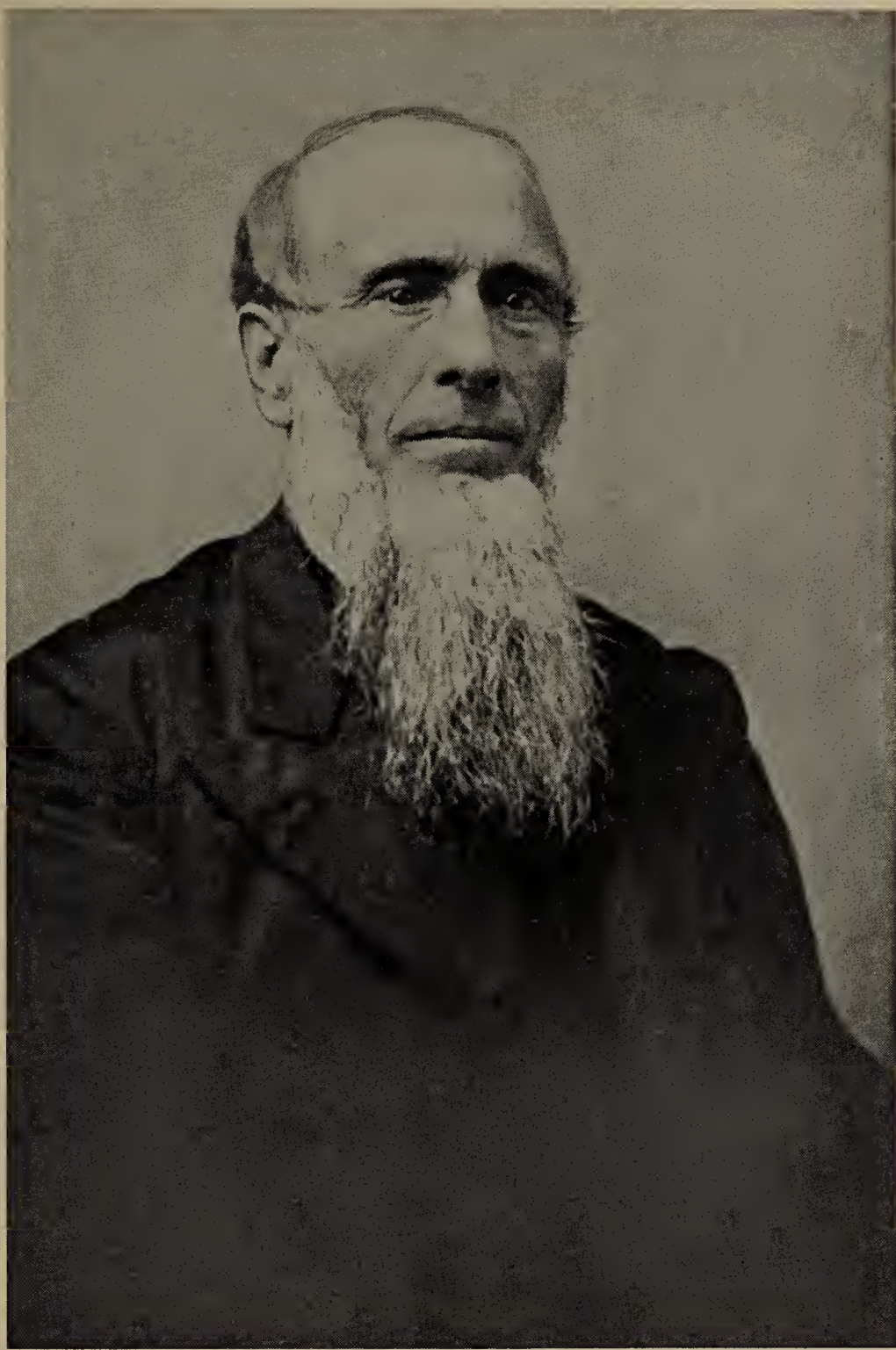
Lucretia Robbins

Mr. A. Miller

Respected Lady,

I received your, Date 12th of Dec and observed the contents.

I would not wish to be thought Severe in my last which I only meant for sincerity & plainness of heart which in matters of this kind I think is always necessary even so far void of dissimulation as to be willing to Discover faults which are any way amendable or which when known might be injurious to the happiness of either. Two of Different Dispositions Different temper Different Education and Different anxieties in Life could not Live together agreeably.—You Seem to think I misconstrued your Letter according to your Desire I have read it again Likewise the whole of our correspondence, believe me Lucretia that reservedness and Delicacy is a Distinguished Characteristic of a person of merit in my opinion for which I have ever esteemed you, but how far you would wish to carry it I do not know. Pardon me if I was partial or wrong in thinking that the plainness & familiarity in which I wrote intitled me to more full explanation than that which you had given me if you did not doubt my Sincerity which if you had the Least Doubt you were rite in so Doing. I verry well know that it belongs to me to make the first proposi-



ELIAS WHEATON KENT, 1814-1883



SARAH MARIA HUGHES, 1814-1875, WIFE OF ELIAS W. KENT

SOLOMON AND ALEXANDER MILLER

tion but it takes two to make a bargain. I hope maddam our friendship may increase with our corrispondance.

I am in Sincerity with sentiments of Respect your friend
and well wisher

Alex Miller

Miss Lucretia

(December 20-1802)

Troy Dec^m. 5th 1806

You Sir, once addressed me and in a manner which led me to conclude your attention was not merely a dulatory but that your Professions were sincere and the wishes of your heart—If your sentiments were Correspondent with the Ideas you then conveyed I will make one enquiry, I will ask you if they Still remain so.

You may laugh at my Officiousness but Condemn not before you know the motive which induced this interruption although I shall not now explain this intrusion by your request you may know—

Lucretia Robbins

NB If you think this unworthy of your notice I shall consider the neglect of it as an answer—but however I trust you will never expose my precipitancy

Mr. Alexander Miller

Wallingford, Vermont

Lucretia, Your kind obliging and verry friendly letter fills my heart with gratitude toward you and at once makes me lament the treasure I have so long lost by being deprived of your society think not Lucretia that what I have said or wrote is mere fiction. I cannot believe you do, nor can you think my past negligence has in any measure alianated my affection nor, when I inform you their is not a day in my memory in which I have not thought of you, which far from lessening my affection has only increased it. I have presumed to introduce the subject to Mr. Robbins I believe he thinks it out of my power to render you happy. I have long wished to converse with you but owing to the condition of our family renders it totaly impossible for me to visit Troy at present. You write that by my request I shall have an explanation I hardly know but it is I hardly know but it is absurd for me ask

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

an explanation of your obliging inquiry but still if I was not imposing upon your generosity I should solicit it,

With respect

Your Humble

Servant Alex Miller

Wallingford 7th Jany 1807

Miss Lucretia Robbins

I received your Letter Sir in answer to my singular request, and now perhaps you will expect some apologies for my uncommon inquiry—and for my vindication I will first remind you of our former Correspondence. I at that time thought you Sincere and allowing that you then was; your extreme reservedness on the Subject whenever we have met might lead me to conclude you wished the intimacy forgotten but Still there were other circumstances which prompted me to think otherwise, and in this suspence I venture to appeal to you and my Particular Motive in thus interrogating I will now venture to explain—I have been Solicited to admit the addresses of a Gentleman whose attention perhaps I should not evade had it not been for our former Correspondence—it is easy to determine where my preference lies if I can be assured of your continued affections, if not be so friendly as to bury the past in oblivion—you may laugh at my solicitude but I will confess I have a wish (at least) to know who I may expect as a Companion

here I have explained my motive and my wishes if it is of consequence enough to you to deserve a return it will be happily Receiv'd—

With Respect—

Lucretia Robbins

Troy Febr 1st 1807

Mr. Alexander Miller

Wallingford

Vermont

23^d of March 1807

Lucretia, Doubtless Mr. Robbins informed you the calamitous Situation of our family when he was here which rendered it impossible for me to write.

SOLOMON AND ALEXANDER MILLER

The Death of my honoured Parent since has almost rendered me unfit for social intercourse.

But know your expectation of an answer to your letters the first opportunity I embrace the present. My reservedness to you on the subject when ever we have met will be sufficiently explained when you recollect our last conversation on the subject. I then meant to be understood that my situation in Life was such in my opinion as could not be very inviting to you and the probability was that you had better accept than wait as many accidents happen in a course of years as would render obligations of no effect. But still you must recollect I gave you the preference that when I was in a condition to solicit your favor and you uningaged to any one else you alone would be the object of my choice. my ideas have ever since been uniform on this point. my reservedness afterwards was only a suspiciousness of myself for fear I should discover too great an anxiety in my own favour to permit you to act according to your own wishes.

But Lucretia you seem to attempt to rival me in sincerity you have Done every thing that you ought and more than I ought to expect. and since you have been so generous I will be as generous as you I think I can visit Troy as soon as June perhaps before I will then explain my condition to you and then you may have you choice of your proffered companions, till when you cannot perhaps so well judge which to give the preference.

Yours Sincerely Alex Miller

Mr. L. Hall Says Houghton told him you was about to be married immediately if you do not write perhaps I may think its true.

A.M.

Miss Lucretia Robbins

Troy

Worthy Lady, I wrote to you some time in the month of March pr Mail Superscribed to Mr. Robbins which I dont know whether you received or not. when I wrote I intend to have bin in Troy before this but I find I cannot leave my aged father with propriety among strangers though he is infinitely better than he has been I have expected one of my brothers here and do still If they come I shall go and perhaps without.

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

Do not be so backward about writing it will come safe Directed to Danby post office.

You seem by not writing to be indifferent (if not you)* can be obliging enough to undeceive me.

You can never be indifferent to me although you were to bestow your hand on another.

Consider yourself under no obligation to me any time when you wish. one favor I must ask Let me always retain your friendship. any confidence you have or may have in me shall have a return.

Do not accuse me by the backwardness of your writing & the shortness of your letters of writing too frequent & tiring you with long ones

be assured I am in all respects

Yours to command

Alex Miller

29th of May 1807

Miss Lucretia

June 7th, 1807

I received your Letter Sir by Mail but defer'd writing expecting an opportunity to send a letter by my Father which I thought would be a little the most convenient for me but he did not go as he calculated and Too soon expecting you here I thought it not worth while to write

You informed me you understood I was soon to be Married—and would you deign to believe it on no other foundation than hear-say—

I would ask you Alexander if you suppose I would have made my sentiments known to you in so familiar a way had I encouraged the particular attention of any one else, or why was I solicitous to know your present sentiments if that was the case—

If you believed the report you must have supposed me capable of that dissimulation which I ever detested—but if the freeness which I have used in my Correspondence with you has not been sufficient to convince you where my attachment lies it is because you do not wish to know. I likewise received your letter by Mr. Hill—

* Words missing through tear in breaking the seal.

SOLOMON AND ALEXANDER MILLER

You seem to be fearful that I am actuated by a sense of obligation which I may be under to you and influenced thereby—but correct me if I am wrong in thinking that Obligation on your Part has not influenced your conduct in some respects. if that alone is the Basis of your friendship I feel unhappy that the Correspondence has been recontinued.—You accuse me of being indifferent; I compute that accusation to your love of controversy or else you are disposed thus Ironically to reprimand the freedom which I have already taken. However I shall kindly receive any friendly admonition you will please to give—

I must Join in the general regret for the loss of your worthy Mother may we revere her memory by imitating her virtues and evince our attachment to her in life by venerating her examples. but to you her death must be truly affecting you have lost a worthy friend a tender Mother may you be able to discern the hand from which your afflictions come and humbly submit to his will——

You will perceive that I do not mean to accuse the longness of your letters by the shortness of this.

I should be happy to see you when convenience admits if you have treated me with uninterested and unobligated friendship you certainly may be sure of mine—

This in Sincerity from Your Friend,

Lucretia Robbins—

I expect Mr. Hill to be the Bearer of this
Mr. Alexander Miller
Wallingford, Vermont.

Lucretia you will excuse me if I adopt a different method of writing from my former I now must conclude my welfare & happiness concerns you more than ever. I perceive my anxiety towards you has increased to a second self. I should have glad had circumstances permitted to have tarried longer in Troy. I have not had time since to write my Father has been so unwell he is now better and appears as if it might continue awhile. I am calculating to go to Troy in the fall but you must not be disappointed if I dont come until winter can write you probably a few weeks previous to give you notice. If this fall perhaps we cannot procure a better method of conveyance than a shay. I

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

have none but can procure one in the neighborhood but must consult your wishes as to the time method of conveyance and the time you will be prepared to come my house goes on slower than I could wish but hope to have it finished in a few weeks where by being more alone I believe my Father will be better.

Write to me often by so doing you will confer a great favor on

Yours Sincerely
Alex Miller

Miss Lucretia
5th of July 1807

July 7th
Intended Respected——

May I now address you without formality and without that reservedness which I own I ever till now have wished to observe, but now I think I may without fearfulness repose in you whatever I think proper to communicate—but there are many things which in conversation would appear well, on paper would be obscene; therefore if you discover a degree of attachment to my former habits of writing reservedly you will not imagine it proceeds from want of confidence in you—

At times I am hapily lost in the anticipation of the contemplated union—and my heart exulting in the fond Idea of the cordial felicity and pleasing friendship which naturally attend conjugal Love, I suffer my Imagination to take its flight and fancy happiness here below but then the gloomy view of expectations which you in your ingenious frankness impressed on my mind—seems to correct me in this fond indulgence and I am assured I shall be disappointed in this expectation of complete happiness let my aspirations be ever so fervent—for I find by observation and experience that there is ever something wanting necessary to the completion of our unlimited desires, and when we have attained our most earnest wish the very attainment of that may produce new anxieties. However should I meet with a suitable return of tenderness and affection it might alleviate the cares which you pourtrayed in such dark and gloomy Colours—I spent the other evening with the Misses Houghtons I received their liberal

SOLOMON AND ALEXANDER MILLER

Compliments on your visiting Troy they were very sorry they had not the pleasure of seeing you. I very politely received a Card to attend the Independence Ball but haveing other engagements I did not attend.

Lawyer Houghton strongly solicits me to inform him what arrangements are made—he says you would not tell him—I received a visit from him & his lady the 4th she spent the day with me etc—

If you should happen to conclude to visit Troy in the fall for the purpose under contemplation be so good as to inform me as soon as you make the conclusion for it will be indispensably necessary for me to know in order to make some adjustments respecting my school etc.

you will hardly be able to read this but when I tell you I have been teaching A B C all day you will not wonder at my carelessness for I am tired and I will resign my pen after subscribing myself your

Respectful—

L. Robbins—

Mr. Alexander Miller,
Wallingford

July

I have this day received your letter but unavoidable engagements have occupied my time till now past eleven Oclock, and could I see you I might perhaps give you an Idea how I spent the evening, but shall omit it now—as to the time of your Comeing I do not know as it will make any material difference with me excepting if this fall I should want to know it as soon as it would be convenient for you to determine I leave this more particularly to you supposeing it more difficult perhaps for you to comply with the arrangements I should make than it would be for me to yours. as to traveling in the fall the way you mentioned will be as agreeable to me as any. I think I shall dismiss my school in September if I dont get quite tired and Leave of sooner. However I shall hear from you again and it is likely I shall have other opportunities to write and I dont know as it is necessary to tell you all my expectations now—I expected Father would have set out on his journey yesterday I had written a letter to

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

send you and I think it is a pity so much paper and ink should be lost so I mean to send it—you have it enclosed in this—

the family are all reposed in sleep and I feel disposed to indulge its slumbers too. I bid you Adieu—

L.R.

A.M.

Sunday evening 26th of July 1807

My ever Lucretia,

I received yours by Mr. Robbins with the greatest pleasure multiplicity of business and attention to my Father has prevented me from writing before. I have now removed to my house I have been erecting & find it has no bad effect upon my Father my Brother Sam^u visited me & left here toDay. he thinks riding would do my Father no injury I say that Elish will come Down about the first of Sep^r & if then thought best would take him to Williston for awhile If he comes which I think he will I shall want to go to Troy immediately afterward.

Your confidential and generous method of writing is what I ever wished it to be but I suppose you () * truly Characteristic I hope I shall never forfeit what I have gained. In concordance to your feeling I anticipate the the greatest happiness in the matrimonial state, but still we must not expect an uninterrupted scene perhaps those only are capable of true enjoyment who have tasted some of the evils of life. without bitter their could be no distinguishing its oposite. I have almost blamed myself sometimes for soliciting your consent to a union not wishing to make you a pertaker of my calamities, but when I return upon the past scenes of life I see not why I could not enjoyed myself infanately better if I had had a partner in my woes and pleasures. I find their is something so agreeable in Sympathy it is hard to tell whether the giver or receiver is the greatest benefited—the number of years which I have constantly had an attachment for you is convincing to me that it will be lasting. Still Lucretia you know it is inconsistant for me to be afondling a character I at present think light of you verry well know the method I have been educated & hope you perfectly understand my character, affectionately Alex Miller

* Words missing—letter torn.

SOLOMON AND ALEXANDER MILLER

August 5, 1807

I received your letter Sir of the 25th July and from it I conclude I may expect to see you the first part of Sept^m there appears to be something Alexander which occasions a scrupulous concern in you respecting the unity contemplated. is it anything more than you have made known to me, or is it your greater knowledge of the disadvantages which must be submitted to which makes you more reflective than I—

it is true indeed that were it not for afflictions and trouble we should not know how to rightly estimate blessings and pleasure. I could not help laughing at the close of your letter where you express your respect for those you call fondlings and at the same time I was a little provoked that you should construe some part of my letter in the way you did I shall not write so freely as I did before for I think you far surpass me in reservedness, and that will not do for me—you always think me too reserved and particular but I do seriously believe were we to compare our letters we should find more reservedness in yours than in mine but I must not indulge my pen in telling all the thoughts of my mind or I shall contradict what I have before said that I would not write so long as before—

September will soon be a long and my mind time and heart is engaged my mind in Contemplation my time in preparation and my heart! who do you suppose has that? but stop you will call me a fondling foolish girl and I will not tell you who I have entrusted with it. This from Yours—

L R

My Dearest Lucretia

I am verry much surprised at yours the 5th Aust this moment received the little time I get to write the frequent interruption from my Father and the state of my mind when viewing him ought to have been recollected by you & given for an apology for my not writing everything that I ought or as I ought. I am at all times attending him by night and day and if I am gloomy its no more than I should guess would be the effect; but Lucretia you have mistaken verry grossly every sentiment I possess or or meant to convey in my last (how improper it is that I should attempt to write and not write inintelidgeale or be undistrood

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agreeable to my own sentiments) for me to think you a fondling. I have thought you were two much the opposite. I write and have written as if to the best of friends without formality or protystation. I have not the least Scrupulous concern as to the happiness of our long contemplated union as it concerns me or you if you could put up with the inconvenience of our family which perhaps you think I meant to represent more than it was. If I have represented your condition here worse than it will be it will be a happy Disapointment and I think you will be no looser by the Deception.

It is impossible for me to be as communicative in writing as in conversation you complain of my reservedness but I must conclude I wrote verry unreservedly indeed from what you gather from it. So be so obliging as to write me by the next mail and if you think me worthy of your confidence I think I shall discover it in what you write. I cannot again and again solicit your unreservedness you know the connection we are about to form you know the spear you ought to act in better than I can dictate,—you wounded my feelings by the ideas you conveyed of my last but must think you meant to rally me and write a little jistingly.

Sincerely and affectionately
Yours Alex Miller

15th of August 1807

Respected Friend,

When shall we have done with misrepresentations and misunderstandings,—not untill by a sacred Rite, we are firmly united by a tender Tie. I received yours of the 15th inst. and am unhappy that my last should have occasioned such disagreeable sensations in your heart; when I really only meant to be even with you; but you will over pay me for all my jesting. I think perhaps I had better be serious.—I expected to find in your letter your calculations about visiting us etc. but not one word about that! However I suppose you thought best not to mention anything about that as you must have concluded I was quite affronted—Not so Alexander think me not so easily uneasy of an engagement which has been seriously and deliberately formed—I shall make no great commentaries on your letter and omit for the present

SOLOMON AND ALEXANDER MILLER

apologising for my severity in my last—for I really think it is time we had done with these trifling controversies—therefore I will not attempt to vindicate my freedom nor censure you because you did not understand my letter as I meant you should—but I will now endeavor to write something that you cannot but understand—this week I dismiss my school, after which If you think proper I shall be happy to see you when convenience will admit. and what advantage will be derived from a longer delay than convenience requires; for my part I see none you must know what my wishes are and I hope if yours are congenial with mine we shall have no more occasion for these useless disputes—

Disappointments and afflictions are ever unwelcome let them proceed from what cause they will but when occasioned by A beloved friend A Sister who we esteem and love one endeared by the ties of Nature and by a long social and closely united friendship they are peculiarly cutting and sink deep into the hearts of those whose sensibility is awakened by the rejection of every proffered friendship and alive to every emotion of love and duty.

You undoubtedly know to what I refer—a circumstance which has embittered many an hour and fills with admiration and astonishment every one acquainted with it—I could be reconciled to it were not my Parents so seriously opposed, but I hardly know what to think I hardly know what to say. surprising that fancy will thus entirely overpower judgment and silence all her admonitions but I am still in hopes she may be convinced of her precipitancy and consent at least to a delay of the business till time shall have given her opportunity to consider the great undertaking she imposes upon herself—I had not time after the receipt of your letter to write by the return of the Mail I intended to have sent my letter by Father but he went and left it so this is my next resource—Inform me if you please as soon as convenient what your calculations are—there is considerable speculation made on your letters in the present way. direct if you please to me or to Hazard Trimberly—

With every respect due to esteemed worth

I remain your's

L R

August 26th

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

My Dearest Lucretia,

Death has again visited our family and Deprived us of our only surviving parint—

My aged & infirm father has for nearly two years been deprived of the greatest blessing of life—Sufficiently if sensible to wean him from the world—his friends could derive no satisfaction in seeing him in his pityful condition yet there is that degree of terror in his Disolution that fills my heart with awe——

Mr. Robbins was here yesterday said he thought he had a letter but could not find it—I hope you will not neglect to write—I feel a degree of lonely discontentedness here which can only be made up by your company—decent mourning for me at this time will not only be proper but consistent with my feeling. I cannot at this time acquaint you when I shall be in Troy but will write again shortly—If you would permit me to advise you concerning your school it would be to have you leave it as quick as consistent I fancy your constant attention impairs your health

Consider me yours
Affectionately Alex Miller

26 of August

30 of August I wrote the above with intention to have sent it by Mr. Houghton but did not have opportunity I have since received yours per Mail.

I told Mr. Robbins I thought it would not be proper for me to go to Troy before the first of Oct^r but I am every day more & more discontented with my present condition—my friends will not think I deviate from respect to my parents when they consider my condition if I go sooner I have some little arrangements to make before I can go but shall conclude Since your School is out you will be prepared any time—You write about your sister Mr. Robbins acquainted me the circumstance but was in hope, he was too much agitated—he proposes that she should visit the country with us I should like it extremely if we can contrive her passage Doubtless we can when I come—I am so unwell with () * that I can hardly sit up to write and must conclude

myself your, affectionately
Alex Miller

* Word missing—letter torn.

IV. THE BUTTONS, THE JACKSONS AND THE MILLERS

By NELLE BUTTON

IT is impossible to understand the development of Wallingford as one of Vermont's finest towns, without a consideration of the character of the men who came here in its early days. It is my good fortune to have access to data for the portraying of three of Wallingford's early families, the Buttons, the Jacksons, and the Millers.

In one of the closets of the little white cottage that has sheltered three generations of Buttons, in a dark closet called a "cubby-hole," a bandbox and linen bag, both filled with old letters, waited for over fifty years for a careful study. With the aid of these letters, together with a study of family records of the Button, Wilcox, Miller and Jackson families, and a searching of recorded deeds and wills, and from recollections of oral traditions given from one generation to another, I have sought to separate truth from fiction. Even so, my tale depends upon that from which romantic history is made.

As late as 1886, when Smith and Rann published their interesting History of Rutland County, an unbiased account of the struggle between New Hampshire Province and the Province of New York, over grants of land, may have been impossible. Along our section of the Otter, as well as in other parts of the state, it had

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long been felt that the glory of the Green Mountain Boys must be proclaimed. Recollections of their bravery as an organized militia of the Revolution smothered memories of the cruelty of their earlier raids against settlers on disputed land. Thus, sensitive people of the third and fourth generations from Tory settlers kept a dignified silence.

In the late nineties, I asked my aunt for a copy of *The Green Mountain Boys*, confident it must be in my grandfather's library. "You will not find it," I was told, "but if you will hunt in the book-closet upstairs, you will find a copy of *The Rangers*, or *The Tory's Daughter*."

Although Wallingford profited from Tory influences, I do not think that many of our town forefathers were much concerned with allegiance to either New Hampshire or to New York State supporters in the struggle of the two provinces for the control of what is now known as Vermont. Before any settlers came to Wallingford, those who in 1761 had secured their rights under a sale authorized by Gov. Wentworth, and still desired in 1772 to be part of this new township, appealed to the New York Council for a confirmation of their grants. They did not appeal in vain. With thirty-six other proposed townships at this time, they were given a promise of a safe settlement. (Crockett's History of Vermont, Vol. 1, p. 199.)

Such wholesale seeking of confirmations is strong evidence that the settlers having intellectual qualifications, regarded the New York State claim as legal.

Often but few of the names on the New Hampshire lists reappeared on the New York Council lists, and this fact may explain why few persons named in the Wallingford list of 1761 ever appeared here.

Abraham Jackson came in 1773, but before him in the fall of 1767 or in the winter of 1768, a young man, Charles Button, had come up from Rhode Island and had made a home two miles

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north of the present village. He was a Yorker in sympathy, an officer of His Majesty's Courts. When grandfather Jackson made his appearance in town in 1773, he had a New York confirmation for his deed of land, otherwise there might have been trouble between these two grandfathers of mine. For Charles Button had been appointed Constable of Charlotte in 1772, a district that stretched from Arlington on the south to the Canadian forests at the north, and included the land chosen by Abraham Jackson for his home, in territory classed as Durham by New York Province.

But it is likely that Charles was in sympathy with the incoming Wallingford settlers. They were intelligent people, not inclined to want trouble, having secured a New York confirmation to their legal rights.

Whether Charles Button had secured his own grant in return for service as a soldier in the French and Indian War or whether he had bought it from Lydius of Albany, we do not, at present writing, know. Surely he must have had some previous training and service that fitted him for the important work of Constable of Charlotte Co. The Corporation formed in Albany that sold Durham land under the claim of Lydius, through Duane as agent, was not active until 1771-2. Charles had been in Vermont three years before that date.

The qualities of a soldier often reappear in succeeding generations. Charles' great-grandfather was Capt. Matthias Button who came to Salem with Endicott in the ship *Abigail*, in 1628. His grandfather Peter, and his father Joseph, had lived on their own farms in Westerly, R. I. A desire for land and a desire for military service may thus have been inherent in Charles. His wife, Anne Wilcox, was also a Rhode Island woman. Her great-great-grandfather, Edward Wilcox, had been in Aquidneck, R. I. in 1638, where doubtless he felt the influence of Roger Williams and Mrs. Anne Hutchinson's religious views, and his descendants had lived in Rhode Island for succeeding generations.

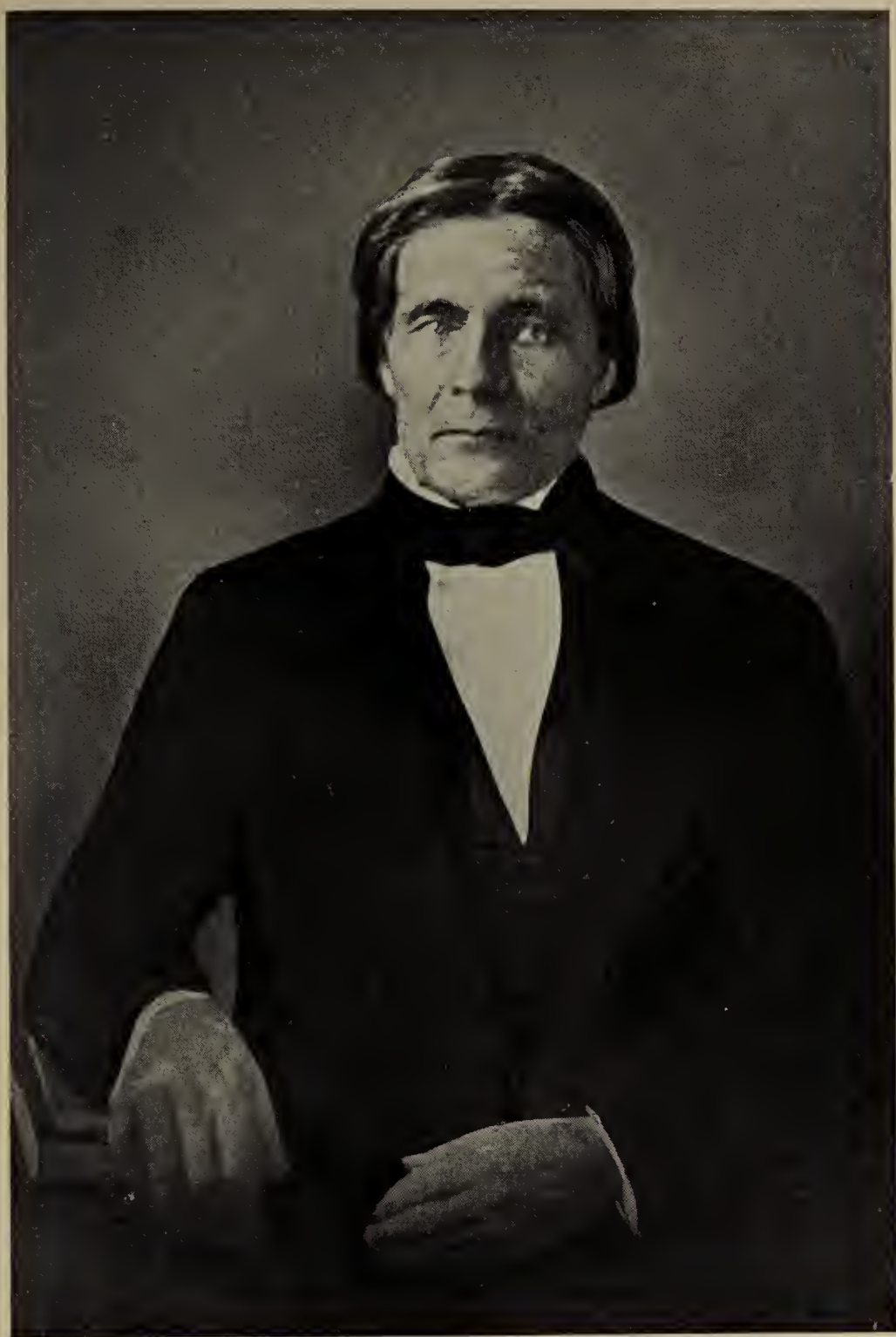
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Little Charles must have been about four when he and his little brother, Joseph, fastened in a feather bed tied over a horse's back, started north with father Charles and mother Anne, mounted on their horses.

First north-westward, then west through settled lands, and then on westward across the mountains, following Indian trails, and rough roads, until they reached Bennington. (That they went to Bennington is assumed from the fact that settlements from Bennington northward would welcome them until they were almost within sight of their future home. To have come up on the east side of the Green Mountains would have been more perilous—the road over that trail was a lonely one, and with fewer settled communities in which they would have found friends. I find myself wondering if they met at Bennington Seth Warner, who was to play so important a role in their future. Conant tells us that as early as 1765 a bridle path had been made from Bennington to Danby. Other authorities write as though there was an actual road at this time. Danby must have sheltered them willingly, but little Joseph did not know then that he would return as a young man and join these Quaker friends.

From their probable last stop, the Tinmouth settlement, they would have followed an Indian trail westward along the mountainous ridge that forms the western wall of Wallingford's narrow valley. It seems possible that the logging road that continues beyond the rough mountain road passing the Finley Shepard and the Mooney farms, may be part of the Indian trail these brave pioneers followed. Sidling down the mountain side, perhaps often forced to stop and cut away underbrush, they would eventually have come down into the Otter Valley.

Signs of Indian cultivation of the fertile intervale may have brought to Anne a happiness possible for her only with the thought that this land, now to be their land, had not been wrested from the Indians in battle, but had been bought from the Mo-



JUDGE HARVEY BUTTON, 1800-1885



RESIDENCE AND OFFICE OF JUDGE BUTTON

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hawks, and that the Indians had moved on to other hunting grounds without blood-shed. John Henry Lydius, an Indian trader, had bought the land from some Mohawk Indians in 1732. In 1744, through Gov. Shirley's influence*, Lydius secured a confirmation of this Indian deed from the King. Anne's people, like most other families of Rhode Island, had first sought to avoid the Indian troubles, and then when the French and Indian Wars were forced upon them, gave their men for service.

Visioning, perhaps, the white bark canoes that in other years had floated gracefully on the stream, they followed the course of the Otter until they saw ahead of them two knolls. The one to the south is elongated, rocky, but the one farther north, rises conspicuously to some height. It is beautifully rounded and to this day is wooded. According to my Aunt Ellen Button, this knoll was the site of their first temporary shelter. It must have been a hastily built home, probably made between boulders, with a rudely constructed chimney, a roof thatched with boughs, open on the front, facing to the south. When winter came, sod and pine boughs were doubtless arranged for greater shelter. The hill itself would protect them from the cold blasts of the north wind.

While a real log cabin was being built on a site directly to the east and across the river, Anne must often have sat in her little shelter those first autumn days of 1767, looking down the valley to Dorset Mountain, thinking of the friends in Dorset and of those in her own home, now so far away. Did she feel the grandeur of the outlines of noble Dorset, or did she think it a gate shutting off retreat southward? Did she tell Charles the story of Captain Kidd and of his buried treasures at the foot of the mountain to the southeast, where the entire side is a rocky mass, conspicuous for miles to one coming from the north? Often on horseback, she and the children must have forded the river those first weeks,

* Smith & Rann, History of Rutland County, dispute Lydius' claim, yet since Shirley in 1844 was a most popular, successful general, his securing a king's confirmation for Lydius is not at all improbable. (For an account of Gov. Shirley, see Williams' Natural and Civil History of Vermont.)

to watch father cutting the logs for the cabin. Until recent years a pile of stones has marked its position, a few feet to the south of "The Homestead," on the main road to Rutland (the home of Roy Pratt, a great-great-great-grandson of Charles and Anne). The rear portion of his house is the later built and the first frame building on the land.

From the little clearing that Charles was making, the view to the north would have been shut off by the forests about them, but from the higher land they could see Killington, and its accompanying range as it curves northward and seems to meet, ten miles away, the high hills of the western side of the valley. Today we have an unobstructed view of this beautiful stretch of country as we follow the road to Rutland. The log cabin, the first real home, is doubtless one of the "outhouses" referred to later in Charles Button's deposition of 1773, against the Green Mountain Boys. (See page 100.) They evidently moved into it February 8, 1768.

Upon her arrival, my grandmother found one family of neighbors, who we have been told were the Spragues. I wonder if they could see the smoke from one another's chimneys? Even curling smoke would have been a symbol of companionship. By 1773, thirty-five families were living in the Clarendon section. Wallingford, too, developed quickly after that date.

Almost from the first my grandparents and the Spencers and other New York grant settlers must have been troubled by the growing power of Allen, Baker, and Warner and their Green Mountain Boys. While the legal settlers in the developing Wallingford District were protected by the confirmation of their New Hampshire grants by the New York Council (1772), the earlier Clarendon settlers, especially those with New York grants, were counting on the very evident legality of their claims, under the Edict of 1764, in which the King declared that the territory of New York Province extended to the Connecticut River. On this Edict they staked their all. "Can Gov. Wentworth overthrow a King's decree?" they asked with justified indignation.

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A record of purchase of about 1600 acres of land by Charles Button in 1769 from Capt. Meade of Rutland, a strong follower of the New Hampshire men, indicates that within a year Charles and Anne were facing difficulties, brought about by New Hampshire men. The purchase may or may not have been a re-purchase, but the chances are it was the latter and was made as a safeguard against trouble from the developing New Hampshire granted settlements in Rutland, called Socialborough. The ability of Button to pay for this purchase while at the same time making improvements on his land, shows he must have had some successes before his start northward. From his father, Joseph, who had a large family, he probably inherited little. Anne may have put her share of her father's estate into this enterprise in the wilds of Vermont. Before November, 1773, according to Charles' own sworn statement, he had been offered for his lands and improvements, payment in New York currency, 1,000 pounds, a princely sum. He speaks in his affidavit of his improvements.

These improvements could not have been made alone. It is probable that young men he had known in Rhode Island or in the neighboring Preston, Conn., where he had married Anne, came up to work for him. Communication with the settlements of Massachusetts were not so difficult as we have been led to believe. Drove of cattle were driven to Ticonderoga about 1760 over the road built through the effort of General Amherst soon after its completion, as a road connecting Fort No. 4 and Fort Crown Point. This road was within a mile of the spot chosen by Button as the site for his dwelling. I hope that a load of goods had followed Anne's departure from home. It was customary to wait for the winter snows and frozen ice that made the passage of a loaded cart easier. For themselves, the horseback trip in the autumn months would be easier and pleasanter.

Thanks to my grandfather's sworn statement, it is possible to picture my grandmother as enjoying after the first year, many

of the comforts that anyone had in those early days. It was not an uncomfortable home, where perhaps by the glowing logs in the fireplace, she stood and watched with just resentment, Allen and his men sack her home. She had told them her husband was not present; they had doubted her word! Perhaps Warner knew his mistake and may have ever after remembered her attitude, a gentlewoman at his mercy.

It will be observed that I have assumed Allen was with the gang who came to Button's home. Would he have stayed behind and sent his followers when it was the York Constable he especially wished to put out of power?

I admire the restraint with which grandfather speaks of their treatment of himself and of his family. Read his affidavit and judge for yourself.

Copy of Charles Button's affidavit, made in November, 1773. "*County of Cumberland ss.—Charles Button of a place called Durham on the bank of Otter Creek on the west side of the Green Mountains, in the County of Charlotte and Province of New York, of full age duly sworn on the holy evangelists of Almighty God deposeth and saith, that the deponent with others to the number of thirty-five families, seated themselves upon the said tract, and hold a title derived from the Province of New York, that the deponent has lived with family upon the same tract since the eighth day of February, 1768, has cleared and improved a large farm, built a good dwelling house with other outhouses, and was lately offered a thousand pounds current money of New York for his improvements. That about eleven o'clock at night on Saturday the 20th instant, as the deponent is informed and verily believes, Remember Baker, Ethan Allen, Robert Cochrane and a number of other persons, armed with guns, cutlasses, etc., came to the house of Benjamin Spencer esq. of said Durham, who holds his farm under a title derived from the government of New York and brake open the said house, and took the said Spencer and carried him about two miles to the house of Thomas Green, of Kelso, and there kept him in custody until Monday morning. The heads of the said rioters then asked the said Spencer, whether he would choose to be tried at the house of Joseph Smith in said Durham, or at his, the said Spencer's own door? To which Spencer replied, that he was guilty of no crime, but if he must be tried, he would choose to have his trial at his own door; the rioters thereupon carried the said Spencer to his own*

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door and proceeded to his trial before Seth Warner of Bennington: the said Remember Baker, Ethan Allen and Robert Cochrane who sat as judges. That said rioters charge the said Spencer with being great friend to the government of New York, and had acted as a magistrate of the county of Charlotte, of which respective charges his said judges found him guilty and passed sentence that his, the said Spencer's, house should be burned to the ground, and that he should declare that he would not for the future act as a justice of the peace for the said county of Charlotte. Spencer thereupon urged that his wife and children would be ruined, and his store of dry goods and all his property wholly destroyed if his house was burned. Warner then declared Spencer's house should not be wholly destroyed, that only the roof should be taken off and put on again, provided Spencer would declare that it was put on under the New Hampshire title and purchased a right under the charter from the last mentioned government. These several conditions Spencer was obliged to comply with, upon which the rioters dismissed him.

"That a party of said rioters came to the deponent's house on the night of Saturday, the 20th instant, as the deponent is informed, and broke open the door and sacked the house for the deponent, which they did not find as he was gone to Crown Point, to take Stephen Weakly upon writs issued against him at the suit of Samuel Green and one Sprague. That upon the Deponent's return home with the said Weakly in custody, another party of the said rioters took the deponent, obliged him to discharge the said Weakly, and one Smith and others of the said rioters the next day declared they would pull down Green's house and give him the beach seal, (meaning that they would flog him unless he consented thereto) which he accordingly did.

"They then obliged this deponent to give the said Weakly six shillings current money of New York, for taking him, the said Weakly into custody, and declaring for the debts due from him, the said Weakly to the said Green and Sprague as aforesaid, and afterwards made this deponent promise that he would never serve as an officer of justice or constable to execute any precept under the province of New York, and then gave him a certificate in the words and figures following, to wit:—

"Pittsford, Nov 24, 1773

'These are to satisfy all the Green Mountain Boys that Charles Button had his trial at Stephen Mead's and this is his discharge from us.

Peleg Sunderling,
Benj. Cooley

Which certificate they declared would be a sufficient permit or pass among the New Hampshire claimants, Green Mountain Boys and further the deponent saith not.

1773 Charles Button'

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What would they have done to the York Constable had they found him at home? Was some one befriending him in bringing about the arrest of Weakly and thus getting him out of the way? Or did Allen himself so plan his time as to prevent bloodshed?

For the great-great-granddaughter of an Allen, who is also a great-great-granddaughter of a Button to try to treat impartially the struggle that came to a climax in November 1773, is not an easy task. To help me to try to be impartial, I have the Button deposition, the more or less prejudiced pages of Vermont history to read. I do not know anything of this great-great-grandfather Allen; I do know something of his daughter Elenor Allen and I cannot forget the strength of her personality. She was the daughter of Elenor Jackson, and one of the Litchfield County, Conn. Allens. We have an album kept by her daughter, Irene, giving copies of sentiments and original expressions written by her mother, designed to encourage in Irene the development of beauty and strength of character. In her portrait, too, she appears as a woman of intelligence, gentle in thought and manner.

Anyone who recalls the bravely endured sorrows of Ira Allen and gives thought to the strength of his features, shown in his portrait, cannot make unqualified criticisms of the Allens. We recall, too, how favorably Washington was impressed by Ethan Allen.

Yet "clan" is a fitting expression for them, and even as I write this, I churn with indignation at the injustices this Allen "clan" heaped upon my grandmother, Anne Wilcox Button.

On November 20th, 1773, the struggle of Allen and his men against the authority vested in the Justices of the Peace and the Constables of the counties in Western Vermont, came to a climax. In May, 1771, Willoughby, the Constable of Albany County to the south of Charlotte, had been driven away and threatened with a flogging if he ever returned.

From a day in June, 1770, when Allen turned from what he

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called a prejudiced decision of the courts in the case of Josiah Carpenter of Shaftsbury, he knew as he declared "the gods of the mountains are not the gods of the valley," that he would turn to the forming of a clan, drawn and held by the use of a pagan-like worship of the spirit of defiance, and that from then on, the people of the New Hampshire grants would turn from the authority of the King's Court and their appointed officers. It is right to note that the people of Bennington section did not disallow the legality of that decision in the courts of June, 1770. They merely cried out against the injustice of the decision and longed for their king to purify the courts. Ethan Allen had no hope in anything of the kind. He had his own visions, and he believed if you want something done and done well, trust force and your own relatives, who have self interests in the undertaking. By 1773, there was hardly a settlement in Western Vermont where there was not an Allen brother or an Allen cousin listed as a land owner in the section; wanting a relative, a reliable ally was chosen, so that a chain for correspondence was complete.

The Hartford Courant of June, 1773, ran this advertisement of Ethan Allen & Co. "Lately purchased by Allens and Baker, a large tract of land on both sides of the mouth of the Onion River and fronting westerly on Lake Champlain, containing 45,000 acres and sundry lesser parcels of land further up the river," etc.

While Remember Baker and Ira Allen were busy starting developments in this section in April, 1773, they found New York Province officials and a surveyor at work. The Allens forced them off. What makes this Allen movement more regrettable is that this area, especially along Champlain, was land set aside for the use of non-commissioned officers and soldiers of the French and Indian Wars. (Crockett gives a map showing this reserved territory opp. page 20, Vol. 1.) To deny the rights of such men was a complete disregarding of loyalty to those who had risked their lives to save the country from invasion and conquest. This stretch

of territory along the Champlain shores was included in the County of Charlotte, over which Charles Button was made Constable in 1772. The County of Charlotte is thus defined:

"This county—beginning at the Green Mountains, extends along the north lines of Sunderland and Arlington, westward to the Hudson River, and included both sides of Lake Champlain as far as the Canadian border."

Surely Button made complaint for the insult of April, '73 to the New York Province officials in the Onion River section. Is it then at all improbable that that incident brought on the affair of November 20 in Durham? That stronghold of the York Constable must be cleaned up! The road to Ticonderoga must be ready for quick action, cleared of Tory sympathizers.

Not only from the picture my grandfather gives of the wild scene at Durham, but also from a deposition made by Spencer who describes men dressed as Indians, and red capped men yelling wildly, and also from a sworn statement of a corporal in a Highland Regiment, Charles Hutchinson, who had attempted a settlement in Pawlet, do we learn of the lawless attitude of Allen's men, worshippers in form if not in truth, of pagan gods. The Highland soldier in his affidavit, describes how nine men refused to leave his premises at his earnest request, how they set four fires about the log cabin, saying "they would burn it, for that morning they had resolved to burn a burnt sacrifice to the gods of the world in the burning logs of that house." He names the men as Allen, Baker, one Sevil, and Cochran, and five unknown. Allen and Baker held clubs over his head, compelling him to depart, and promising him brutal treatment if he should return. The Allens had considerable land holdings in Pawlet and Rupert. (The Allen of this affair may not have been Ethan—more likely a cousin.)

There is no evidence that Charles Button ever failed after 1773 to keep his word to cease activities against the Green Mountain

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Boys. He speaks of no bodily injuries. What was said or done to him in Pittsford that day will ever be a mystery. With his signing of that paper witnessed by Sunderling and Cooley, the last visible resistance of authorized law against mob rule in Western Vermont died out.

Not until I picture myself standing with Anne and her two boys in late February or early March, 1775, watching father drive his oxen down across the Mill River to be ready for the many sleds that would soon appear carrying the cannon from Ticonderoga to the waiting Washington in Boston, can I understand why a God of Direction allowed the years of pagan worship of the gods of defiance. Once organized resistance to his plan was quelled, Allen had turned to creating companies of militia, much like the "Minute-Men" drilling in Connecticut and in Massachusetts. Thus he was making true his dream, leadership in rebellion against the Crown.

Charles Button would have had no choice about the use of his oxen. But I believe that by this time they were not unwillingly given for service. Letters must have brought news that Anne's brother Samuel had fought at Bunker Hill, and confidence must have been growing with the appointment of Washington as Commander-in-Chief. Yet Charles, doubtless, had hoped that England would offer conciliation.

So I fancy that Anne, with her children, wistfully watched the cavalcade turn to climb the hill road, on, on to Boston. Fifty cannon that unheard in sound of thunder, were to scare Howe from that city!

In less than a year, the body of Anne Wilcox Button was laid away in the spot which is still known as the Button family cemetery, now one of the largest of these family cemeteries in the state. Her grandson, Frederick Button, placed the stones that mark the graves of our grandparents.

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Anne's reads

ANNE WILCOX

wife of

CHARLES BUTTON

died

Feb 17, 1777

age 37 years

(She was the second white woman who
came to this town, then called Durham)

The age 37 should be, we believe, 34, a mistake due perhaps to the copying of the old style 4, which very much resembles our 7.

With the Declaration of Independence, Charles Button in July, 1776 joined the company of Capt. Hickok, Vermont Militia and saw service, as a scout, probably warning mountain cabin dwellers of the approaching Burgoyne.

Before Charles Button died in 1790, he knew that the proposed state of Vermont would pay to New York the sum of \$30,000 to avoid any further disputes over questions of ownership of Vermont territory. Thus, through a legal settlement, demanded by Congress, Charles Button saw his claims regarding the legality of grants given by New York, acknowledged. It is interesting to note that as late as 1780 the Smiths of Rutland, a strong, New Hampshire settled township felt safer when making a family transfer of land to have it fixed legally. From the *History of Rutland County* (Smith & Rann) we learn that the Smiths had come from Salisbury, Conn. There Allen influence was strong. It was there that the Allens had the iron ore mine that we are told brought them money in the Revolutionary War, and in the war of 1812. Notwithstanding the seemingly established power of the New Hampshire claim, the family transfer of land, 1780, of 1020 acres for sixty-four pounds, read "in the township of Rutland on Otter Creek, in the Province of New York" (p. 317).

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Again I am prompted to ask would the Allens, minus their land holdings and minus iron ore mining interests, have tried methods of conciliation rather than hastening to defiant force?

Never at any time did New York Province give up its claim to land set aside for the use of survivors of the French & Indian Wars, part of the country over which Charles Button took the duties of Constable in 1772.

In 1786, his son, Charles Frederick, married Hannah Kinne, a daughter of Capt. Kinne of Preston, Conn.

Charles Button's first grandson, Frederick, was two years old at the time of his grandfather's death.

In 1776 or 1777, Elisha, a younger brother of Charles Button came up from Rhode Island and made a home a mile to the south of the home of Charles. He was on Wallingford-town soil, when the town limits were at length settled. We do not know how Elisha gained his land, but if tradition is to be trusted, and it rarely is, he was on the soil Charles claimed as his, territory that stretched from Mill River on the north to Roaring Brook on the south; and to Button hill near Shrewsbury on the east, and to Button Hill in Ira, on the west.

It was in Elisha's home, Mr. Thorpe tells us, that a very important church meeting of 1795 was held.

Elisha Button and his wife, Bethia Kinne Button, are buried in the Button family cemetery.

In 1835 one of Elisha's sons, Gardner, moved with his family to Western New York State.

It must have been about this time or a few years later that Charles F. Button, son of grandfather's brother Charles and of Susan Townsend, a sister of Col. Dyer Townsend, went to Ohio. His descendants are living today in Bowling Green and Akron, Ohio. One of his children, Susan Button, was a well known Ohio poet.

We do not know when Joseph, the younger child of Charles

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and Anne moved to Danby. It was after the death of his father in 1790, for from a note made by grandfather I find Joseph Button had a store in Clarendon between 1780-1790. My father recalled visiting with great pleasure a Quaker Uncle Joseph Button in Danby. Both he and Aunt Ellen spoke of him with affection, and as a man far on in years in their childhood.

Charles' son, Charles Frederick, stayed on the farm. He was but twenty-eight when he became the owner of the land on which Charles and Anne had settled.

For eighteen years Charles Frederick struggled successfully with the hardships of life in early Vermont, clearing the land of timber, and finding easy sale for it; increasing the acreage of cultivation; raising sheep, and benefitting from tanners to whom he sold the leather; raising grain to be ground in the neighborhood mill. He had been taught by his father and mother and probably later by some clergyman of the neighborhood. He rose before sunrise, and worked all day. He had no need for the silver buckles mentioned in his grandfather Wilcox's will, and he may never have even heard of them! But beside the huge logs in the fireplace, he had heard the story of the northward trip of his parents, their first experiences, and perhaps tales from father Charles of his life and that of his mother, the brave Anne. In turn he told of it to his children.

Both Charles Frederick and Hannah his wife died in 1809, when Frederick the eldest son was twenty-one. There were five younger brothers living and two sisters; Charles sixteen, Ira twelve, Harvey nine, Harry seven, and Nathan only three years old. The two girls Content and Lucinda were old enough to be helpful in the home. Frederick soon married a young woman, Elizabeth Rogers.

Although each of the children received about \$1,500 from their father's estate, the younger boys were in custom with the times, apprentices to their older brother, Frederick.

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So far as I know, Harvey, my grandfather, never gave any word of complaint against his brother's treatment of himself or of his brothers. But to be left an orphan at nine and to be the apprenticed farm hand of his own brother for eleven years was not an attractive outlook. It may have been the year Charles became twenty-one and left home that Harvey made a decision regarding his future. It was not a usual decision for an orphan boy.

I like to think that it was on such a day as the one his grandmother, Anne, first saw spring coming along the Otter, that Grandfather Harvey, mindful of all he had been told of family traditions, decided to face the world as master of himself. To break an apprenticeship, even to one's brother, was a serious business. But even at that age grandfather listened to the "inner voice" and knew he was conscience clear. Lucinda who was a capable school teacher encouraged him. Uncle Jacob, who was now prospering, may have agreed to lend him money. Before graduation his inheritance from his father would be available. Harvey decided to go to college! Naturally brother Frederick regretted the loss of Harvey's work, for there was still at least five or six years of his apprenticeship, and conscientious Harvey must have been good help on the farm, but he made no resistance. Thus a life long friendship was kept.

At Danby at this time there was a school for teachers, taught by a Quaker, Jacob Eddy. It is probable that Lucinda had prepared for teaching there. She also attended a school at Castleton.

Young Harvey had been well guided by his sister in making up his mind to prepare for a profession. He entered Middlebury College in 1819, and graduated with the class of 1823. We hope Lucinda was present at this commencement!

We know some facts regarding the Middlebury of those early years. Two buildings, the old Chapel and Painter Hall; a faculty as scholarly as the professors of Yale.

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When grandfather attended his Greek class at six in the morning, before breakfast, he was not translating as an exercise for mental discipline; he was absorbing Greek Philosophy. He knew his Latin and Greek as literature and his favorite quotations, made from memory, in later years, showed his preference for Cicero, and Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

During long winter evenings before a large fireplace in their room, he and his companions kept warm by wood bought in company, perhaps cut and drawn by themselves. Two or three candles in pewter candlesticks placed on the floor, supplemented the light of burning logs while the men lay stretched on the floor beside it, working at Greek, Latin, and Mathematics. A leaf torn from a diary, a scrap of paper treasured for years, shows a record of buying second hand and reselling his books. Costly they were, and bought at great sacrifice. Some were saved as a nucleus for his library to which he added systematically.

The year that Harvey Button was graduated from Middlebury, his future sister-in-law, Amanda Miller, was visiting her uncle Alexander Miller, here in Wallingford.

The first letter we are taking from the bandbox is one from Amanda to sister Irene at home in Middlebury. The H. B. of Amanda's letter is no other than Harvey Button. For this reason and for the touches of Wallingford life, including reference to singing school, to girls' dresses in 1823, I am quoting a part of the letter.

Wallingford, Vermont Monday Dec 1823

"* * * I shall indeed be disappointed if I do not hear from home this week and receive some small donations, for it is a fact whether you believe me or not, I am indecently clothed. My crape is about gone and my silk which was my sole dependence gave way at the chorus last week, in consequence of which I took the liberty to purchase a columbian plaid as I found one for 3 pounds 50 shillings which I in part paid in making shirts for Mr. B—, and now since I have no other expedient but to send

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home for something to meet the remainder of the demand, and I am in great need of a pocket handkerchief—I really hope you will intercede with father to send me some money. You can do as I did, seal your letter and put on a cover. Mr. Roy will never take the trouble to examine it I presume.

“I need not inform you of my great regret in being absent at the time of Mr. H. B’s arrival in M—. Since you have so long been sensible that he had my especial esteem, I am more and more convinced that he is a rare personage which may be difficult to obtain. Did you learn where his destined residence is to be, and what his profession? If so pray inform me if there were any *particulars* in his visit. Acquaint yourself with all and be brief in your communications. You will laugh when you come to this part of my letter, I am well aware and congratulate yourself upon the discovery of a secret but I assure you at present it is motives of curiosity that induce me to make this enquiry. * * * *”

To my grandfather Button, deprived of so much of happy home life in his youth, through the early death of his parents, this Miller family affection for one another, their happy way of making merry together, must have been delightful. I have never been told, but I suppose he met Irene while he attended College, and was one of the beaux often entertained at the Miller homes, both in Wallingford and in Middlebury.

After graduation, Harvey Button settled upon law as his profession. By 1825 he had two rooms in the north end of the old inn, which stood on the ground where True Temper Inn now stands. Grandfather after admittance to the bar began legal practice here in Wallingford.

In 1830 he was watching a white cottage being built on the land next to the Inn. On Feb. 6, 1832, there was a double wedding in Middlebury, when Irene, after a nine-year courtship, married Harvey, and Desire, Ezra Booth of Rochester, N. Y.

When Irene Miller Button came to Wallingford as a bride in 1832, and became the mistress of the little cottage, she was coming back to the town of her forefathers. Her great-grandfather

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Abraham Jackson was the first settler of Wallingford; her grandfather Solomon Miller had come to Wallingford in 1787.

Solomon Miller, son of Thomas and grandson of Samuel Miller, was born in 1731. He married Desire Smith in 1756. The Millers had dwelt in the neighborhood of Springfield, Mass., since 1640, when a grandsire named John, and three sons helped in the defense of the town in the battle with the Indians.

These facts were ascertained about one hundred years ago when George Miller of Albany drew the Miller family tree.

When Solomon Miller moved from West Springfield, Mass., to Wallingford in 1787, Wallingford was already a developing settlement. He probably came up to the newer country, because there would be a better opportunity for his sons to acquire and develop land. He bought considerable land in the section and it is possible, as was the case with most New England settlers, added to the family fortunes by establishing small industries. His next to the youngest son, Epaphras, who became my great-grandfather, was seventeen when the family moved here. Alexander, the youngest son, was but eleven. These two boys were taught to be self-dependent in the customary New England way—given a knowledge of a trade—and an education that required mental discipline, including studies much broader in scope than we often realize today.

Solomon, the eldest son, was twenty-six when the family moved here. His wife was Irene Miner. Before removing to Williston where he became a large land owner, a man of influence in that section, he had served Wallingford in various town offices. For several years he was Town Clerk.

From a letter written by Solomon, when seventy-eight, to his brother Alexander we have a glimpse of the home of Solomon and Desire Miller.

"We were brought up together in much friendship—could we be more together as we go down the hill of life it would be very

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pleasant to me." Later in the letter he speaks of the Randalls, whom he knew as a young man when both families were active in forming an influential town here. "Give my respects to Mrs. Randall and the girls. I thank them for their kind attention to me." In a postscript he asks his brother, "Shall I tell John to leave the gate open the first slaying or before and a place cleared for you to come."

The Miller home here in Wallingford one hundred and fifty years ago was a home that exerted strong influence. It was evidently a home where matters were intelligently discussed, and where the sons were taught to reason. The Millers for generations have been a kindly, intelligent race, retaining a Scotch clanishness in friendliness for those of even remote kinship.

One of Solomon Miller's books has his own signature, with an additional sweep of curves, characteristic of the time. The book is a volume of twenty-five sermons by the Rev. Joseph Lathrop, D.D. of West Springfield. It was published in 1791, and it is logical to conclude that Solomon and Desire sent for the book as they wished to read some of the sermons they had heard preached in the West Springfield church. The sermons in style and content show the influence of Addison. They are sermons written when the discussion of "The New Light" was receiving much attention, and one sees in them faint suggestions of the far distant clashes of fundamentalism and the newer ideas.

But the Millers did not confine their reading to Biblical literature. Other fireside reading and discussion also had a strong influence. A leather bound folio volume of the *American Spectator Papers*, 1801-1802, shows one avenue they had for the gathering of knowledge. News of Europe and Asia eight weeks old was news to them as they read it, and waited for the sequels as they appeared on Wednesday and on Saturday.

Solomon's son Samuel graduated from Yale, and after marriage to Rebecca Mattock of New Haven, Conn., settled as a

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lawyer in Middlebury. He was one of the founders of Middlebury College.

Epaphras, after his marriage to Elener Allen, also settled in Middlebury (1796); thus two brothers went to Middlebury and two to Williston.

Elisha was twenty-one when the family came here. He went to Williston as one of its earliest settlers, where he became a prosperous, influential citizen.

The following extract from a letter from Elisha Miller to Brother Alexander shows the strong family affection of this Miller clan. Elisha was eighty at the time he wrote this letter.

Williston July 16th 1836

"Dear Brother—I know not that I have brother but accidentally hear that you are alive—It ought not so be—the little time we have to live and enjoy our friends ought to remind us if we cannot see them we may write them oftener than we do and let them know how we fare—My health is as good as I can expect for so old a man; have my often Infirmities and fail in resolution to even write * * *"

In the latter part of his letter he speaks of sheep and wool. "Have not sold my wool nor does there appear much prospect at present they only buy to keep their factories going some pay pretty fair prices* * * no purchases for fine wool like mine * * * wool sells from 45 to 60 cents."

Elisha Miller's first wife was Loraine Jackson, the first white child born in the town of Wallingford.

Elisha and Loraine must have been married here in Wallingford, but the record is lost. The first recorded marriage in the town records is that of Epaphras Miller and Elener Allen, both of this town. They were married in July, 1793.

Alexander remained in Wallingford, the only descendant of Solomon to remain here. A son of Epaphras, Henry, later made his home here.

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Some of our older Wallingford residents recall "Uncle Henry" Miller who was very like a hermit. For many years he wore a broad-brimmed hat like the Quaker's and avoided society. He delighted in nature, roamed the hills for herbs, collected specimens for his geological study. He often carried with him a good telescope. At one time he lived alone in a little house near the Gale Batcheller house. When I was a child he lived in the rear part of the house of Mrs. Libb Winn on Church Street. She cared for him at this time.

Uncle Alexander remembered him in his will, and also Irene's favorite brother, Charles. Charles and Henry both remained bachelors through life, both eccentric, I conclude. The letters of Charles are very delightful, even in youth. He was a scholar and collected an excellent library in Rochester, N. Y., where he settled as a merchant. At one time he studied law with my grandfather here in Wallingford, but decided he did not care to practice law.

I am including just one more of these Miller letters. One from sister Sarah to Irene, visiting at Uncle Alexander's. It is startling to hear of a girl of 1827 considering the study of logic. This is evidently a sequence in Middlebury to Emma Willard's never-to-be-forgotten declaration to the faculty of Middlebury College and to the world at large, that women are capable of logical reasoning.

Epaphras often expressed gratitude to his brother Alexander for the care of his children.

Extract of a letter from Sarah Miller to Irene Miller)

Middlebury Nov 1st 1827

"Dear Irene I need not say I want to go to Wallingford for that you already know—I see Father has written to Uncle about it I must go to school somewhere this winter—I was just talking with Desire when your letter came in that I did not know but I should have to accept of Edward Sell's offer—he offered to teach me Logic, Rhetoric, Arithmetic and Writing—if I would

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apply myself in 3 months so that I should know as much as he, and I am sure that would be sufficient''

Sarah was seventeen when she wrote this letter.

The kindly influence of Alexander Miller in his home town is spoken of elsewhere in this volume. So far as I know he never sat for his portrait. Samuel's is in the Middlebury College collection. Epaphras' and that of his wife Elener Allen Miller are in the Sheldon Museum, Middlebury. Elisha's was done later in life. All Millers bear a family resemblance, therefore it is safe to assume that Alexander Miller was of large build; had slightly sloping shoulders, a large head with high forehead, deep-set blue eyes with probably an almost ever present smile in them, that could change quickly to a glance of keen penetration, perhaps rather cold and disconcerting.

The town records give considerable information regarding the first settler, Abraham Jackson. In the very earliest of the recorded deeds in the town the name of Jacksons, (Abraham, Abraham Jackson, Jr., Jethro, Jedediah, Asahel) appear over one hundred and fifty times. This leads to a belief that Abraham Jackson was prosperous when he left Litchfield Co., Conn., and that he came here with the idea of owning for himself and his children land in the northern wilderness. He was forty-six at the time. He had several sons, and at least two daughters, one of whom became my great-great-grandmother, Elener Jackson Allen. His eldest son, Abraham Jackson, Junior, was twenty-three when he came to Wallingford. The fourth son was Jethro. This son bought and sold much land. The name of the eldest son, Abraham, appears often in the town records and is always referred to as junior or jun, there being an evident desire to distinguish between father and son. Both served the town as town treasurer, and in other important offices.

In July 1776, Abraham Jackson and Matthew Lyon attended the convention at Dorset. In a record of 1786 we read "and chose

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Abraham Jackson Esq. to attend the convention at Manchester."

One of the most interesting "finds" in these records is, I believe, a deed that describes Jackson's Gore. It is a deed in which father Abraham deeds to Jethro 885 acres of land in the Gore, for nine shillings. This was evidently a gift to Jethro, who seems to have been a favored son. The most interesting part of the deed is that which describes the location of the Gore, "lying east and joining Wallingford and was granted to myself and associates by ye Governor of said State. Said land is now laid out in one 100 and five acre lots and numbered as may appear upon the plan of said Gore, accepting one hundred and fifty acres of undivided land as was given me by a legal vote of proprietors of said Gore"—etc. John and Goodyer Clark are later mentioned in the deed as owners of lots; 20, 27 and 65, to John Clarke and 56 to Goodyer Clark. Nowhere else have I found a list of other associates.

One authority has stated that Jackson bought the land known as the Gore, to aid the state in getting money for the Continental Army. This Gore later became a part of Mount Holly.

Abraham Jackson came to Wallingford in 1773 and was the first of the town forefathers to make a home here. Tradition says that his first house was built just south of our present village near Otter River. Soon after his death, 1791, references to Jacksons in town records cease. After 1790, only occasionally is the name found in a recorded deed. It is said that his son Abraham moved to Mt. Holly and it is probable the other sons also moved on to new fields of activity.

Abraham Jackson in his will, made in 1790, entrusts all settlements to "Abraham Jackson my first son, and Jethro, my fourth son." With them, too, he places the care of his widow, Elener, to whom he leaves all personal property. Family tradition has given her name as Elener Ferris, or Ferry.

A white marble stone in the village cemetery marks his grave and states that "Here lies the body of Mr. Abraham Jackson," but

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a quatrain reminds the observer that while dust returns to dust, the soul endures. The stone is still well preserved. A few years ago Mr. Andrews reset and cleaned many of these old stones marking graves of those who lived here long ago. Many of these stones are good examples of the art of the early carvers of marble, taken probably from the Dorset quarry.

When grandfather and grandmother, a descendant of the Milers and the Jacksons moved into the white cottage in 1832 or 1833, it had no ell. Additions were made to the house as the family increased.

It is interesting to think of the changes the house has seen in the way of "improvements." It was heated at first by three huge fireplaces, connecting with a central chimney room. We still have some of the pewter candlesticks used in the early days, and the moulds in which the candles were made. Then came the days of kerosene oil lamps, and coal stoves took the place of the fireplaces, removed for the sake of comfort-gaining.

About this time all of Grandfather's brothers and sisters were married and were in homes of their own. Nathan went to Ohio, Charles came to Wallingford, married Susan Townsend and opened the partnership store, Townsend and Button; Ira went to Brandon and became the father and grandfather of "the Brandon Buttons"; Lucinda married Col. Dyer Townsend; Content married E. J. Wylie and lived in Iowa, where they struggled successfully with pioneer life. Frederick stayed on the old farm and prospered. It has ever since been owned by a descendant of the original settler, Charles Button. Roy Pratt's son, 7th generation, now ten years old, says he intends to stay on the farm. And this is in America!

In 1835 grandfather visited Nathan in Ohio. A letter written when he made this first Western trip gives interesting facts regarding travel at that time.

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Franklin Mills Ohio 5th Oct 1835

"Mrs. Irene Miller Button. Dear & Beloved Wife—I am now at Brother Nathan's and am very happy to say to you by letter that I am well and have had a pleasant journey, all things considered. I was at Rochester, N. Y. one week ago this day and found all our friends well. Charles accompanied me to Niagara Falls—and left me last Thursday and returned to Rochester. We had a fine time at the Falls, and had a good view of the great waters rolling over the rocks into the gulch below. I can give no account of the wonders I have seen on paper and will say that after I left Charles I took the steamboat at Buffalo for Cleveland, and in 3 days arrived at this place and found Brother's family all well. I had a hard time on the lake, and was a little Sea sick and can feel the boat rocked by the waves. The wind was very strong and we were obliged to cast anchor and lay still for nearly a day, and we had on board five or six hundred passengers and the boat was continually tossed about and most of the passengers seasick. * * * I am however, well pleased with the western country, and there are many advantages here that we have not in Vermont and a great many privileges in Vermont that the western world knows not of * * *"

A year later grandfather went again to Ohio. This time it was a sad journey. Nathan, only thirty, had died. He had been successful in business and had married Charlotte Pomeroy, a cultured, very intelligent woman. He left two children.

From a letter to my grandmother written at this time, I find an expression of grandfather's vision for the type of life he wished for himself and his family. Nathan's family and his sister Content had urged him to make Ohio his home.

Franklin Mills Ohio 3d Dec 1836

"* * * * I could undoubtedly make money here & perhaps do as much good in the world, as I could by staying in Vermont. But I would have to forego the pleasure of our friends' society & the company of our old acquaintances and for all this what would I get except a little trash, called wealth; and supposing I

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should become rich, would you be more happy, or would our children be better educated and better brought up & could we be more useful in the society of our friends?"

Grandfather was thirty-six when he expressed this attitude toward life. What influenced him in the decision? There is every evidence, as the years went on, that he had not made a decision later regretted. For the next fifty years he lived a life consistent with this expressed view—a chance to do honorable service and to enjoy the company of kindred souls, whether they be of family kin or otherwise.

In Vermont, both he and his wife had many relatives, all similar in tastes. They wanted and had homes of refinement in which they placed the education of their children in mind and in soul as the first great purpose of existence. In Wallingford in 1836 there were such homes, the homes of descendants of town forefathers, and of those who had come more recently to the town. Among these were the Munsons, who later dwelt in beautiful houses along the Otter River to the south of the village. In that neighborhood too was the home of Lucinda Button, who had married Col. Dyer Townsend, a son of a Wallingford forefather. Near the village was the farm of Calvin M. Townsend, who had married Charlotte Miller, Irene's sister. To the north of the Village was the home of Frederick Button who lived at the Homestead.

In the village itself were the Martindales, the Fox family, who lived in the brick house on Main Street, the Harris family, the Hulls, the Randalls and others, all of whom made church life the centering of most of their social activity.

In 1835 Lyman Batcheller had moved to Wallingford and had established a fork industry. Grandfather believed in Wallingford's future. As late as 1850, after the death of Epaphras Miller, the question of his changing his location came up again. It was hoped grandfather would take the old brick homestead in Mid-

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dlebury as his children's share of the property, but he again felt Wallingford was his choice. He then believed that Wallingford, with its water power and nearness to Rutland, would develop fastern than Middlebury.

My bandbox of letters reveals little of the life of the forties except for some delightful letters from grandfather to his children, written from Montpelier where he was attending Legislature, 1844-1845. This was an important time in Vermont legislation. My grandmother, Irene, had died in 1844, leaving five children; the youngest but a few months old. She died in infancy. Grandfather did not re-marry until 1851, when he married Sarah Miller, a cousin of Irene. Sarah was a daughter of Loraine Jackson (first white child born in Wallingford) and of Elisha Miller of Williston. She had spent much of her life in Middlebury at the home of Rebecca and Samuel Miller. Uncle Samuel did for Elisha's children as much as Alexander did for those of Epaphras. But there was a great difference in the homes.

Uncle Alexander was broad minded, liberal in his religious ideas. Uncle Samuel was supposedly very orthodox. His wife was the cultured, the aristocratic, the very pious, but very sincerely so, Rebecca Mattock. Sarah brought with her to Wallingford the influence of the orthodox Samuel Millers.

My grandfather Button was more liberal in his views. Both he and Uncle Alexander had a natural taste for philosophy, and both clung to their individualistic theories to the end.

I am told that after one evening meeting, a group remained that they might talk regarding asking grandfather to become a church member. I expect he listened courteously, spoke his ideas, and it is certain he continued as before.

Grandfather's library is unusual in the number of variety of Editions of the Bible, together with long shelves of Barnes' Notes and other volumes designed to aid in the comparative study of the Bible.

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He wrote in 1856 to his wife Sarah, after the death of her own step-mother:

Wallingford, 23 Aug. 56 8 AM

"My dear wife—Your letters have been read, the last one yesterday saying your mother's sufferings were at an end, that she sleeps quietly in death. The fact is, death only effects these bodies, that which we can see and feel, but the real being still lives, and we hope lives in a better and more exalted state of existence. Death only opens to us real life and just frees us from all that clogs and makes the soul or life, or in other words the real man, in any sense, unhappy. That is, if the soul or that immortal spirit seeks its happiness in and from the true source of all real happiness, the life or immortal part of man is a real fountain from which under proper culture there should spring up only pure and ennobling, satisfying joys, clogged more or less by these mortal bodies, but still sufficient at all times to make the soul happy here and hereafter—The reason is the soul feeds on spiritual food and is not dependent whatever on the house and habitation in which it resides, and death only delivers us from that which is and always must be a clog and hindrance to the spiritual part. Why then should we wish to recall our friends? * * * * I have written hastily and just as my thoughts came along—"

It is difficult to choose from the many bandbox and linen bag letters when one is thinking of the wide variety of tastes of possible readers of this paper.

In the fifties the all important question of educating the children was the chief topic. Ellen, the eldest daughter, went to Burlington Seminary and then to Emma Willard's school for girls in Troy. George and William Harvey went to Burr & Burton in Manchester: Emma went to a seminary in Ohio.

Sarah Miller was a good step-mother, earnestly giving her life to duty as she saw it. She wrote long, interesting letters to all the children away from home. Her letters are full of news of village life, and so are those from various other members of the family.

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One letter speaks of the fact that Mr. Harris, who lost his house by fire in 1851, after looking about for some other section as a possible place for a home, has decided to rebuild in Wallingford. Then, as now, Wallingford people loved their home town. The Harris house was rebuilt in '53. (Now the Taft residence.) The fire also destroyed grandfather's office building, so when a new one was being considered, Mr. Harris entreated that grandfather build it on a line with the Harris house. Grandfather argued it should be on a line with his own property, so there it was built, by McKnight, who carried out the early American style of the house. The two families continued their happy associations.

In '49, grandfather wrote to Ellen, in school in Burlington,

Wallingford 5 Oct 1849

"To my daughter Ellen: * * * * You must just write us, if we do not write you. This will do you no harm, and be somewhat useful, as it will give you an easy and familiar style in letter writing. Even a short sentence or two every day, giving us a kind of *diary*, or an everyday description of your feelings, and progress in school, and of what you may observe in the world around you, and even of the manners and characters of those you may see.
* * *"

In '52, grandfather was happy to take time off to go for butter-nuts with his boys—so he writes to Ellen at school, and continues, "Be diligent in study and an example to others of all that is excellent."

In '53, grandfather was paying young Harvey fifty cents a cord for chopping wood—so George at home on vacation writes Ellen at school. He speaks in this letter of an academy project.

Wallingford March 23d 1853

"My dear Sister: * * * * There has been some talk about establishing an academy in this village. Mr. Kent offers to give the land to build it on, if they will build. The land is situated between

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his house and Mrs. Randall's. They held a meeting on the subject last Monday night. Father, Mr. Munson, Mr. Clark, Mr. Edwin Martindale and Dr. Bill were chosen committee. Father and Mr. Munson went up to Rutland to get a plan of the academy there this afternoon. They are trying to have it like the academy in Rutland, and mean to have it one of the best schools in the state. It will probably be done by next fall. If they have a good school here, had we not better come and attend it, it will be pretty cheap to what it is abroad it will not take near as much money (for I am pretty tight and like to keep my money well) and such being the case, I think we had better come home and attend it.
* * * * March 24th. I will take up my letter again this morning and see if I can finish it this time. Father got back from Rutland this morning. He has a plan of the academy there. We hear that two barrels of liquor were seized at the depot under the new law. They were owned by Mr. Proctor of South Wallingford.
* * * *

Thanksgiving in '53 was evidently a very different one from many of those in previous years when two tables, made alike so they would fit together well, stretched the length of the room and were covered by a fine linen cloth, seven yards in length, woven with an elaborate peacock design for the center decoration. Grandfather wrote to Ellen:

"Ma says to tell you about Thanksgiving. Well, we kept Thanksgiving all alone with a good chicken, pudding and pumpkin pie, of course. The public, that is everybody, went in the evening to A. L. Hydes for an oyster supper ha! ha! and the young folks assisted by those who wished to do so finished the evening and night with fiddling and dancing. Huldah (Martindale) says they had a fine time of it, but she did not stay to the after part, and says she has cried for three days thinking about it. We were invited to the party, but thinking that our own home was about as good as others, we concluded to be thankful at home."

About this time grandfather writes Ellen about train service from Troy to Wallingford (more convenient then than it is to-

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day, 1937!) and warns her "we have not killed the fatted calf, but the pig, so that we can give you a dish of soup, or a dish of pork and beans." Grandfather depended much at this time for his supplies from the Sugar Hill Farm, cared for by a Mr. Weston.

Much of the time there were guests in the home—one or more of the numerous nephews and nieces, or a Miller brother or sister. Nothing, I believe, reveals so fully the "plain living, high thinking" aim of the household as this letter that follows. It is from a brother of Sarah, Samuel Miller, a man of wealth, who wished his daughter to profit by an absence from a more luxurious life. The Julia of this letter became one of Albany's well known women, very active in social and charitable organizations.

Albany February 28th 1851

"My dear Sister—Julia is a thoughtless child living entirely in the present and always excited about the pleasure of the moment. She does not seem capable of appreciating the anxiety of her parents and will not put forth any industry or self-denial if she can avoid it. It is therefore our study to prevent her from avoiding by any possibility the duties we think best to put upon her. Now I would recommend that when Saturday arrives she be allowed no pleasure or occupation of any sort until she has written a letter to her mother which is satisfactory to you for the care and neatness with which it is written—and a like strict rule you will find necessary with regard to all other of your requirements. * * * *"

This letter is very suggestive of those of Epaphras of the previous generation. Such ideas set one to thinking in these days when all attempts at education must be made so attractive as to be play, and discipline is taboo.

The following letter of grandfather's is a very characteristic mixture of seriousness and humor:

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Wallingford, Vt. January 21 1853

"Miss Ellen: * * * * We have on the whole quite a time here at home—all the children gone but Emma, and Pa gone more or less—say two days or more in a week—so that those of us at home have not much to do but eat oysters and take care of ourselves. This is quite enough if we keep ourselves as we should do, that is from all appearance (and in fact) of evil—for you know that evil communications corrupt good manners and a person is known by the company he keeps—that where the carcass is, that there the vultures &c &c will gather themselves together. A specimen is seen almost daily on almost our very threshold. Only think there was a *Ball* at Mr. Hydes last night and what a collection of all the gentility of this town and county, you must guess, for I was not there and so can't tell. I called in today (Friday) and just took a look round about and could give something of a guess whether any well bred lady or gentleman would be like to attend more than once at such a place, though I don't intend to slander my neighbors—all very nice I presume for such as like such proceedings—but who that has any capacity for mental enjoyment can like such parties? But enough, as I did not intend to write much and that for *Bunkum*. Now in earnest, be ever careful and watchful over all your conduct and be sure that you are in the right way, and then go ahead."

In the late fifties Harvey (he was never called William) decided on college—Middlebury. George preferred to go into business and therefore started west to make his fortune. He was twenty-two at the time of his departure in 1858. Everywhere he went he was either near or with relatives or other Vermonters trying to gain a foothold in the West.

George's letters are interesting for they show just the conditions of today, the almost hopeless effort at finding openings for useful and profitable service.

The family circle, with atlas close at hand, followed the son through Ohio, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa. He questioned seriously buying a farm in Wisconsin. About this time grandfather wrote him:

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"You find yourself I suppose among strangers mostly all of them in pursuit of something. Some perhaps for wealth and otherwise for what they call honor, or happiness. You, "I suppose, observe them all and will learn what you can"

Father went on down the Mississippi. He liked the south, and almost decided to stay there. But the hills of Vermont called him home.

In '61 grandfather himself went to Iowa, evidently another of his western visits combining a sight-seeing tour and a visiting of relatives. He evidently saw his nieces at this time, daughters of Content Button Wylie. One of the letters written to him while away from home came back with him and was tucked away in the linen bag. The letter says that Harvey talks of enlisting in the war as a three months' volunteer.

In '62 he joined the 12th Vt. Regiment, Co. K., a company in which many of his college friends and other Vermont college men enlisted as volunteers.

A large pile of letters written to various members of the family, all carefully saved, tell the story repeated in many similar collections of Civil War letters.

There was scarcely a house in Wallingford, my Aunt Ellen told me, where there were not anxious people watching for news from someone at the front. With fear, every morning, the list of dead or wounded was read in the *Rutland Herald*. Women gathered to scrape linen for lint to be used in hospitals, and to make bandages, tasks suggestive to us of the work we did in the World War, and of the work women will do as long as war is allowed. And always we will cry out, "It could have been prevented!"

The sending of postage stamps, stationery, clothing, and provisions, was a vent for imprisoned emotions. My uncle fared well, for he speaks often of preserved pears, maple sugar, pickles, cake, and other good things that made their way to camp.

The receiving and sending of letters was a blessing.

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

In 1875, at seventy-five years of age, grandfather had seen many changes. The little house of the thirties was now a roomy rambling structure, heated by stoves below, and by little wood stoves in every bedroom.

As in the fifties and in the sixties, many guests still came and went. None were more welcome than his little grandsons Frederick and William, sons of Harvey. As years went on, these lads became a part of Wallingford life as every vacation was spent at grandfather's. They later were of the famous group—the Paul Harris, Percy Williams, Birney Batcheller clan, of whose exploits there should be an authorized version—otherwise some day the tales we hear will be augmented beyond belief!

I have searched grandfather's diaries for the last ten years of his life—1875-1885. They reveal nothing of his personal feelings. The weather, the text of the Sunday morning sermon, the prospect for crops and the like—little more.

One can judge only from the atmosphere of the home to the last, that he never regretted his early planned course and that he would say with Benjamin Franklin that he would be willing to run the same course again.

At eighty he knew he was considered a successful lawyer. Many of his cases had been taken to the Supreme Court of the State and were even in his life-time considered as precedent cases.

But it is chiefly as Judge of Probate of Rutland County for over twenty years that he became a familiar figure in Rutland County. In later years he wore a high silk hat, a dark grey wool shawl, and carried a cane or umbrellas as the weather dictated.

Some still recall that it was considered something of a joke to ask him at the railroad station, "Going to Rutland today, Judge?" "I intend to do so, if the train goes."

Caution seems to have been both inherent and cultivated in grandfather. In money matters he was most discreet. His investments were in mortgages chiefly—investments he could watch.

THE BUTTONS, THE JACKSONS AND THE MILLERS

To the entreaties of his sons, first George suggesting get-rich-quick through loans for 25 to 30% in the late fifties in the west, and again from Harvey five years later, who was confident all Wallingford would grow wealthy were the rich dwellers of Otter Valley to invest in western enterprises, grandfather turned a deaf ear. I fancy he was interested in the enthusiasm of youth, but for himself, he preferred to play safe.

As he saw the needs of his children, all of whom called for his financial assistance, I wonder if he felt differently regarding his 1835 opinions of the seeking for wealth. In 1880 he estimated in his yearly inventory, his estate as worth a little over \$10,000. He had sufficient for his needs and some to spare. Thus he was fulfilling his own vision.

To his second wife, Sarah Miller, he owed much as a most competent household manager. To her little granddaughter, she showed a little less discipline than that given to her niece, Julia, back in 1851.

"Drink your milk, Nellie. The cream on it is excellent for you." "I can't drink it, grandma, if I see the cream on it." A long wait. Nellie does not drink the milk. Grandmother eventually takes the tumbler away, skims off the cream, or stirs it into the milk and returns with the desired change.

This daughter of Loraine Jackson, the first white child born in Wallingford, was a handsome woman to her last days. Delicate in features, dainty in dress, she was an excellent example of the New England gentlewoman, who read intelligently, enjoyed cultured people, and yet spent many hours in her kitchen, superintending a large household, aided by more or less incompetent help.

If wishes were horses, I should have again the setting of the Button cottage as it was fifty years ago. Above the wall that holds the front terraced ground was a white fence made of boards that overlapped as do the clapboards of the house. The fence was about three feet high and was topped by beveled boards laid flat

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along its length. This top was about eight inches wide, just wide enough to tempt a little girl to run its course. One of the few memory pictures I have of grandfather is his lifting me from this fence, and placing me on the ground. "Nellie might fall and hurt herself!"

Between the house and office was a fence five feet high that shut off the sight of the garden from the street. Large gates, that hung on hinges, shut off the driveway.

The garden was a delight, with almost every foot of ground put to some use. Back of his office building was a long row of bee hives, which he tended himself with much pleasure. Apples, early summer, fall and winter varieties; five varieties of pear trees; several cherry trees; plum trees; grape vines, growing on trellises; currants, raspberries, and gooseberries; and an excellent vegetable garden—all these were a source of pleasure and profit. He liked to try the unusual. One year he raised sweet potatoes successfully; another a small crop of peanuts.

The kitchen chamber—an unfinished room over the kitchen—was a pleasant place in late fall with its large trays of drying peas, and beans, and shelled corn. From the rafters hung bunches of sage, corn left on the cob, tansy, peppermint, and other herbs gathered in the fields and woods. A vinegar barrel in the corner was always filled each season at the cider mill. Pumpkin and squash, vegetable oysters, beets and carrots packed in sand, were stored away in the cellar. There also a long hanging shelf and a wall cupboard each fall season were loaded with glass jars filled with fruit grown on the place.

Each autumn, too, large boxes of honey were stored away, after one of the best boxes had been taken to the parsonage. Even to the last, work in the garden, the care of his hens and of his bees, gave him pleasure.

In these days of whirlwind living, it is hard to estimate such a life, lived in the middle years between the days of the earliest

THE BUTTONS, THE JACKSONS AND THE MILLERS

settlers and our present day. A study of successive generations is interesting, but a paper of this length permits only the giving of suggestive ideas.

Grandsire Capt. Matthias might have returned to England, with the coming of the Commonwealth, and lived with comparative ease on ancestral lands. Instead he cast his lot after 1644 with the settlers of Haverhill, where he ended his days. His choice of Haverhill is significant. In spite of the changes following the coming of Winthrop, Haverhill had kept for some time some of the aims of the men who came with the little ship, *Abigail*. I wonder if any of his many descendants have ever known keener disappointment than he, for he lived to see the aims of that brave company of the *Abigail*, lost in the greed of trade, and saw the ideas of his own group overshadowed by aims of the Pilgrims, who had from the first desired separation from the Church of England and its more liberal religious views.

In the life of his great-grandson, we find a parallel situation. Each held to what he considered right. Charles Button's adherence to Tory principles in 1772-3 was criticized by those who followed his age, but time has shown the wisdom of his faith in established law and order and the danger of mob violence. Like his grandsire, Capt. Matthias, he stayed with the country of his choice. When many settlers in this sections of the Otter River fled after the Battle of Hubbardton, the Buttons stayed on their land.

In 1820-1880 it was still Tory conservatism that showed in much that grandfather did. In politics, as such, he took no interest. He voted always the Republican ticket, the outgrowth of the Tory party.

Buttons, Millers, Jacksons, similar in taste and sentiments, every one of them delighted in our beautiful Wallingford valley. All were concerned, too, with its best welfare, and it is good that so many of their dreams have come true. May there ever dwell here "men to match our mountains."

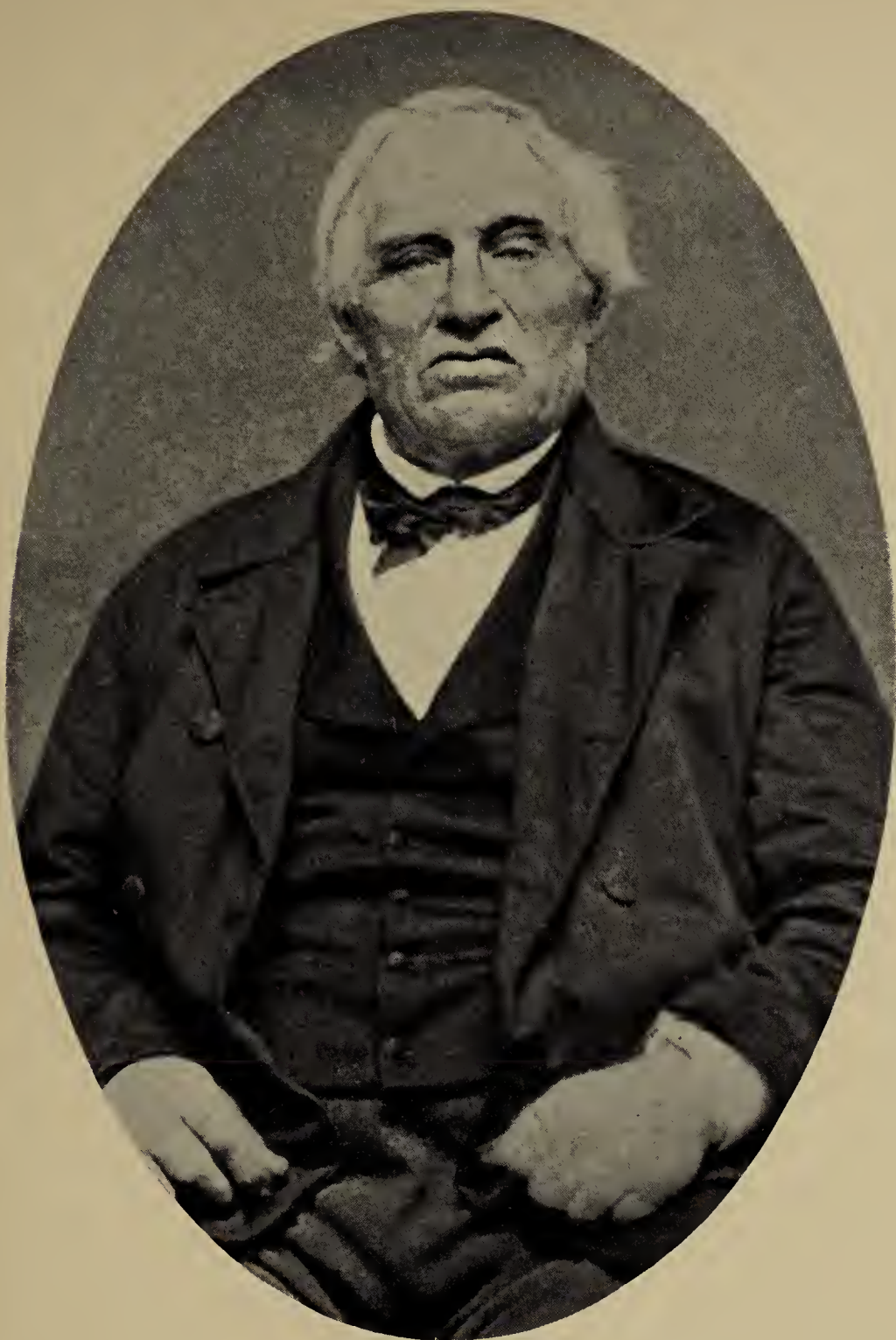
V. THE BALLOUS AND THE ANDREWS

By REV. WILLIAM JOHN BALLOU

THE Ballou family in Wallingford had its beginning in this country in Rhode Island where Maturin Ballou bought a farm from Roger Williams. Some of the family moved from Rhode Island to Richmond, N. H. From there John, the son of Seth, came to Shrewsbury, Vt., before the year 1800; and from Shrewsbury he moved to Wallingford where he settled on a farm about a mile north of the village on the road to East Clarendon, and this became the old Ballou homestead.

The first Ballou to enter Vermont was Seth Ballou of Richmond, N. H. He was a member of a large reception committee which the people of New Hampshire got up to welcome General Burgoyne and his Indians at Fort Ticonderoga when they came down from Canada in 1777. The reception was not a success from the American point of view, so Seth went home to Richmond where he died the next year; and about twenty years later his son John came up to Vermont and stayed.

John's great-granddaughter was Ella M. Ballou, who was the first woman court stenographer in this country. For many years she was the court reporter for Rutland and Addison Counties. At the time of the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893 a book was published telling of the different lines of work in which women had



LINCOLN ANDREWS (ANDRUS), 1796-1887

THE BALLOUS AND THE ANDREWS

made a success in this country. Ella M. Ballou's picture and a story of her life appeared in this publication. She died July 29, 1937.

John Ballou's great grandson, William Sabin Ballou, married Esther Amanda, the daughter of Lincoln and Esther Hulett Andrews. Lincoln Andrews, Jr. (for a time spelled Andrus) was the son of Lincoln Andrews and Amy Short who came to Dorset, Vt., from Taunton, Mass.

Lincoln Andrews, Jr. (or Andrus) lived on a farm at the foot of the cascades on the old road to Tinmouth, and was one of the jolly jokers of his time.

One day there came along to his house a peddler having for sale among other things an ointment for the itch. "Link" told the man that he had no use for this ointment but across the meadows to the east, where a fine house could be seen, there lived a man by the name of Goodyear Clark, who, while living in a good deal of style, was much afflicted with this trouble. And while Mr. Clark might deny it, "Link" knew there was much need of the ointment in his home, and if the peddler persisted he thought that he could effect a worth-while sale. The man went cheerfully on his way. On arriving at Mr. Clark's house he presented his wares and stressed the merits of the itch ointment. At length Mr. Clark became irritated at the man's persistence and showed it in his speech. But the peddler told him that he need not get provoked about it because a neighbor had told him how much Mr. Clark stood in need of a cure. Thereupon Mr. Clark asked if it was the neighbor who lived over there to the west of his farm. He was told that that was the man; and immediately there were explanations but no sale of itch ointment by the peddler. And Mr. Clark said, "He has made fools of both of us!"

At another time, in some way being short of flour at home, Lincoln Andrews went with a pail to Goodyear Clark's to borrow some. On arriving at the house he found that the Clarks had com-

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pany and the nature of his errand rather embarrassed "Link" in the presence of the company, so he transferred his embarrassment by saying to Mr. Clark that he had come to see if he could get the return of that flour which Mr. Clark had borrowed of him some time before!

However, it was no one-sided affair with these practical jokers. When a new merchant came to town Goodyear thought it no more than a kindly thing to caution him concerning certain individuals and particularly a Lincoln Andrews, who was inclined to be "light fingered." When "Link" appeared at the store for the first time the new merchant, having been duly warned, was right at his elbow every minute.

When "Link" went to help himself to pipe and tobacco, which in those days was always furnished by the merchant for the men who sat around the stove and talked, the merchant promptly told "Link" that he would get it for him. "Link" having noted the close and constant attention given him by the new merchant, and this sudden activity to keep him from going to the cellar way, where the box of tobacco and pipes were kept, asked somewhat indignantly what was the matter with the merchant. The man replied that he need not become indignant for he had already been warned to keep an eye on Lincoln Andrews. Whereupon "Link" wanted to know who had been so solicitous for the welfare of the merchant respecting himself; and had no difficulty in quickly running down the matter to Goodyear Clark. At the same time the burden of anxiety was lifted from the merchant when he learned that one of the leading citizens of the town was not "light fingered."

It is a pleasure to think that in those old days of hard work and more simple living the people appear to have had just as much fun and enjoyment in life as those who live in modern times.

The children of Lincoln Andrews (Andrus) and Esther Hulett Andrews were as follows:

THE BALLOUS AND THE ANDREWS

Charles, born October 26, 1828; died February 10, 1863.

Loraine Harriet, born March 30, 1830; died August 27, 1898.

Ann Eliza, born December 3, 1832; died June 25, 1924.

Married William Waldo April 20, 1853.

Mary, born January 14, 1836; died June 18, 1894.

Married Almerin Hart July 21, 1874.

Esther Amanda, born March 28, 1841; died May 23, 1918.

Married William S. Ballou December 29, 1864.

Henry, born January 1, 1844; died January 20, 1850.

William Sabin Ballou, the son of John Jr. and Sophia Sabin, was born in Wallingford, Vermont, on September 13th, 1831. When a young man he spent several years, previous to 1860, as a clerk in New York City.

About 1860 he returned to Wallingford for reasons of health and engaged in mercantile and insurance business. He was also postmaster for a good number of years until the spring of 1882, when he sold his business to Myron Rogers, and with his wife and his sons, Henry Lincoln and William John, moved to Cheyenne, Wyoming, then a territory, and engaged in ranching.

After four years in Wyoming he developed heart trouble that prevented his living in the high altitude of that country. He then sold out his interest in cattle raising and returned to Wallingford where he soon after bought the feed store and gristmill of Frank Johnson. He conducted this business until failing health caused him to retire from active life. He died on the 11th of November in the year 1898. He held minor town offices and was highly esteemed as an upright, Christian citizen.

His wife, Esther Amanda Andrews, was born March 28th, 1841; and as a young lady studied at Troy Conference Academy in Poultney. At the outbreak of the Civil War she was teaching in La Grange Female College of La Grange, Tennessee, and returned home in 1861 on the last train to the North from that sec-

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tion of the country. On the 29th of December, 1864, she married William S. Ballou.

She was a woman of unusual personal charm, brilliancy of mind, genial spirit and beautiful Christian life.

John David Ballou, son of John Jr. and only brother of William Sabin Ballou, was born in Wallingford, Vermont, November 2, 1827; and died December 23, 1898. He married Phebe A. Bruce, July 16, 1850. After her death on May 15, 1875, he married for his second wife Sarah Allen Rounds of Hartsboro on March 5, 1878. No children were born of these marriages.

The entire life of John D. Ballou was spent in Wallingford. His trade was that of a wheelwright. He could make anything from a wheelbarrow to a water wheel to furnish power for a mill or factory, and also the flume to carry water for the wheel. In carpentry he could make anything from a shingle to the house it roofed, and produce fine pieces of cabinet furniture to furnish the house. One of the last things he made was a writing desk with a flat top covered with felt and having two rows of drawers on each side. It was made of black walnut. Apparently there was nothing he could not do in making things of wood, and his wagons were a long time in wearing out.

He was one of the old time skilled artisans, versatile in many ways and equal to all demands made upon him; a type of craftsman which has nearly passed from the life of New England where it was once fairly common.

He was also a man whose word was as good as his bond; a quiet spoken, upright man of the highest Christian character, and very fond of flowers and the things that grew in the woods.

For a good number of years he was employed by the Batcheller Brothers in their fork manufactory and was a beloved friend of theirs throughout his life.

VI. THE FOX FAMILY

THE first member of the Fox family to live in Wallingford was William, a descendant of Thomas Fox, who came from London, England, prior to 1638, and lived in Cambridge, Mass. William was the sixth generation in this country. The following quotation is taken from "A History of that part of the Fox Family Descended from Thomas Fox," by N. M. Fox.

"William Fox was born June 28, 1760, probably at Newburg, N. Y. His father died when he was about two years old. His mother returned with two little boys to her native place, Woodstock, Conn. We know very little about William's early life. He seems to have gained the reputation of being a wild, adventurous boy, and when the war of the Revolution broke out he enlisted in the army. He was but little over sixteen years of age at the time and did not probably take this step by the advice, or even the consent, of his friends, for his brother John thought it necessary to enlist for the purpose of taking care of him. Some months after they joined the army William was attacked with camp fever and reduced so low as to be almost helpless. While in this condition the alarm was given that the enemy was advancing. The long roll called every man to his post. John placed water and food within reach of his sick brother, then took leave of him, both fully realizing if the enemy were victorious there was little chance that they

would ever meet again. John shouldered his gun and started for the parade ground, but as he passed around the tent he heard William whisper his name with all the force he could muster, he was so reduced he could not speak aloud, John returned and, bending down over the sick brother asked what he wanted. 'Give it to them, John; damn them, give it to them,' replied the helpless boy, sinking back apparently satisfied to die alone if his brother would fulfill his last request. The alarm proved to be false. John had time to nurse his brother back to health before any action took place, but it is not probable that he found it possible to watch over William or control his actions. John remained in the army between four and five years. William was in the service three years and ten months, part of the time acting as a scout, for which his early experience as a hunter had well qualified him. At one time he was detailed to serve on a small sloop-of-war that the colonists kept cruising off the coast. The confined life on board this vessel was very unpleasant to one of his active habits, the weather was cold and stormy and the time for which he had agreed to serve on the vessel had long expired. There was no prospect that other men would be sent to take the place of the present crew. Under these circumstances Fox and two or three others concluded to leave the naval service and rejoin the regiments. One dark night they secured a boat and quietly left the vessel. They had gone but a short distance when the alarm was given and they heard the order given to fire a certain gun. Fox was the captain of that gun. His absence caused a few minutes delay, so that the boat was lost in the darkness before a gun could be fired. They landed in safety and made their way to the army, where they were secure in the friendship and protection of the officers of their regiment. It must have been at the close of his term of service under a call for the militia that he was engaged in the defense of an outpost at the time his uncle, Sergeant Jabez Fox, was killed. . . . The war in the northern states was now

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pretty nearly ended. Fox went back to Woodstock but did not remain long at that place. Rutland County, Vermont, was then a frontier settlement, and many of the young men who had served in the army were leaving the old homes and striking out for the new country. Going with the tide William found himself after a weary march in this land of promise. We are not informed in regard to the amount of wealth he possessed at the time, but it was probably little more than the clothing he had on. It was necessary to earn a living and he hired to a man named Spafford at six dollars per month. His employer was clearing a new farm and steady chopping was the work required. The hardships, privations and loneliness of this new life often brought to his mind the comforts of the home he had left, but he did not change the resolution he had formed of making his own way in the world. Within a few months from the time he reached Vermont he had married Miss Philena White, a daughter of one of the early settlers; had bought a tract of land in the town of Tinmouth and commenced clearing a farm for himself. Game was abundant in those early days. Deer, bears and wolves found shelter in the dense evergreen forest that covered the mountains. Fox and his father-in-law, White, were very successful hunters, and it is recorded that they killed ten bears in a hunt of thirteen days.

"There is a story told of Fox and some of the other settlers building a wolf trap which they baited with a live sheep. The place where the trap was set was at considerable distance from their homes and it was arranged that each in turn should supply the sheep with hay and water. The particular day on which each man should attend to this duty was specified. It is not likely that the sheep doomed to play such an unpleasant part in the game was a very choice specimen of the flock, for when the first man brought his bundle he found that the old sheep had no further use for hay and was, in short, as dead as mutton. Quickly he departed, leaving his useless load as a witness that he had fulfilled

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his part of the contract but saying nothing to the rest of the party about the untimely death of the sheep. The next one made the journey and, taking in the situation at a glance, followed the example of his predecessor. Each succeeding day saw a man tramping off into the mountains with a bundle of hay to feed a dead sheep until the last one of the party had been on this fool's errand; then they met to enjoy the joke.

"Four or five years after marriage Fox sold or exchanged his farm in Tinmouth for one in Wallingford where he resided the remainder of his life. It was a very pleasant place that he secured for a home and the house he built is still standing, though nearly a century has passed since it was completed. Fox became popular with the townsmen and held office of justice of the peace and town clerk for thirty years. Was also member of the legislature for twenty years. In the discharge of his duty as magistrate he probably married more couples than any other justice in the state. The fee for the ceremony was a silver dollar and as Fox invariably handed the dollar he received from the groom to the bride there were few ladies so indifferent to their own interests as to allow any other justice to perform the ceremony. His decisions were so just and equitable that it is said none of them were ever reversed in the higher courts. William Fox, Esq., married Philena White in Rutland County, Vermont, 1780. She was born October 1762. He died February 17, 1822 at Wallingford, Vermont. She died at the same place July 3, 1817."

If William Fox enlisted in the Continental Army when the war broke out and served three years and ten months his discharge must have been about the end of 1779. He married the following year, 1780, at Tinmouth, and his first child was born there August 24, 1781. From these facts we conclude that he came to Tinmouth in the spring or summer of 1780. Eight years then elapsed before he obtained title to a farm of one hundred acres, located on the east road about three quarters of a mile north of



DR. JOHN FOX, 1781-1853



SADDLEBAGS OF DR. JOHN FOX

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"Cobb's Corner." During these eight years four children were born, namely, John, William, Jr., Elenor and Fanny. He paid sixty-seven pounds (about \$300) for the farm, which is evidence of hard labor and thrift during those years.

Apparently he was not satisfied with the Tinmouth farm, for on February 18, 1791 he purchased of Salathiel Bumpus for sixty-one pounds, twenty-three acres of land in Wallingford, located on the west side of the highway about a mile south of the village, where the old Tinmouth Road branched from the highway. Two years later, November 1, 1793, he purchased of Asahel Jackson additional acreage farther west, along the old Tinmouth Road extending as far as the "school lot." This increased his holdings sixty-eight acres and gave him a farm of ninety-one acres. The cost of the second purchase was one-hundred twenty-four pounds, equivalent to about \$600. These purchases indicate his business ability and industry, for it is assumed that he came to Tinmouth with nothing more than the clothes on his back.

In November 1800, Jesse Fairchild deeded land to William Fox, lying between the highway and the Creek, adjoining the home farm of Benj. Bradley, for the sum of \$660.

In March 1802 Fox, with seven other persons, purchased the sawmill and a dwelling house in the village of Wallingford—property that seventy years later was a part of the plant of Batcheller & Sons. That same year he bought two acres with a dwelling house and barn located on the west side of the highway adjoining land of Daniel Douglass, Jonathan Thompson and Philip Edgerton; and the following year, April 24, 1803, nine acres on the West Hill near the "school lot."

Thus, in a period of a dozen years he became the owner of considerable real estate; but his wealth did not consist entirely of property. He had a family of ten children growing up, only one, Laura, dying before reaching maturity. While he was industrious and a man of ability, no stretch of the imagination is required to

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visualize his wife, Philena, a busy woman with her household duties and the care of her children.

Besides the labor of cultivating his farm he built a house, part of which may be the "corn house" still standing on the farm now owned by William Merriam.

In 1797-98 he found time to perform the duties of Town Clerk, and in those same years he represented the town in the legislature. He was again elected in 1805 and each succeeding year to 1809. Then there was an interval of two years, after which he served three consecutive years, followed by a one year interval and four consecutive terms, the last of which was for the year 1818. He served once more, in 1821, the year before his death. Thus in fifteen popular elections he was chosen to represent his town in making the laws of the state; an unusual record. In the legislature he was chairman of Committee on Petitions of Collectors of State Taxes, and a member of many committees to which petitions were referred in conjunction with Committees from Council. (The Senate was not created until 1836. Before that date there was a House of Representatives and a Governor's Council.)

In 1795, from October 8th until the 27th, the legislature met at Windsor; in 1797 from February 4th until March 10th at Rutland; in 1805 from October 10th until November 11th at Danville; in 1806 from October 9th until November 11th at Middlebury; in 1807 from October 8th until November at Woodstock; and thereafter at Montpelier, usually from the early part of October until the early part of November. The average length of the sessions was thirty-one days. Thus, for fifteen years, Fox gave one month each year to legislative duties, involving travel to and from the sessions when traveling in Vermont was slow and laborious.

Besides serving in the legislature, he found time to serve as Selectman for the years 1808 to 1812, inclusive.

The name of William Fox is found among those who attended

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a meeting called on the 21st of July, 1802, to consider forming a Congregational Society. We have no other record of his interest in affairs of the church.

When we consider the accomplishments of William Fox—his coming into the wilderness with nothing but determination to make a home; his energy which enabled him to clear the forest and gradually acquire property; his large family; his public service to the town and to the state; all of this done before he was sixty years of age—he deserves to be placed among the outstanding citizens of his time.

At the time of his death in 1822 William Fox's property comprised his home farm of one hundred-two acres, valued at \$2,200; personal property consisting of live stock, farming tools, household furnishings, etc., \$411.88; or a total of \$2,611.88. Against this were claims by persons outside the family amounting to \$1,053.33.

The following are his children.

John, born August 24, 1781; died June 17, 1853.

William, Jr., born June 10, 1784; died April 7, 1872.

Elenor, born March 20, 1786; died August 28, 1858.

Fanny, born January 21, 1788; died February 26, 1823.

Mary, born February 8, 1790; died June 30, 1827.

George M., born February 16, 1792; died October 15, 1819.

Marvin, born December 25, 1794; died——.

Laura, born January 26, 1797; died July 12, 1820.

Philena, born July 7, 1799; died——.

Priscilla, born May 16, 1802; died May 18, 1818.

The Fox Genealogy states that John, son of William Fox, was born in Tinmouth, August 24, 1781, consequently he was less than nine years of age when the family moved to Wallingford where he grew up. He spent his boyhood on his father's farm and

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doubtless attended the village school. Choosing the medical profession for his life work his preparation began by three years study of medicine with Dr. Z. Hamilton of Wallingford and of surgery with Dr. Ezekiel Porter of Rutland. He was licensed to practice by the first Vermont State Medical Society in 1807, according to the custom of the times, there being no medical institution in the state. Subsequently, when the Medical College was established at Castleton, he received a degree of M.D. from that institution.*

May 12, 1807, he married Mary (often called Polly) Crary, daughter of Elias Crary of Wallingford. She was then nineteen years of age.

In the Vermont Historical Magazine we read: "He commenced his practice in Tinmouth. This was probably owing to an agreement which he entered into with Dr. Hamilton, that he would not practice medicine in Wallingford under three years after he should complete his profession; but this agreement being fulfilled, he immediately returned here [Wallingford] and commenced practice, which he continued up to the last week of his life.

"As a medical practitioner Dr. Fox early gained, and ever afterwards retained the full confidence of the community. He was regarded as particularly skillful in surgical operations; but so eminent did he become, in all branches of his profession, that his services were frequently sought for in extreme cases, twenty or thirty miles away.

"The prevalence of what was called the 'Epidemic Fever,' in 1813, made that year the most trying one in his professional career. This was a fever which at first broke out in the army, and which subsequently spread through different sections of the state. It is related of him that he was often so fatigued by his labors at

* History of the Fox Family by N. M. Fox, p. 103.

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this period, that he would go to sleep while standing; for it was never his habit to spare himself when others, on account of their sufferings, required his services."

Dr. Fox believed in good food and plenty of it. No doubt his strenuous life demanded it. Whenever asked by a member of a patient's family what to feed a convalescent he often replied, "Be sure you do not let him get hold of any of your iron ware."

He was called to visit a very poor family in Tinmouth on a cold winter's day. He concluded from what he saw that the trouble was mostly caused by a too meager diet. He left a little medicine and said he would send later in the day whatever else they might need. He came home, packed a large box with food, including a quantity of salt pork, and sent it to the family as he had promised.

The practice of medicine in Wallingford during the first half of the nineteenth century was a severe tax upon the physical strength of the practitioner, which can be better appreciated when one considers the state of the roads and the means of transportation. The population of the village was small; most of the people were scattered about on farms, farming being the chief occupation. The main highway in 1820 was hardly suitable for carriage traffic, justifying the conclusion that the hill roads were little more than trails. Under these conditions travel was mostly on horseback, which compelled a doctor to spend many weary hours in the saddle. We are fortunate in having visual evidence of the manner in which Dr. Fox made his daily rounds to relieve those who were ill. His saddlebags, packed with medicine of various sorts to meet almost any emergency, have been preserved to us, just as they were laid aside by the venerable doctor. They are shown facing page 141. Wrinkled and worn, the service they rendered is apparent. They were found in the attic of his son's house; that is to say, in the house of Dr. William C. Fox of Wallingford, and their history from that time to this is as follows:

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

after the death of Dr. William C. Fox in 1880, his house was bought and occupied by Dr. W. E. Stewart who found the saddlebags in the attic. In 1898 Dr. J. H. Buffum purchased the Fox property and Dr. Stewart passed the bags on to him. Later Dr. Buffum moved to Wallingford, Connecticut. In 1933 the writer was a guest at Dr. Buffum's and was shown the saddlebags. Since then Dr. Buffum has sent them back to Wallingford, Vermont, to be placed in a suitable public building where they will be preserved.

The contents of the bags are described by Dr. Buffum as follows:

"There are several brown-paper-wrapped packages of herbs, a package of salts and two bottles. I will list below the herbs that are labeled and give their principal uses, as far as I can determine the same.

Snake Root—*Cimicifuga*, a supposed antidote to the bite of a rattle snake. Large doses produce marked nervous depression. Used in Dropsy, Hysteria and Rheumatism.

Cascara—(*Rhamnus Frangula*) (*Rhamnus Purshiana*) Bark.

Calisaya—*Chinchona* Bark. There are several varieties known generally as Peruvian Bark, and used as tonic antiperiodic, also empirically in intermittent fever.

Pickra—*Picra*. The power of aloes with canella, formerly officinal, employed as a cathartic.

Sulphate of Zinc—Emetic, Tonic, Astringent and Caustic.

Capsicum—Tonic, and used in indigestion for flatulence, also externally as a rubefacient.

Orris Root—Cathartic, Emetic and Diuretic.

Santonin—Used as an anthelmintic.

Salts—Cathartic.

(Statements as to uses of drugs largely summarized from the 15th edition of *The Dispensatory of the United States of America*, Published in 1885.)"

Dr. Emelie M. Perkins makes the following comments:

THE FOX FAMILY

"The contents of the old saddlebags are interesting, as showing the armamentarium of the physician of an earlier day. We feel that nowadays we use fewer drugs than the earlier physicians used, but if the saddlebags contained his whole stock, his variety was much less than ours, although perhaps he used the individual drugs more. The lack of vaccines and serums, unknown at that time, is noticeable. Also it is interesting to note the absence of the proprietary drugs and combinations which are so much used now.

"Among his drugs are cascara, santonin and salts, which are all still stand-bys in the medical profession. No cathartic has replaced cascara or salts in the various forms. Santonin is still much used in the treatment of intestinal worms.

"Of the other drugs found in the saddlebags, some are not used at all now, as far as I know, and some are used to a certain extent, but probably not as commonly as formerly. *Cimicifuga*, 'Snake Root,' was used for a number of conditions. It was supposed to be an antidote for the bite of the rattlesnake. As far as I know, we have no need of it for that condition now. It was also used in the treatment of chorea, rheumatism, neuralgia, headache, and for some diseases of women.

"Chinchona Bark, 'Calisaya,' is used now in the form of quinine. It is the standard treatment for malaria, which fortunately is very rare in Vermont. It is also used in combination with other drugs in the treatment of colds.

"Picra, the powder of aloes with canella, is not used in that form now, I think, but aloes is a common ingredient of proprietary cathartics.

"Zinc sulphate, which I believe was formerly used a good deal as an emetic and tonic astringent, is now found principally in eye washes.

"Capsicum is still used in plasters, but is not ordinarily employed internally, as the owner of the saddlebags probably did use it.

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

"The nine drugs listed are all still included in the United States Pharmacopeia, and with the exception of *cimicifuga* and *orris* root, are still in fairly common use medicinally. *Cascara*, salts and *santonin* are probably used much as the owner of the saddlebags used them, but the other drugs are used in different forms, and probably in a more limited way than formerly."

The two bags with their contents weigh two and three quarters pounds. They are about seven inches high, eight inches wide and three inches thick, joined together by a leather web on which they hung across the saddle, the web now nearly torn apart, due to deterioration of the leather, but in other respects in good condition. Each bag is closed by a leather flap, secured by a buckle.

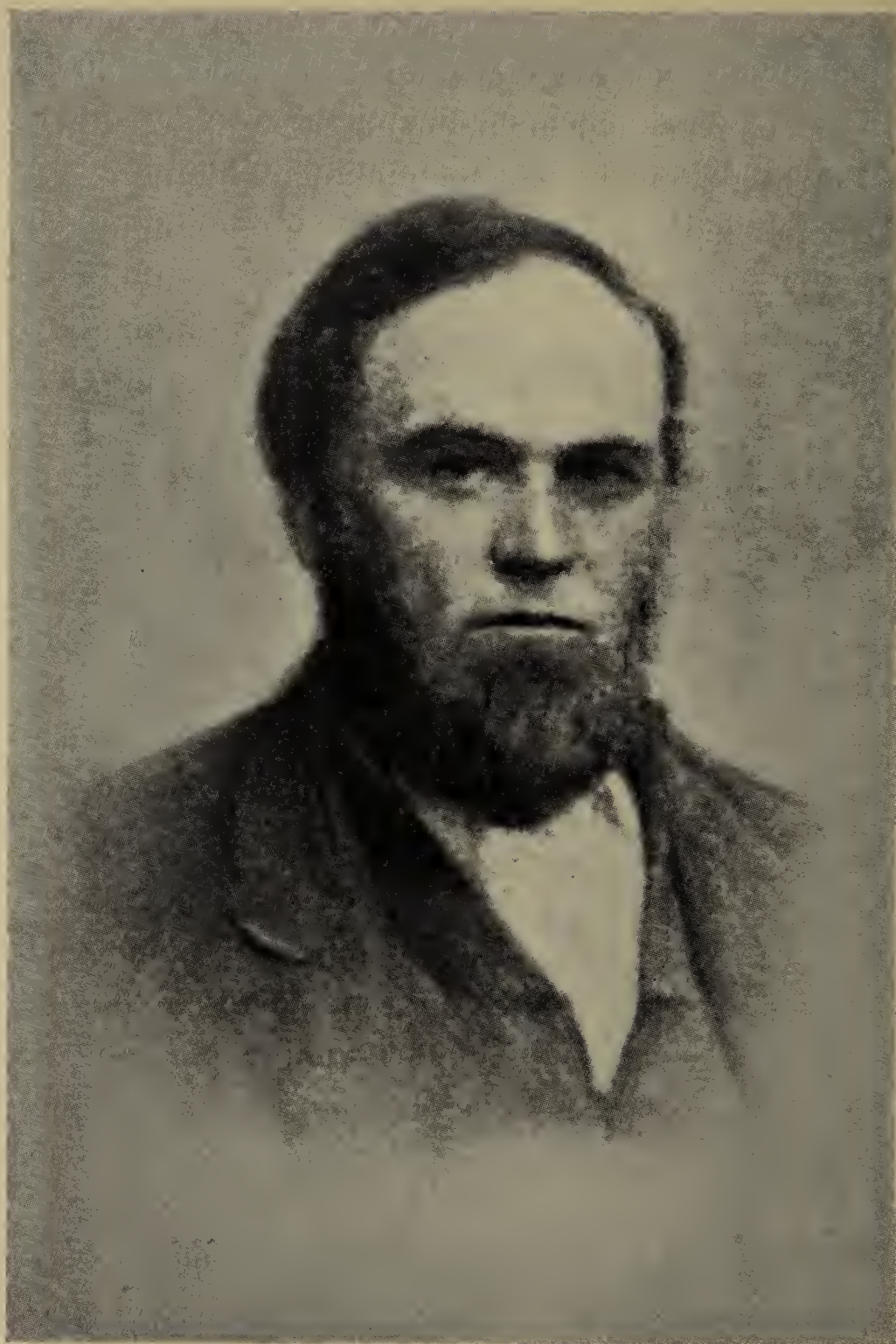
With a practice that extended over a considerable portion of Rutland County, Dr. Fox found time to represent Wallingford in the legislature for three successive years, 1822, 1823 and 1824. After an interval of fourteen years he again represented the town in 1838; and for three more terms in 1840, 1841 and 1842. He was county senator for the years 1846, 1847 and 1848. The sessions were held in the fall and lasted about a month.

A doctor has more intimate contact with the people of the community he serves than any other man, not excepting the minister and the lawyer. Adding to Dr. Fox's professional contacts an experience of ten years in the legislature, we must conclude that he attained a high position in the respect and esteem of his fellow citizens. His force of character is apparent in the accompanying portrait.

On March 20, 1811, four years after he married, Dr. John Fox purchased of Neri Cramton a house and lot located on the east side of Main Street, adjoining and south of the school house [chapel] lot, having an area of one and one-half acres, with a frontage on Main Street of one hundred ninety-eight feet. In 1825 he sold a portion of this lot, containing one quarter of an acre with ninety-five feet frontage on Main Street, to William



RESIDENCE OF DR. JOHN FOX, SOMEWHAT ALTERED



DR. WILLIAM C. FOX, 1811-1880

THE FOX FAMILY

Hall and Howard Harris. This land was originally a part of the Lent Ives farm, and the house was standing when Lent sold it to John Robbins, June 16, 1795. It must have been a simple frame house, built at such an early date. Probably Dr. Fox pulled down the frame house when he built the large brick house shown facing page 148, which we see standing today, in its day one of the finest houses in town. It was his home to the end of his life and was occupied by his wife and by Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Martindale, until the end of their lives.

Again quoting from the Fox Genealogy: "Mrs. Mary (Crary) Fox survived her husband many years. Her long and useful life demands something more than a passing notice. She was the daughter of Captain Elias Crary, commonly called 'Lefttenant' Crary, a name he bore from the time he held that office in the militia. He was a soldier of the Revolutionary War and one of the earlier settlers of the country. Mary, or as she was often called, Polly, at the age of nineteen married Dr. John Fox, a young physician who had just finished his studies. For nearly half a century she shared with him the labors and enjoyed the benefits that came from his successful career. It is said that he never returned home at any hour of either the day or night without receiving a warm welcome and finding everything in readiness for his comfort. At times when there was a great amount of sickness and the doctor, nearly worn out, would declare he could not go out again, she, with a few quiet words and a careful wrapping up, would send him forth upon his errand of mercy. She was a devoted Christian and for fifty years was an honored and influential member of the Congregational Church. She had an extensive acquaintance far and near; was respected and beloved by all who knew her. After the death of her husband in 1853 she resided with her daughter, Mrs. Edwin Martindale, until she was called to rest after a short but painful sickness, which she bore with meek submission and Christian fortitude."

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

An inventory of Dr. John Fox's estate included: house and lot, \$2,500; other real estate, \$1,565; intangibles, \$3,746.84; a total of \$7,811.84. After deducting claims and expenses there was left for distribution to the heirs, \$4,624.59.

The children of Dr. John and Mary Fox were:

Harriet, born October 3, 1809; died May 16, 1824.

William C., born July 4, 1811; died May 25, 1880.

Elizabeth, born November 11, 1813; died September 22, 1896.

Mary M., born May 28, 1817; died September 8, 1838.

John M., born April 22, 1825; died——1901.

George H., born March 22, 1830; died July 28, 1911.

William Fox, Jr., brother of Dr. John Fox, lived the first part of his life in Wallingford and is, therefore, entitled to a place in this chapter. In early life William worked on his father's farm. At the age of twenty he was a clerk in a store at Wallingford. He soon became a proprietor and for a number of years carried on a business, part of the time in partnership with Joel Hill. The firm of Fox and Hill manufactured potash, built and carried on a distillery, and owned and operated a brewery.

A mortgage is recorded and dated December 14, 1820, given by Joel Hill to John Fox, of a quarter of an acre of land lying on the east side of Main Street, where the Button house now stands, just north of True Temper Inn, with a store standing thereon. It is quite possible that William Fox, Jr., was a partner of Joel Hill in the business carried on in this store. The same mortgage includes also one half of a piece of land that Joel Hill and William Fox, Jr. bought of David Meachum, lying on the north side of Elm Street, containing one fourth of an acre, together with a brewery, malt house and dwelling house standing thereon.

In the "History of Rutland County, 1886," we read: "The distillery of Dr. Fox stood on the ground now covered by the house of Mrs. Wood. At a much earlier day James Sabin ran a distillery

THE FOX FAMILY

which was owned by William Fox, near the site of Arnold Hill's present residence. [On School Street opposite the school house.] It was burned about 1816."

Fox and Hill had been very successful during the first years of their partnership, but change of times, the burning of the distillery with a large stock of liquors, and other reverses, nearly swept away the earnings they had accumulated. These losses fell principally upon Fox, as Hill had furnished but a small part of the capital. After dissolving partnership and satisfying all claims, Fox found there was little left except his western lands: military lands given to soldiers of the war of 1812, of which he bought quite an amount, and, as they were unsalable, it was necessary to begin the world anew. During this time of uncertainty as to what his future course should be, he made two trips to Illinois, and would undoubtedly have moved to that state had not the parents and friends of his wife protested strongly against a separation so distant. As there was little inducement to remain in Vermont, he finally decided that he would remove to western New York. In the fall of 1827 he removed to that part of the country and in the spring of the year following settled on a farm of one hundred acres in Orleans County.

William Fox, Jr. was a man of great energy and industry. He was enterprising but the misfortunes of early life had made him cautious and prudent. He was not one who made a display of the affection he felt for his family but was ever mindful of their welfare, and by prudence and industry was able to make a fair provision for each of them. He was a man of more than usual intelligence. The lack of educational advantages in early life had been supplied by careful reading, traveling and mingling with different classes of society. His memory readily recalled the scenes of his long and eventful life. A keen sense of humor and flashes of wit gave point and interest to these narratives. He was well informed on all questions of the day, and few could reason

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

better on political movements that agitated the country. He was just and conscientious in his dealings with all men. The church with which he was connected received his liberal support, and in offices connected with its financial affairs he gave efficient aid. Family devotions were maintained in his household till the last year of his life.

William Fox, Jr. married Sarah Ives of Wallingford, August 27, 1806. They had five children.

In 1830, only a year after a degree was awarded to Dr. John Fox by the Vermont Academy of Medicine at Castleton, the same degree was awarded to his oldest son, Dr. William C. Fox, who had studied in his father's office and attended lectures at Castleton. After practicing medicine in Danby a short time the son returned to Wallingford where he continued to practice nearly fifty years. On May 8, 1834, he married Sophrona Sparhawk of Walpole, New Hampshire. They had been married but five years when she died June 29, 1839, leaving a daughter, Harriet S., two years of age. Eleven years after the death of his first wife Dr. Fox married Helen M. Sherman. There were two children by this second marriage but both died in childhood.

In 1860 Dr. Fox purchased of Franklin Post a tract of land lying on the east side of Main Street and the north side of Hull Avenue, where he established his home. The house is still standing, a large attractive building shown facing page 156. His office occupied the south wing. The writer clearly remembers seeing him sitting at his desk which stood against the north wall, a corpulent, jovial man, with a keen sense of humor, and a hearty laugh. The office was well stocked with drugs contained in bottles standing in orderly rows on shelves, giving the place an odor that is ordinarily associated with an apothecary's shop.

These recollections are not confined to Dr. Fox's office for he was our family physician. His "chalk" powders left a lasting im-

THE FOX FAMILY

pression on my youthful mind, for the attempt to conceal their bitter taste by covering them with currant jelly was not wholly successful. They created an abhorrence of currant jelly that lasted for years. He was always called "Dr. Bill," and preferred that name. I do not remember ever having seen him walking. He drove about the countryside visiting his patients in a "buckboard" vehicle; not the type having boards that stretched from the front to the rear axletree, but in place of boards leaf-springs, supporting a seat in the middle; a more elegant type of buckboard, and a type that gave comfort to the rider in driving over rough country roads. "Dr. Bill" was a large man who deflected the springs of his carriage severely and who occupied the greater part of the seat that may have been designed for two persons. Dr. Bill's father made his rounds on horseback, with medicines in saddlebags, but the country roads were so far improved that the son was able to visit his patients in a more comfortable conveyance.

When "Dr. Bill" was a young physician he had a case that baffled him. Seneca Townsend, son of Dyer Townsend, whose house stood on the north side of the old Tinmouth road just west of his father's residence, had been to the city and was taken ill soon after his return. "Dr. Bill" was called. After he had made his second visit he said to Dr. John Fox, "Father, Seneca Townsend is pretty sick and I don't know what is the matter with him. I wish you would go down there with me." In those days a sick person's room had about all the light and air carefully excluded. Dr. Fox entered the room before his son. He took one sniff of the stuffy air and turned about, saying, "Why, confound it, Bill, it is the small pox!" His diagnosis was correct.

One day when "Dr. Bill" was called to see a sick man, whom he had cured of many an ailment, the patient said to him, "Doctor, do you think that you can bring me out of this?" "Dr. Bill" paused thoughtfully for a moment and then said, "Yes, if it is not your last sickness."

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

"Dr. Bill" was very much esteemed by his professional brethren; his courtesy and professional honor were proverbial, but it was in the circle of his patients that he reigned supreme. He carried with him into the sick chamber a cheery confidence and an air of faithfulness and intelligence that was inspiring, and gave efficiency to his remedies. He rarely was succeeded by any other practitioner in any family; when once they employed him they ever after called him their physician and friend.

In the busy activity of his chosen profession he found little time for political pursuits, yet he held several town offices and represented the town in the legislature for the years 1852 and 1853. He was captain of a company of old militia and afterwards was the originator and commander of an independent rifle company that long existed in town.

He may be said to have died "in harness" for some of his prescriptions were not over ten days old when he passed away, May 25, 1880. During the last week he seemed impressed with the idea that it was his last sickness.

Dr. Bill's daughter Harriet married Dr. Cephas K. Martindale, September 3, 1856, and they made their home in La Crosse, Wisconsin. He died in 1870 and then she returned with her four children to Wallingford, making their home with her father. The children were Mary, Fred, Belle and Hattie; all most attractive. The afternoon "mixed" train—a long freight train with a single passenger car at the rear end—came in from Rutland. I was interested in noticing that a boy about my own age dropped off the rear steps of the train. I was told that his name was Fred Martindale, and that he had come with his mother and sisters to live in Wallingford. The children entered the public school and the family took a prominent part in the social life of the community. In 1878 Mrs. Martindale married Philip H. Emerson, who was a justice of the Federal court of Utah and the family there-

THE FOX FAMILY

after made their home in Ogden. This left "Dr. Bill" alone once more.

Dr. John Fox's daughter, Elizabeth, married Edwin Martindale who came to Wallingford in 1832. Mr. Martindale was a merchant with a "general" store on the southeast corner of Main and School Streets. He served as Town Clerk from 1869 to 1880 and Town Treasurer for twenty years. He represented the town in the legislature for the years 1855 and 1856. He was a trustee of the Rutland Savings Bank, director in the National Bank of Rutland and in the Merchants National Bank of the same place. He died in 1892.

Mrs. Martindale was an invalid for a long time and was confined to the house for nearly two years before her death. She was born in Wallingford November 1, 1813, and passed her entire life here, having lived in the house built by her father. She became a member of the Congregational Church in 1831 and at the time of her death was the oldest member. Mrs. Martindale was of a benevolent disposition and was always active in the welfare of the church.

The Fox Family has been well represented in the medical profession. Dr. George H. Fox, son of Dr. John Fox and younger brother of Dr. William C. Fox, after attending the schools of Wallingford, continued a college preparatory course in Troy Conference Academy, at Poultney, Vermont, in 1846, and at Castleton Academy in 1847. On account of poor health, he left the academy in 1848 and commenced the study of medicine in his father's office in Wallingford. After attending two courses of medical lectures, he was graduated in 1851 from the Vermont Academy of Medicine, Castleton. The following winter he pursued his studies in Philadelphia, and in 1853 in New York at the New York Medical College. He then returned to Wallingford and entered upon the practice of medicine, remaining until the

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

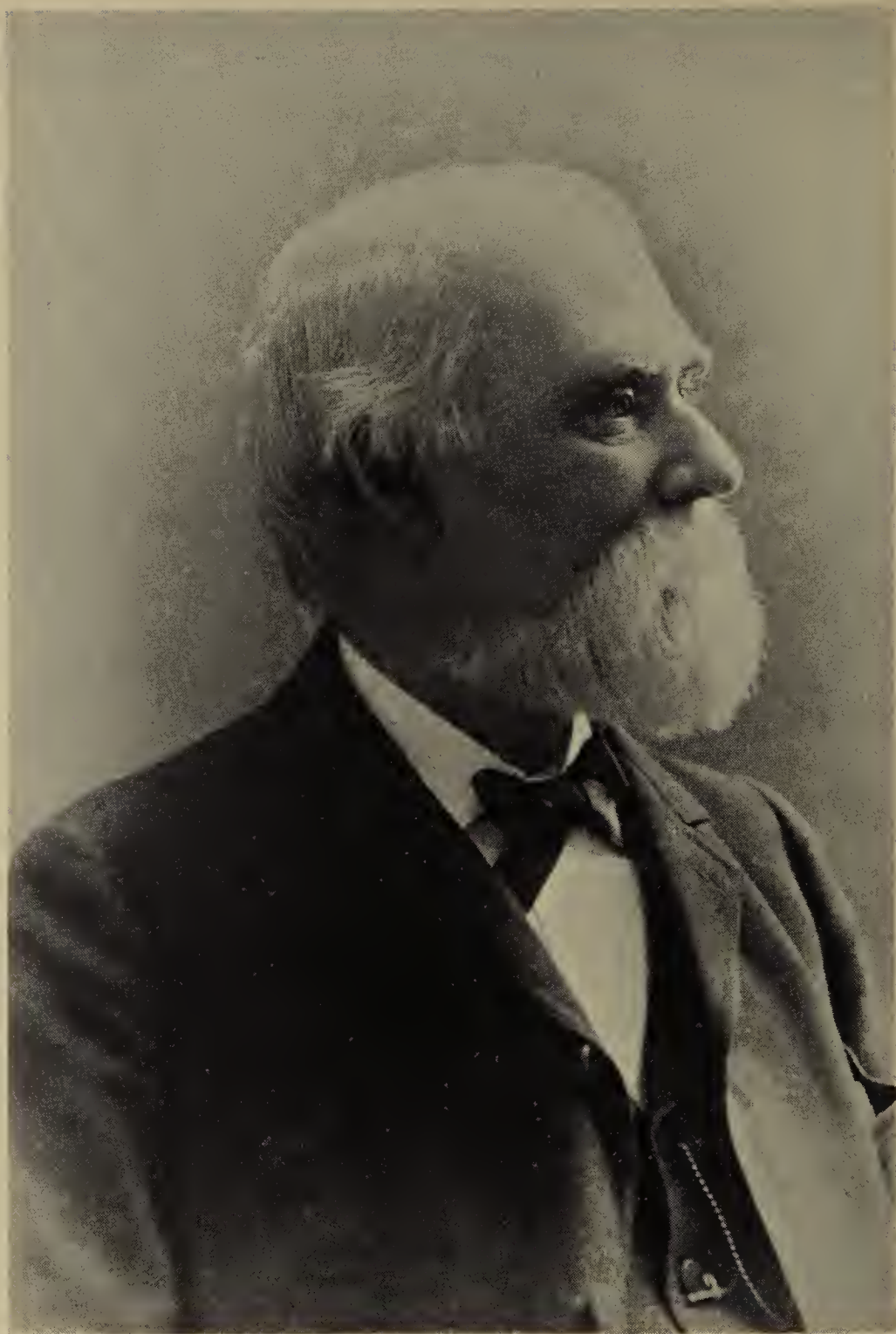
fall of 1863, when he removed to Rutland, a larger field. On account of poor health he gave up practice temporarily in 1865, but upon regaining his health in 1868 he resumed practice. Although not possessed of a vigorous constitution, he was a hard worker in the profession for nearly forty years.

He was a member of the Vermont State Medical Society; of the American Medical Association; was one of the founders of the Rutland Medical Club, and two years its president; was a member of the Medical Board of Pension Examiners when organized at Rutland during President Arthur's administration, was made its secretary, and so continued nearly four years,—until President Cleveland's first administration.

Dr. Fox was married, January 12, 1859, to Parmelia Harris, a daughter of Howard Harris of Wallingford.



RESIDENCE OF DR. WILLIAM C. FOX



DR. GEORGE FOX, 1830-1911

VII. THE MUNSON FAMILY

AN observant person driving through Wallingford will notice a number of substantial, handsome farmhouses along the highway for two or three miles south of the village. When approaching the village from the south the first house to attract attention is of red brick; rather narrow and deep without ornamentation; standing on the left, high above the road, with marble steps leading up to the front door; the style suggesting the colonial period, shown facing page 165. The land in rear of the house rises abruptly, providing a verdant background. Just south of the house there is a grove of tall elms, and strewn among them are huge blocks of marble that once were white but now are overgrown with grass and weeds. These came from an old quarry near by.

About a mile further north stands another similar red brick house but in an open location, on more level ground with a row of maple trees between it and the highway, shown facing page 161. The two houses are much alike, except in size, and must have been designed by the same architect or builder.

The next adjoining farm is owned by Mr. Arthur Davison. It is made conspicuous by a group of fine buildings, including a white frame house in colonial style, with a handsome doorway. The house stands on sloping ground above the road with a group of maple trees in front, shown facing page 171.

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

A road branches from the highway in front of Mr. Davison's house, leading eastward across the Creek to a group of farm buildings on a slight elevation, affording an extensive view of the surrounding country. Here is another large colonial brick house, the present home of Mrs. A. A. Danolds.

The Goodell farm is the second north of Mr. Davison's on the highway with a white frame house, shown facing page 176, the finest of all that are here mentioned. It too is colonial in style, with an attractive front doorway and side porch, the floors of which are white marble. The porch columns are square and substantial. Four symmetrical chimneys pierce the slated roof. The main part of the house is covered with pine sheathing, tongued and grooved together, making a smooth surface. In the front hall are to be found a handsome mahogany newel post and stair-rail. The large barn on the opposite side of the road is framed with hewn timbers, some of which are seventy feet long.

Another brick house, painted white, adorns another farm, the last before entering the village, the home of Donald Leach, shown facing page 177. It was originally of simple colonial architecture but, fifty years or more ago the occupants thought to improve it by adding three bay windows and a front porch with jig-saw brackets.

A stranger in these parts might wonder that the fertile fields along the Creek, flowing down this charming valley, had produced the wealth necessary to build these substantial and beautiful homes; and he might be so impressed with the uniformity of their architecture as to inquire how it came about. The answer is simple. They were all the product of the Munson family with resources beyond the land on which they stand, as we shall proceed to explain.

The Munsons on this continent are numerous and a few have distinguished themselves. There is the Munson Steamship Line and the Munson Building on Wall Street, New York City, but we

THE MUNSON FAMILY

cannot say how closely they are related to the Munson family that came to Vermont, if at all.

Isaac Munson was born in New Haven, Connecticut, April 5, 1771. He was a descendant of Captain Thomas Munson, a pioneer who came to America in 1637. He married Sarah Bradley, a descendant of Deacon Abraham Bradley, the owner of a grist-mill on Beaver Pond brook, which was a recognized institution in 1704. They resided in New Haven until 1814 when they removed to Wallingford, Vermont. The family included ten children, all of whom were born in New Haven except the youngest.

Isaac was a blacksmith and owned numerous pieces of real estate. He inherited from his father's estate property amounting to \$1,725 which comprised "The blacksmith shop and coal house, and seven pieces of land." He was chosen March 9, 1807, to fill out his father's unfinished term as sealer of weights and measures, and he was annually reelected while he remained in New Haven. His residence was the long house on the west side of College street, between Wall and Grove streets. In appearance he is described by those who remember him as rather stocky and of somewhat swarthy complexion. His wife Sarah was a member of the North Church, having been admitted in 1798.

The children were:

Sarah, born August 23, 1795; died September 24, 1851.

Elizur, born December 22, 1797; died November 2, 1854.

Caroline, born July 21, 1802; unmarried; died January 26, 1824.

Mary Ann, born July 11, 1804; died May 1, 1880.

Isaac Bradley, born May 1, 1806; died December 2, 1876.

Israel, born March 18, 1808; died February 13, 1887.

Ann Elizabeth, born March 30, 1810; died October 4, 1843.

Louisa, born March 31, 1812; died August 21, 1866.

Edward, born April 7, 1814; died September 11, 1870.

Frances T., born June 1815; died July 24, 1821.

Isaac had an older brother Israel and two younger sisters,

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

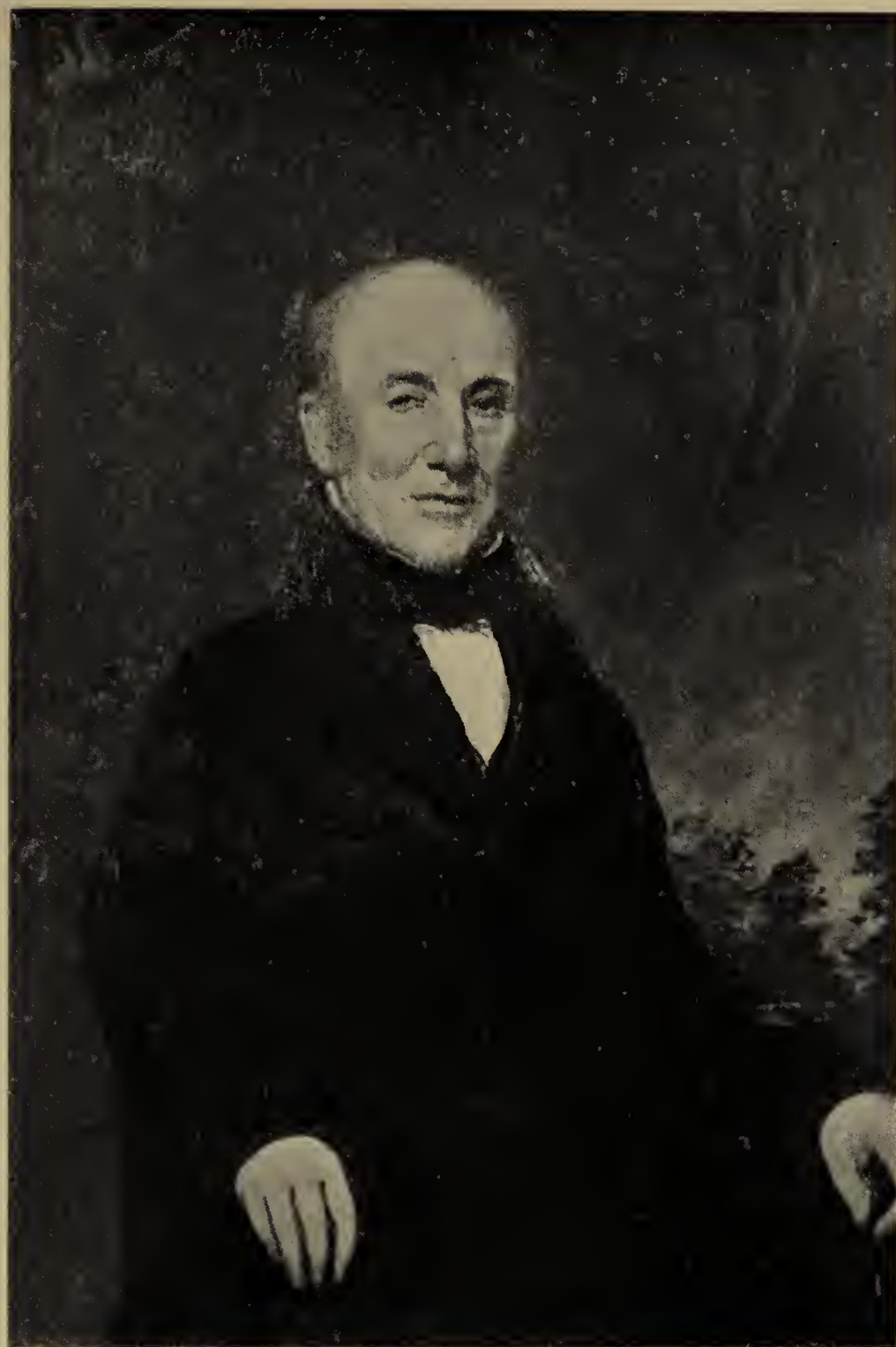
Anna and Lois. His brother was a bachelor and lived most of his life in Boston. Israel's great interest in his brother Isaac's affairs, and the inheritance that Isaac's children received from their uncle, call for a brief outline of his career taken from "The Munson Record."

"Israel, 'after graduating,' says the *Yale Obituary Record*, 'devoted himself to the medical profession, and was for a short time a practising physician. He soon, however, established himself in mercantile business in Boston, where he resided for more than half a century. Few men have passed through so long a period of active business with so unblemished a reputation. He was a distinguished benefactor of humane and literary institutions.'

"Being a bachelor, his residence in Boston was at the Tremont House. His partner was Charles Barnard. One of his places of business, as in 1800 and 1809, was Long Wharf, No. 5; other places, apparently, were 46 State Street, 17 Central Wharf and 43 Commercial Wharf. Sample of business: Not far from 1830, Munson and Barnard contracted with Charles Whiting of Hartford to furnish some \$10,000 for the purchase of about 100,000 pounds of hides, a part of which were to be sold in Hartford and a part to be turned into sole leather by Edmund Hubbard of Chester, Ms.; *etc.*

"Helen E. Munson informs me that after Israel had been engaged in mercantile pursuits for a while, he failed, owing \$10,000. He thereupon went to New Haven; but his creditors induced him to return to Boston and continue the business. He did so and in two years paid all his debts. He was afterwards very successful and accumulated a large fortune, for those days.

"His will makes specific legacies to individuals amounting to \$12,500; he bequeathed \$70,000 to institutions,—to Harvard College \$15,000, The Massachusetts General Hospital \$20,000, Yale College \$15,000 (establishing the Munson Professorship of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy), Medical Department of



ISRAEL MUNSON OF BOSTON, 1767-1844



FARM RESIDENCE OF ISAAC MUNSON

THE MUNSON FAMILY

Yale \$5,000, Retreat for the Insane at Hartford \$5,000, New England Asylum for the Blind \$4,000, Boston Asylum for Indigent Boys \$3,000, Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary \$3,000; and he bequeathed the residue of his estate to the eight children of his brother Isaac, the two children of his sister Anna, and the two children of his sister Lois,—a twelfth part to each. The estate aggregated, in Sept. 1846, \$581,676.

"We have seen that Israel relinquished to Isaac, Lois and Anna's children, his right in his father's estate. He also relinquished to Isaac and Lois his right to real estate of his mother. A farm of 250 acres in Wallingford, Vt., which he purchased 9 Nov. 1814, was presented to Isaac in Feb. 1823. Israel sold Isaac in 1825 about thirty rods of land, bounded E. on College streets, N. on Grove, and W. and S. on Isaac's land in New Haven.

"When Israel spent time in Wallingford, Vt., as he often did, he had a home with his brother, and afterwards with Mrs. Hill [his sister]. Town-Clerk Townsend describes him as white haired, well-dressed, gentlemanly and sprightly. He used to ride about town on horseback, and knew everybody. He used to speak to us boys on the street, said Mr. T.; he has spoken to me about my ball or hoop. To get a nod from him was a great pleasure. This official added that citizens used to say,—If such a fortune was to come to the town, they would rather it should be to the Munsons than to any others; they were good, nice people, and would not use their money to the disadvantage of others.

"Treasurer Farnam of Yale College informs me that 'the legacy of Israel Munson in 1844, amounting to \$20,000, was the largest bequest that Yale College had received at that time.' Helen E. Munson states that her great-uncle Israel practiced medicine six years. He was buried in 'Mount Auburn.' "

In the month of October 1814 Israel came to Wallingford, Vermont, and purchased a farm for his brother, located on the highway, now Route No. 7, about two miles south of the village.

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

The farm was owned by Edmund and Gilbert Douglas and contained 250 acres. Twenty or more years ago Mr. G. L. Dale, stepson of Elizur Munson, came to Wallingford and, while rummaging through the brick house on the farm, found a large number of letters in the attic that were written by Israel to his brother Isaac between the years of 1814 and 1830. It is from these letters that we learn much about Isaac; his coming to Wallingford with his family and his business of farming afterward. Furthermore, they shed much light upon the intimate relations between the two brothers, the family life of Isaac, the conditions under which he lived and the times in general—a picture of farm life in Vermont during the early part of the nineteenth century. These are the reasons for quoting extensively from these old letters.

Rutland, Vermont, October 1st 1814

Dear Brother

I arrived here this day from Wallingford where I have been to purchase for you a Farm—I thought it best to compleat the agreement for it. I agreed to give for it \$7000 Cash Payment to be made in Boston as soon as the person of whom I purchased calls for his money I am to have possession the first of April next but may be permitted to have and to occupy a part of the house as soon as you can get on & do many things on the Farm—Now I wish to have you write to me & inform me at Boston immediately whether you can arrange your business so as to go in this Autumn—I think this month will be the most comfortable time for you to move the Winter will be tedious & the Spring will be bad for traveling besides you will wish to attend to many things early in the Spring before you can get on, such as making Sugar preparing your ground for sowing Grain Flour etc & for planting & getting a supply of wood for the season & many other things that you may easily suppose will want attention early in the season—I am fully of the opinion that you would do best to move this Fall if you can arrange your business for it. I can purchase the whole of the Stock on the Farm if I please it consists of 15 Cows 15 Yearlings 12 Calves 165 Sheep & one pair of



LOIS MUNSON, 1784-1851, WIFE OF JOEL HILL



FORMERLY THE TAVERN OF DEACON MOSLEY HALL

THE MUNSON FAMILY

Oxen & about 60 Tons of Hay. As it respects the purchase of the Stock I do not know what to determine—With respect to the mode of your getting on I do not know what to write—I am inclined to think it will be best to purchase a good strong and handsome Dutch Wagon for two horses such as will answer to ride about in with your family after you arrive at Wallingford, for you know that you will always want one and buy a Span of Horses & perhaps a Cart & a pair of good oxen to carry on some of your Beds & other furniture that will be proper to carry on, your Bureaus Desks Tables & Beds Steads & Chairs I do not think it will be best to carry with you & many other articles which I do not mention I shall write to you again from Boston for which place I shall journey by Stage on Monday next extraordinaries excepted. This Wallingford is about 12 miles south of this place—I beg of you to write to me and direct to Boston immediately after you receive this If your furniture will not sell well at this time you can store it away in some safe place until a better time for sale & perhaps get some of it on by way of New York to Albany some time hence if thought best—perhaps the young men that live with you may incline to go—I think if they have a nough of the trade they may find a good place for their business—or if not at that business there will be plenty of business on your Farm—My love to your Wife & family & Sister Lois.

Your affectionate Brother etc.

Israel Munson

Mr. Isaac Munson,
New Haven,
(Connecticut)

Boston Nov. 5th, 1814.

Dear Brother

Your esteemed favor of the 29th of October is before me—Messrs Douglas's have been here & got their pay for the Farm in Wallingford—I have also bought of them fifteen Cows one yolk of Oxen fifteen Yearlings twelve Calves & one hundred & sixty five Sheep which are all paid for—I have also purchased a Merino Ram which I have sent up by them to put with the sheep—this Ram must be kept with care not suffered to be out in the pasture in the night season & put under cover from the

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

Storms for he is valuable he cost me \$150. It would be well to make some shed in a yard where he can go under cover in a storm & in a yard where Dogs cannot enter in the night season & he must be fed with some grain Oats I think are the best kind of grain—I purchased also 70 Tons of Hay of Mr. Douglass say all the Hay in the barn back of the house & enough of what is in Stacks to make up the 70 Tons—of that which is in Stacks I am to have a fair average as to goodness—the quantity of Hay in the Barn to be estimated by Mr. Mosley Hall the gentleman to whom I shall give you a letter of introduction the stacks of Hay are also to be designated by Mr. Hall which you are to have & the quantity estimated by him—there is some straw in the Barn this perhaps Messrs Douglas will let you have to give to the young Cattle this belongs to them—I think the Cows will give Milk a long time yet this will give you some Butter & Milk for your Children—I am to have all the Sheep provided there should be more than 165 at two Dollars per Head what number there is over the 165 I am to pay—I do not think it will be best to put any other Ram with the Sheep than the Merino & the manner in which he is to be managed I have given directions to Messrs Douglas that is to put him with 5 or 6 each night & morning until he has gone through the flock not to put him with any of them until the 20th Inst—In your letter you mention that Sister Lois talks of going with you if she goes I suppose she will calculate to stay the Winter & perhaps longer I am sorry to learn that your Wife is more unwell than when I was at New Haven, if she is so unwell as not to go with you I think you may as well leave one of the Girls perhaps Caroline or one next to her & one of the little ones beside the infant—but if your infant will do to carry now I think the Health of your Wife will improve by traveling however you can consult with her & her Doctor on this subject as it respects herself & the infant—if your whole family could go at the same time it would be best but if the health would not warrant it by all means let her stay until next Summer—You observe that you cannot get a Waggon that will answer your purpose that you have thought it best to hire a Stage & a Waggon to carry you on & that Mr. Peck will carry you on for \$100 & bear his own expenses I think it best for you to engage him & not travel so far in a Day as to make it fatiguing—you have not mentioned whether you



SARAH MUNSON, 1795-1851, WIFE OF GENERAL ROBINSON HALL



RESIDENCE OF GEN. ROBINSON HALL

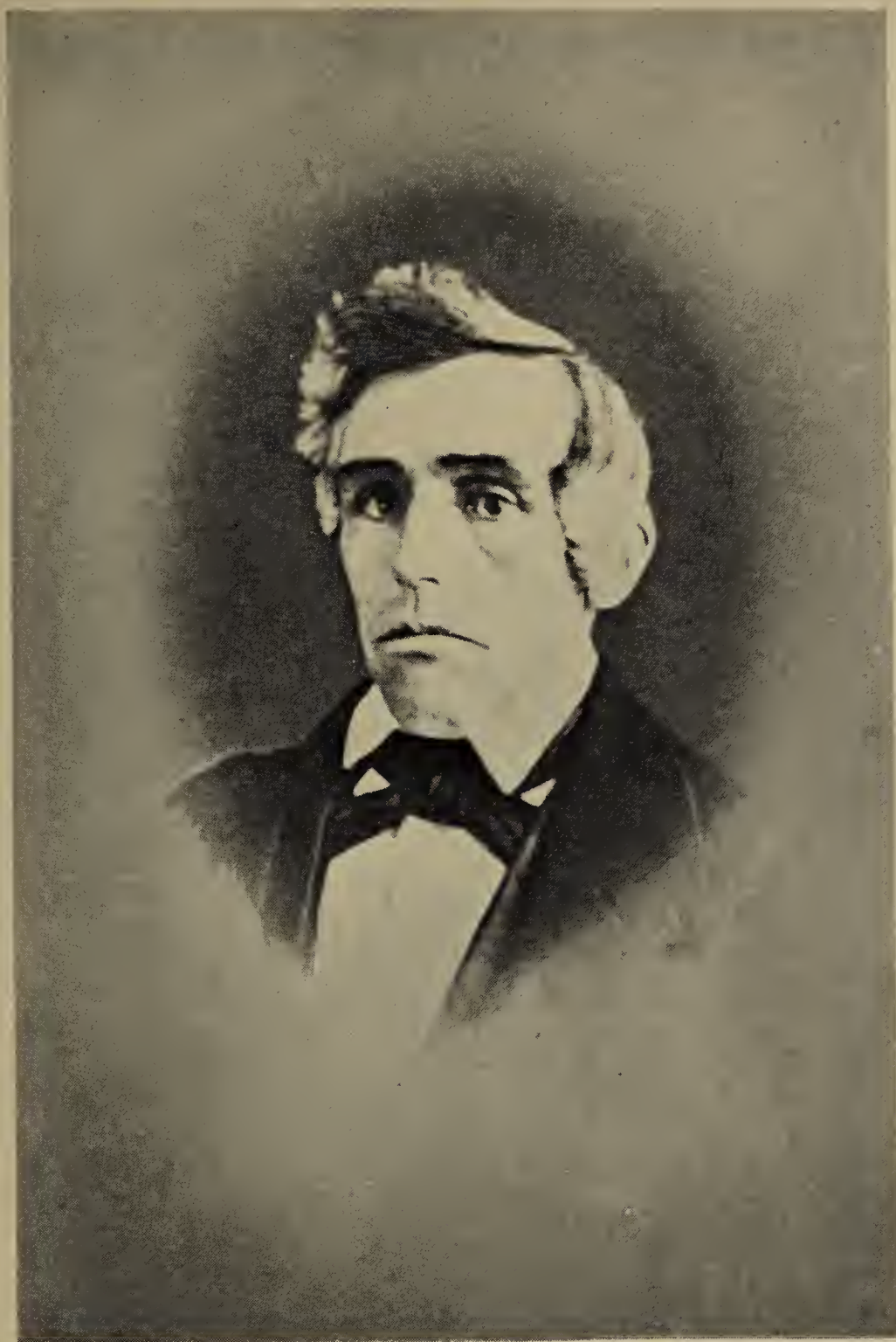
THE MUNSON FAMILY

have bought a yoke of Oxen & a Cart nor have you mentioned whether your wifes brother will go with you—I think you will want help on your farm & you might employ him—You will want all your Beds to be carried either now or next Summer when if your wife stays they must all go & you will want all your clothing & perhaps it will be well to carry all or most of your furniture by & by, your Crockery must be packed safe in straw for transportation & your Soup Kittles so packed they will not bruise—I think some of your Shop tools better be kept to send by & by for it will be well for you to do some if not all your Blacksmith work but not for others—The coming Winter you would do well to make some of your utensils if you have leisure you will have your Cattle to tend, etc your Wood for the season & many other things that you will find necessary to be done—I think it is likely that it may be best next Spring to send some of your Shop Tools by the way of New York to Troy & there take them on to Wallingford—you mention that you cannot sell your land to advantage at this time if this be the case let it rest until it may do better—Your wearing apparel must be packed close in trunk otherwise it will chafe by the motion of the Carriage or Waggon—If Sister Lois can make up her mind to go with you I should like it—When you set off I think your best way will be through Cheshire, Farmington on to New Hartford so on what is called the Farmington Turnpike through Lenox to Pittsfield or else through Litchfield, Goshen, Sheffield, Great Barrington, Stockbridge & Pittsfield—I am inclined to think the former of these roads the best but Mr. Peck can inform himself on this subject, from Pittsfield you will go through Lanesborough to Williamstown through Pownal, Bennington, Shaftsbury, Arlington, Manchester and some other town to Wallingford—When you arrive at Wallingford you will find Mr. Hall about one mile below Mr. Douglas—I think you would do well to call on him first he keeps Tavern perhaps put up with him the first night but as respects this you will be guided by circumstances you will do well to consult Mr. Hall respecting your busines in general—Messrs Douglass will inform you what would be their plans with respect to sewing grain next spring the spot that will be proper & the place for Corn & how to manage with respect to the Sugar next Spring & how to tap the trees & how to boil it—they have the

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

buckets for the sap those you will do well to purchase & you will want more for I think you will do well to make all the Sugar you can they told me the buckets cost 20 cents each I think they would sell them 10 cents they will have some farming utensils you may want & some furniture perhaps you can buy them—You must try to put up your Beef & Pork for the year consult with Mr. Hall about this & all your Bread stuff, you must recollect that you will be obliged to hire laborers in Haying time—Herein I enclose five Bank Bills of the Hartford Bank of one hundred Dollars each these are to pay your expenses on to Wallingford or to furnish you with such things as you may want to purchase after you arrive there—For these Bills you had best get Dollars & carry them with you but do not pay out Dollars for what you want unless you can purchase articles at Wallingford as much as 15 or 20 per Cent lower with them than you can with paper on New York Bank Bills which I suppose is the circulating medium at Wallingford if New York Bank Bills are the circulating medium then you may make your contracts to pay in these and I will send them to you from here. You must write to me often & send by mail from there & let me know respecting this as well as all your other business—To put the Bank Bills which I send to you into Dollars it will be necessary to get some of the Bank Bills of New Haven Bank which are not payable in New York with these I think you can obtain Dollars but do not change the Hartford Bills for New Haven until you know this fact for I should rather have the Hartford than the New Haven if they will not give Dollars or Gold for them you must not get Eagle Bank Bills. Esq. Munson will help you in this business & I think the Bradleys or Higgins can help Esq. Munson—The Higgins will have to pay some money in Hartford by & by & may want them—If you cannot get Dollars in New Haven you can in Hartford. I need not tell you to be as prudent and saving of your money as possible—When you live down at Wallingford I think it will be well to give your children every advantage for their education that you can obtain at that place there is a school house near to the house in which you will live I should wish to have.

(The balance of this letter was missing.)



ELIZUR MUNSON, 1797-1854



ISAAC BRADLEY MUNSON, 1806-1876

THE MUNSON FAMILY

Boston, Nov. 8th, 1814.

Dear Brother

On the 5th Inst I wrote a letter to you & inclosed in it five Bank Bills of one hundred Dollars each on the Hartford Bank—I calculated that you might obtain Dollars for these at New Haven at the Bank there but I have since heard that the New Haven Bank does not pay Specie if this is the case you will be obliged to go or send to Hartford to obtain them or else you will be obliged to go that way when you set off for Wallingford but in this case it will be necessary to get there in Bank Hours—

I remain your affectionate brother etc

Israel Munson

Mr. Isaac Munson
New Haven
(Connecticut)

Boston, Nov. 16th, 1814

Dear Brother

I have received a letter from Sister Lois by which I learn that you received the five hundred Dollars in Hartford Bank Bills & have turned them into silver—I have also understood that your wife is unwilling to move this Autumn—I had supposed that you had all made yourselves willing to move on to a Farm. I should not have purchased a Farm if I had not supposed that you all had fully made up your minds to it If your wife's health is not such as she can go this Autumn I would by no means urge but if it will answer you had better all go together I think her health would benefit by traveling—I think it is important that you should be off soon as possible for the weather is becoming cool—I think it best not to sell the best of your furniture for the present for you may be at New Haven again & may carry some of it when you are down if you should not cary all at this time—I think if you can engage a large Baggage Waggon to carry the best of your furniture it may be well—but you must hurry—You will recollect what I mentioned in a former letter respecting New York Bank Bills if you can purchase such things as you want for it when you arrive at Wallingford keep your Silver & write to me I can obtain it here at a discount of 15 per Cent—

This day I received a letter from Mr. Hall from Wallingford

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

he has wrote to me that he has counted off the Cows Sheep & young Cattle & apportioned off the Hay so that all things are ready for you

I remain your affectionate brother etc

Israel Munson

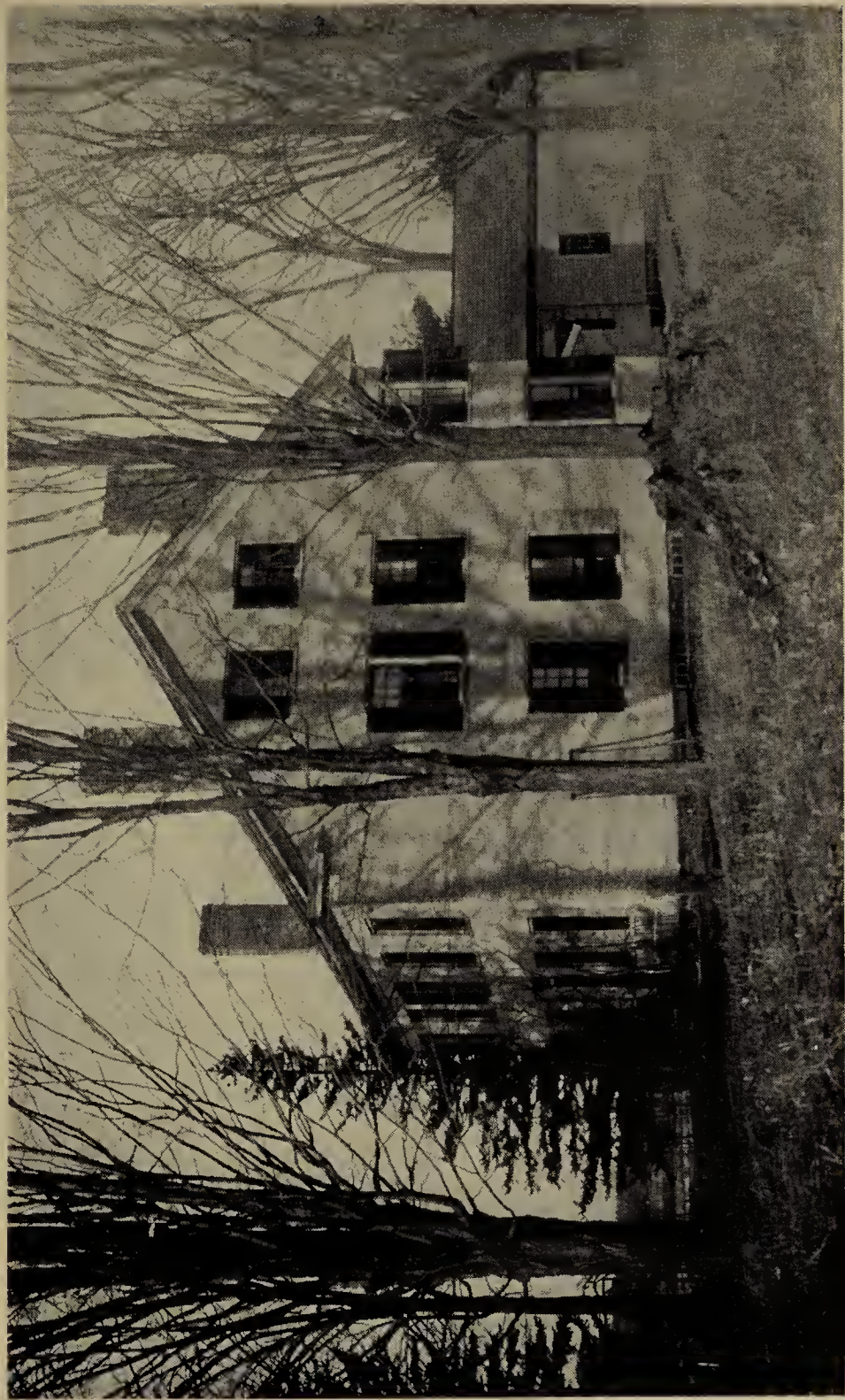
Mr. Isaac Munson,

New Haven

N. B. give my love to your Wife & your family—You will be careful of your Silver let no one know that you have it it can be in a Bag or Bags & then in a trunk.

In Israel's letter of November 16th he appears quite disturbed over the possibility of his brother's family not moving to Vermont that fall. He says "I should not have purchased the farm if I had not supposed that you all had fully made up your minds to it." As a matter of fact they did go and perhaps were on their way at the time Israel was writing. Isaac was then forty-three years of age. He had a family of nine children; the oldest nineteen and the youngest eight months. If there was any hesitation on the part of Isaac or his wife in regard to giving up their home in a settled community like New Haven and taking up farming in Vermont where the first settlements had been made only about forty years earlier, and where good roads remained to be made as well as many other facilities that make for comfortable living, it is not surprising, for it was a serious undertaking. "As late as 1820 there was scarcely a large enough collection of dwellings at Wallingford to excuse it being called a village. There were only fifteen or twenty houses scattered along on either side of Main street. The road between here and South Wallingford was so rough and rudimentary in construction that nearly all travel was necessarily on horseback."* If the main highway was so bad the secondary roads must have been often impassable. The bridges were made of logs and planks that often went out with a spring freshet.

* History of Rutland County by H. P. Smith and W. S. Rann, p. 841.



FARM RESIDENCE OF ISAAC BRADLEY MUNSON



VILLAGE RESIDENCE OF ISAAC BRADLEY MUNSON

THE MUNSON FAMILY

The population of Wallingford township in 1814 was about 1450. It was then less concentrated in the villages than now. We can picture this village consisting of a few houses scattered along a muddy highway; a tavern and store kept by Eliakim Johnson; a hatter shop, the business of John Rustin, located where Depot street now joins Main street; a tannery, operated by George Vaughn, beside the brook where Mrs. Roscoe Congdon's house now stands; a gristmill by the Creek on the site of Batcheller & Sons' hammer shop; a whiskey distillery about opposite the present school house, owned by William Fox; another distillery on Church street about where the cheese factory building now stands; a church used by both Baptists and Congregationalists, not in the village but a mile further south on the farm later owned by Goodyear Clark, now the Goodell farm. The hotel was not completed until 1826, twelve years later. The Church street road had been built in 1807 but the School street road leading up along the brook and through the gulf to East Wallingford was not completed until 1830. The old road leading up on to East Street and over the hill, the lower end of which is now called Hull Avenue, and Elm Street, were the only other cross roads at this time within the limits of the village. On the present Merriam farm was a tannery operated by William Douglas. Farther south, on George Stafford's farm, stood the tavern of the distinguished Deacon Mosley Hall, which was torn down in 1907. In South Wallingford John Reed operated a gristmill. This perhaps does not include all the establishments that existed in 1814 but it makes a fairly accurate picture. Of course there were schools but they offered little more than the "three Rs."

A farmer has to consider a market for his produce, wool, beef, mutton, milk, butter, cheese or whatever it may be. At this early period various points in Massachusetts, particularly Boston, were the chief market places and they involved a long haul over bad

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

roads. With these conditions in mind one might think twice before leaving New Haven for Vermont.

Dear Brother

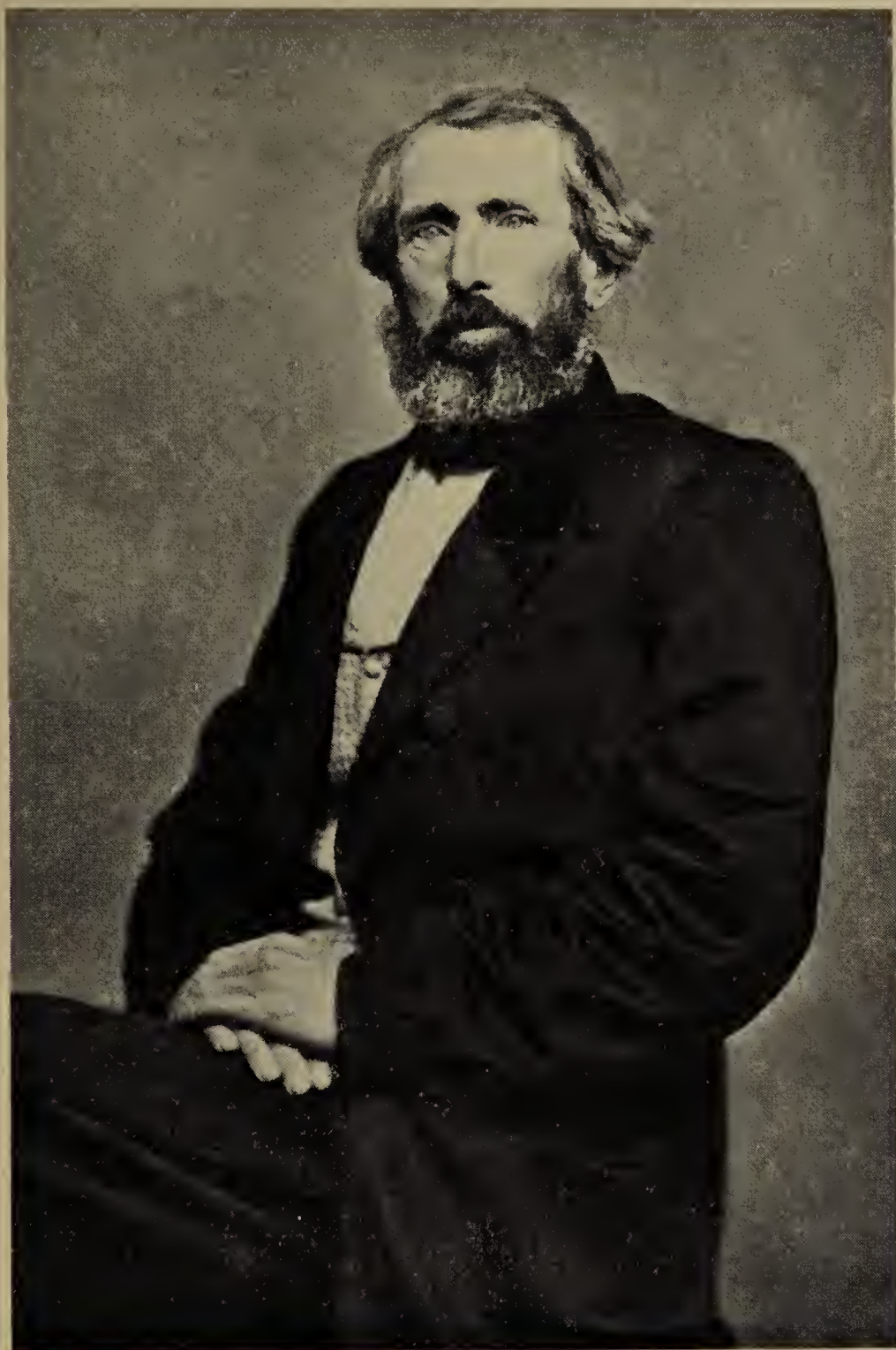
Boston, Dec. 10, 1814.

This will be handed to you by Mr. Joseph Tucker who has managed a Farm in the State of New Hampshire for about two years which was owned by Munson & Bannard & which they have lately sold—Mr. Tucker has managed the Farm much to my satisfaction I have therefore thought it would be to your advantage that he should be with you one year on the same terms that he has been employed which were to give him eighteen Dollars per month & allow him two Dollars per week for his board & he board himself & to allow his wife forty nine Dollars per year for attending to the Dairy and the use of one Acre of tillage ground & the privilage of keeping a Cow on the Farm I have therefore consented to employ Mr. Tucker for you one year as before mentioned Mrs. Tucker has felt a diffidence in undertaking so large a dairy & chooses to have me hire another dairy woman in this case Mrs. Tucker will relinquish the forty nine Dollars—Mr. Tucker is about to set off for Wallingford with 15 or 16 Merino Sheep four Cows & a Bull intended for the farm on their arrival you will take charge of them the Bull should be kept in a Barn the Sheep have Sheds to cover them from Rain—if there should not be Hay sufficient for so much Stock you will do well to buy more before Spring for it may then be high in price—Mr. Tucker will also take a pair of grey Mares for the use of the Farm—Mr. Tucker will want about two Rooms for his family for he will live separate from your family until Mr. Douglass leaves the house the first of April I suppose you will be obliged to hire a house or part of a house for Mr. Tucker—Mr. Hall will assist you about looking for a house—I wish your attention & * Mr. Tucker I think you will be pleased with him & his family & that they will attribute much to your happiness—The Marino Ewe will bring early Lambs & as they are valuable will require warm places about the time of their bringing forth Lambs & much attention.

I remain your affectionate brother etc

Israel Munson

* Word missing.



ISRAEL MUNSON, 1808-1887



FARM RESIDENCE OF ISRAEL MUNSON

THE MUNSON FAMILY

Mr. Isaac Munson
Wallingford,
(Vermont)

Boston, Dec. 10th, 1814.

Dear Brother

I have given Mr. Tucker the bearer of this a letter of introduction to you who I have engaged to live with you on the Farm I have thought it would be to your advantage for Mr. Tucker has been brought up on a Farm & I think he is a man in whom you will be pleased he is a man of great industry—I wish you to advise with him in all things respecting the Farm consult with him about the quantity of Hay you may want etc I think you will do well to buy some of the best Cows in the Country & sell off some that are on the Farm next Spring so as to keep of your own about twenty—The Bull that I send you cost eighty Dollars you will not let him go to any other Cows than your own unless you are paid for the use of him say one Dollar a Cow nor do not let the Ram go to other Sheep than your own without pay—I told Mr. Douglass that I would allow him some thing for taking care of the Cattle until you went on to the Farm also would allow him something for the use of the house until next April—Mr. Tucker will take the Mares to come down to Milford in New Hampshire to take up his Wife & Child & some of his furniture—I shall endeavor to buy a Sleigh for Mr. Tucker to go with the Mares & perhaps shall send some Iron & Steel & some Iron Shovels & perhaps some Scythes & perhaps some Screw Drivers & Sheep Shears—I have not heard from you since you wrote a letter dated at Southingham after you had set off for Wallingford in which you declared that your family were in as good spirits as you could expect—I fear you have had a Cold, Stormy & bad time for your journey I am anxious to hear from you & know how you got along—I beg you to write to me often & ask Sister Lois to write often & notice everything how you like your prospects etc—You will be among strangers & they will perhaps endeavor to take advantage of you you must be cautious consult with Mr. Hall if you find him faithful but it may be best for you to use caution with all. You will as I before observed in a former letter know if New York Bank Bills will pass there not pay off your Silver but

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

write to me & I can send them to you & save 15 to 17 per Cent in the case you can perhaps borrow of Mr. Hall until I can send it to you or you can buy on Credit—Give my love to your Wife to Sister Lois & the whole of your family—

I remain your affectionate Brother etc

Israel Munson

Mr. Isaac Munson,
Wallingford,
(Vermont)

Boston Jany. 11 1815

Dear Brother

Your much esteemed favor of the 25th of Dec is at hand—I was glad to learn that your family were in the enjoyment of tolerable good health—You observe that provisions are as high at Wallingford as they are at New Haven when you have them for sale it will be an advantage to you—Mr. Tucker handed me your letter & this will be handed to him to carry to you

Boston Jan. 27th 1815.

Dear Brother

Mr. Tucker went from here last week by whom I send sundry articles for you—I hope he will be with you the first part of next week I wrote a letter to you by him & also one to Sister Lois to which letters I would refer you—I have sent by a sleigh a Quintal Codfish a Bbl Salmon, one keg Gin one Keg New England Rum, these are [for] the use of the Farm & are to be left at the Store of Messrs Stone & Bellows Merchants at Walpole on Connecticut River for which you will go or send & also for the Salt which is now there—The Gin you will find of good quality & about 12 or 15 pr Cent above proof—The Salmon I think you will find very good they cost 15 Dollars the Codfish cost 6 Dollars the new Rum about 140 Cents per Gallon the Gin about 130 Cents per Gallon—I have been told the best way to manage with Salmon is to soak them in skimmed milk to freshen them instead of water before boiling them will make them almost as good as fresh Salmon—I have not heard from you since Mr. Tucker brought a letter from you—I wish to hear from you often I want to know how you go on with your business how your Marino Sheep are doing—I fear you will lose some of the Lambs from their Ewes—unless they are



LOUISA MUNSON, 1812-1886, WIFE OF P. GOODYEAR CLARK



P. GOODYEAR CLARK, 1805-1890

THE MUNSON FAMILY

kept in very warm places, when they bring forth their Lambs they will loose them which will be as much as to loose two or three Calves—do write me often myself & William Thatcher are in tolerable good health, give my love to your wife, family & Sister Lois

Your affectionate brother
Israel Munson.

Mr. Isaac Munson
Wallingford
(Vermont)

In a letter dated March 30, 1815 Israel instructs his brother to build a barn; and to move and repair the old house. In a letter dated June 28, 1815 Israel says: ". . . . I suppose you have sheared your sheep after putting aside what wool you want for your own family , I suppose Merino may be worth one Dollar and twenty five Cents to one Dollar and fifty Cents per lb."

Again, under date of March 27, 1816, he writes: "With respect to Robert Edgerton's land if he will not sell & it will answer to put a stone wall for a fence I think it will be best for you to let Mr. Edgerton hire the wall built but I hope he will be able to get it done for one Dollar a rod"

April 6, 1822, Israel writes: "A short time since I was in New Haven where I heard that you had been on a visit with your daughter Sarah & son Isaac & where I learned that your daughter was in company with her husband Mr. Robinson Hall, on this occasion I congratulate you & them, I hope this connection may prove happy to all."

Boston April 9, 1823.

Dear Brother

. . . . I herein enclose a Deed of the Farm on which you live to you as a gift, you will therefore immediately after you receive it leave it with your Town Clerk or the proper person to have it recorded & after you have received this letter acknowledge the receipt of it—give my love to your children & to Sister Hill—

I remain your affectionate brother
Israel Munson.

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

There are many other letters but these quotations are sufficient for the present purpose.

One might wonder how Israel came to choose a farm for his brother in Wallingford, Vermont, but we find among the names of the proprietors that of Samuel Munson of New Haven. This may be Esquire Munson of whom Israel speaks in one of his letters to his brother. No doubt Israel's attention had been drawn to the grants made by Governor Wentworth to residents of New Haven, particularly in the township named for Wallingford, Connecticut.

From these letters can be seen the interest that Israel took in his brother Isaac's welfare, and the extent to which Isaac was indebted for assistance in becoming established on this farm in Wallingford. When Isaac took possession of the farm the house was located just north of the driveway and was wood frame construction. Later, at a date not now known, Isaac built the present substantial brick house. The walls are thick and the chimneys large. Brick partitioned rooms in the cellar were provided for storage of vegetables and fruit; the roof is of slate. The building was so substantially constructed, in contrast with modern farm houses, that scarcely any repairs have been necessary down to the present day. The present large barn was built to replace an earlier one that burned toward the end of the nineteenth century.

Isaac died February 11, 1835 and Israel February 2, 1844. The residue of Israel's estate, after several definite bequests, was bequeathed to eight children of his brother Isaac, two children of his sister Anna and two children of his sister Lois; each receiving about \$40,000.

Isaac's oldest daughter married Robinson Hall, commonly known as General Hall, "a portly, noble looking man, a general of militia and an influential citizen. He took a prominent part in the building of the railroad between Bennington and Rutland. He was a Director of the road and indeed for a short time Presi-

THE MUNSON FAMILY

dent. By this enterprise he lost \$40,000, and G. C. says, 'would have lost a good deal more if he had had it.' '* He built the brick house located about a mile south of Isaac Munson's farm, at present owned and occupied by Mrs. George Stafford. His portrait faces page 165.

Isaac's oldest son, Elizur, married Sarah Dale (née Smith); sister of President Asa D. Smith of Dartmouth College. His second wife, whom he married October 11, 1854, was Mary A. Button of Litchfield, Ohio. His death followed only three weeks after this second marriage, November 2, 1854. His wife returned to Ohio where she died.

Elizur was the owner of that part of his father's farm lying west of Otter Creek which he acquired June 18, 1836, and held until his death, at the age of fifty-seven years. Two years later ownership of the farm passed by purchase to Elizur's younger brother Israel, who held the title until his trust estate was settled and the farm was sold November 7, 1934, to Thomas I. Ketcham and his wife, the present owners and occupants.

Isaac's second son, Isaac Bradley Munson, came into possession of that part of his father's farm across the Creek to eastward, where he built a large brick house, shown facing page 168. Late in life he sold his farm to his son-in-law, Charles D. Childs, and built a fine residence in the village of Wallingford on the site of the Lent Ives home, shown facing page 169. He occupied this residence until his death, December 2, 1876. His wife was Emeline M. Hall, daughter of Day Hall of Granville, Massachusetts. They had five children; Mary Cornelia, wife of Charles D. Childs; William Day, who married Sarah Packer; Sarah Louise, wife of George G. Field; Harriet Ellen, wife of (1) William E. Shaw, and (2) J. Horace Earl; and Isaac, Jr. who died in infancy.

Isaac B. Munson was possessed of dignity and commanding presence. He was highly esteemed in the community. He represented the town in the legislature for the years 1848 and 1849.

* Munson Record.

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

The farm house and village residence that he built bear testimony of his judgment and good taste.

Isaac's third son, Israel Munson, owned the farm adjoining his father's on the north. Standing on a slope, a little distance from the highway, may be seen the handsome framed house which he reconstructed from an older building. It is now owned and occupied by Mr. Arthur Davison, shown facing page 171. Israel Munson's wife, Matilda D., was the daughter of Chauncy Clark of Massena, New York, and a sister of Philander Goodyear Clark of Wallingford. Of all the brothers and sisters Israel was the most judicious in the investment of his inheritance from his uncle. While he carried on his farm he loaned his money to farmers he knew and in whom he had confidence, the loans being secured by mortgage notes that probably bore six per cent interest. Upon his deathbed he made a will that created a trust for the benefit of his two sons, Kirk Guy and Isaac E., with the understanding and request that Henry F. Field of Rutland and Justin Batcheller of Wallingford be appointed trustees. He died February 13, 1887. The principal of the trust estate that he created was \$163,820.86.

The trustees invested the major part of the funds of the estate in real estate loans in and about the city of Rutland, and used as much of the income as was necessary to secure the comfort and satisfy the desires of the two sons, at the same time giving them an allowance for personal expenditures. The younger son, Isaac, died September 30, 1908, and Kirk died September 10, 1932. When the latter's death occurred the trust estate amounted to about \$300,000 and was inherited by the living great-grandchildren of Isaac Munson and Sarah Bradley Munson. They numbered twenty-two besides two of whom no trace has been found up to the present time.

Israel was a generous man, never turning away empty-handed any tramp who knocked at his door and asked for alms. In his day



FARM RESIDENCE OF P. GOODYEAR CLARK



FARM RESIDENCE OF JOEL HILL

THE MUNSON FAMILY

itinerant clock tinkers traveled from house to house seeking employment. Whenever one called at Mr. Munson's house he was sent to the attic to repair a tall old clock with wooden cogs. The tinker, after working at the clock for a considerable time, was paid for his labor and perhaps given a meal, regardless of any accomplishment in making the clock serviceable.

As has been stated, after the death of his older brother, Elizur, Israel bought the home farm and never allowed it to pass out of the family so long as he lived, nor was the farm sold until it became necessary to distribute his trust estate after the death of his two sons. His motive in desiring to own his father's farm, where he had grown up, was probably sentimental, for he had more acres than he cultivated, and he was always content to see the old farm in the hands of a competent tenant. No doubt it was a satisfaction to him to sit on his piazza, look across the meadow at the substantial red brick house his father built, and the places where he spent his boyhood days.

Louisa, fifth daughter of Isaac Munson, married Philander Goodyear Clark December 29, 1830. For a time after their marriage they lived in Manchester, Vermont, where he worked at the wheelwright trade and was associated with Jerome Hilliard. Evidently farming was his ambition for in a short time they returned to Wallingford, residing with her parents until 1839, when they purchased the farm that was to be their home for the rest of their lives. This farm was the second north of Israel's, about a mile south of the village of Wallingford, now owned and occupied by their granddaughter, Mrs. Beatrice Goodell. Six years later, in 1845, they built the handsome frame house, shown facing page 176, to replace an older house that was sawn in halves and moved to the village of Wallingford where it now stands, next to the cemetery, on the north side.

Goodyear Clark, as he was commonly called, was a grandson of Ichabod Goodyear Clark, a Revolutionary Soldier and early

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

settler in Mount Holly. His father, Chauncy Clark was born in 1779 and died in 1824. His mother, Rhoda Stone Clark, died in 1829, leaving young Goodyear to depend upon his own resources when he had barely reached manhood.

Goodyear was born August 24, 1805. His boyhood and early life was spent in Louisville, St. Lawrence County, New York, on the shore of the Long Sault Rapids, and all his life he frequently referred to that place and the people he knew there. Farming was his chief interest in life. Milk has been the principal product of Vermont farms but Goodyear conducted his business in a different way. He bought young steers in the fall, fed them during the winter and sold them in the spring at an advanced price. His haying was done with both horses and oxen; the former on the mowing machine and rake, the latter on a cart designed to draw the hay from the field to the barn. He was a man with an unusual sense of humor, always interested in politics, local and national, but never seeking public office.

The Clarks had four children that reached maturity. They were George M., Mrs. Henrietta Clark Batcheller, William Pitt and Chauncy. The last six years of Mr. Clark's life were spent in the home of his daughter. During the warm months he found companionship with Judge Button, Ephraim Hulett and other residents of the neighborhood. His wife, Louisa, died August 21, 1866, and he passed away October 18, 1890.

The other children of Isaac Munson died young, or did not make permanent homes in Wallingford, so are not further mentioned in this account.

About 1818, Lois, sister of Isaac Munson, married Joel Hill, a widower and merchant. They lived eight or ten years in the village of Wallingford and then moved on to a farm about half a mile south of the village,—now the home of Donald Leach,—that Lois' brother Israel of Boston purchased, evidently for her benefit. The house is shown facing page 177. By a codicil of

THE MUNSON FAMILY

Israel's will the farm was to become the property of Lois' children. Eventually it passed into the possession of her son, Israel M. Hill, who married Lucinda K., daughter of Rev. Stephen Martindale of Wallingford. Their home was in Beloit, Wisconsin.

It is true that Isaac Munson and his children did not make by their own efforts all the wealth represented by the farms and the farm buildings they have left, yet credit is due them for the thrift and good judgment that enabled them to invest their inheritance to the advantage of their children and the community in which they lived. They have all passed on but their fine homes stand as symbols of the sterling qualities that are accredited to the New England people as a whole.

VIII. DYER TOWNSEND

By LULY WESTCOTT MERRIAM

DYER TOWNSEND was born November 23, 1789 and died February 24, 1886, in his ninety-seventh year. He was twice married, first to Lucinda Button, in June, 1814. She was born in 1791 and died in 1863. Three children were born of this union, Seneca Dyer, b. 1817, d. 1877; Charles Frederick, b. 1823, d. 1843 as he was about to enter Middlebury College; and Jane, b. 1826, d. 1913. Jane first married Dr. Thomas J. Page of Rutland, who died in 1859, and for her second husband, Hamilton Westcott of Fair Haven.

After the death of Dyer's wife, Lucinda, when he had become seventy-five years of age, he spent several days driving about the country looking for a good housekeeper. After his return he said he found plenty of women who would marry him but no housekeeper for hire. Eventually, in 1865, he did marry Betsey Stafford Palmer, who made a very pleasant home for him during the remainder of his life.

Dyer's mother was Lydia Dyer, b. 1767, d. 1849, and his father, Samuel Townsend, b. 1767, d. 1849. Through his mother Dyer was a direct descendant of William and Mary Dyer, Roger Williams, Ann Hutchinson and Surgeon John Green. Mary Dyer was hung on Boston Common, January 1, 1660, for "conscience sake." Her martyrdom did much for religious freedom in this country.

DYER TOWNSEND

William Dyer was the first Attorney General for the Providence Plantations. ("The Stukeley Westcott Family, 1592-1932," by Whitman, p. 371.)

Dyer's father descended from Townsends living in England in 1593, and their line is traced back to the Crusaders. ("The Townsend Family," published in 1899 by the Hon. Martin Ingham Townsend of Troy, N. Y.) Dyer spent his boyhood on his father's farm in Clarendon, now owned by Harris Savery and situated on Route 7. In 1812, when twenty-three years of age, Dyer and Benjamin Douglass bought of Edmund Douglass a tan house and yard having an area of one half an acre, located just north of the present Merriam home on Route 7, about one mile south of the village of Wallingford. This partnership lasted only a few years. Benjamin married Dyer's sister, Lucy, and they moved to Michigan.

Dyer continued to carry on the tanning business for many years, in fact until he acquired enough land to become a farmer. There is a record of hides being brought to him for tanning from all over the county, principally colt, kid, horse and sheep skins. In 1817 a calf skin was tanned for Jerathmiel Doty of Revolutionary fame. Dyer also had a shop where shoes were made for men and women far and near. In 1817 William Fox had shoes made for his daughter Nelly, costing \$1.75. Some of Dyer's customers were Frederick, Harvey and Charles Button, John Ballou, Daniel Dyer, Squire Dyer, David Hopkins, Lent Ives, Isaac and Israel Munson, Mosely Hall, Phillip Briggs, and, in 1828, there is an item to the effect that Dr. John Fox had his boots patched. This is only a partial list of the many shoes that were made and mended. In 1820 Capt. Simon Cook was the shoe maker, and in eleven days he made twenty-four pairs. That was fast work. In 1824 Dyer had a contract with Rufus Allen whereby Rufus agreed to make five hundred pairs of men's good thick shoes for 40 cents per pair; one hundred pairs each year until the contract was com-

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pleted. In 1830 it was fulfilled to the satisfaction of both parties. In 1834 John Bowman, who built the mausoleum in Cuttingsville, worked for Dyer seven and one half months for \$75; \$40 to be paid in cash and \$35 in leather.

Dyer's tanning business was so successful that in 1827 he commenced going to Troy, N. Y., for hides. On one of these trips he took his young son, Seneca, with him. While in the city Seneca bought a doll for his sister. Of course it was not dressed, and when Dyer saw it, he was very much shocked, so much so, that when they reached Bennington on the trip home, he persuaded his son to throw it into the Walloomsac River.

There is no record of what became of Dyer's tannery. A part of the farm buildings now used for a cow stable has the appearance of having been constructed originally for some other purpose, and the location is practically that of the tan house and yard of half an acre described in the deed, dated September 12, 1812, which reads ". . . about eleven rods north of the road that goes to Tinmouth. . . ." These facts seem to justify the conclusion that the tan house became a part of the present cow stable.

In the deed of land from Towner to Townsend, dated June 18, 1814, we read ". . . one half an acre with a store thereon standing." This half acre lay between the Tinmouth road and the tan yard. The store probably faced on the highway and may have been the place where shoes were made and sold, but it has long since disappeared.

There is an old building standing in rear of the farm house now occupied by Mr. Merriam, used for the storage of tools, odds and ends of farm machinery, rubbish, etc., spoken of as the corn house, which has the appearance of having been built for a dwelling house or store. There is a low loft with an open stair leading up to it. The frame is of hewn timbers substantially put together. The front has a door in the center with a window on each side.

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This building might well have been the "store" referred to in the deed; or it may have been a dwelling.

In 1814 Dyer purchased of Ebenezer Towner twenty-nine and one half acres of land and a house standing thereon west of the highway and south of the Tinmouth road, which is the location of the present farm house of Mr. Merriam. This is the house that Towner constructed for a tavern at the intersection of the roads; an excellent location on the stage route between New York and Montreal; also on the east and west route which had been laid out four rods wide for a carriage road in and out of New York State and points west.

William Fox owned this land as far back as 1791 and built a house thereon. The Fox house may have become the rear part of Towner's tavern which was torn down by Dyer's daughter, Mrs. Westcott, when she built a new wing about 1901. The fact that it was plastered and had a chimney indicates that it was built for a dwelling. The tavern kitchen was in the main part of the building. We find a memorandum, dated April 6, 1836, that the "Fox House" was occupied by William Cavanaugh, raising the question, was the rear part of Towner's tavern, or the out building called the corn house, originally the house built by William Fox? It seems to be impossible to answer this question definitely.

The tavern or farm house was built one hundred twenty-five years ago with eight-inch by twelve-inch hand hewn timbers fastened together with wooden pins, a large chimney with five open fireplaces, a brick oven, a wine cellar, a ball room thirty-three feet long and eighteen feet wide on the second floor, windows with small panes of glass, and a colonial porch over the front door.

Dyer Townsend was a progressive man at heart and probably tired of shivering before the fireplaces, for in 1877 he installed soapstone and Franklin stoves, new windows with large panes of glass, a piazza and a bay-window. The only things left to re-

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mind one of the colonial aspects of the old tavern were the latches on the doors and a notch in a window sill where the bar once stood. The house is now the home of Dyer's only living grandchild, a granddaughter.

In June 1814 Dyer married Lucinda Button, a very sweet tempered girl from all reports, and well educated for those times, since she had been a school teacher. She was a sister of Deacon Frederick Button of Clarendon and Judge Harvey Button of Wallingford. A short time before they were married Dyer's mother took him aside and told him if he was marrying Lucinda for her money he would never prosper. Lucinda's fortune consisted of \$800.

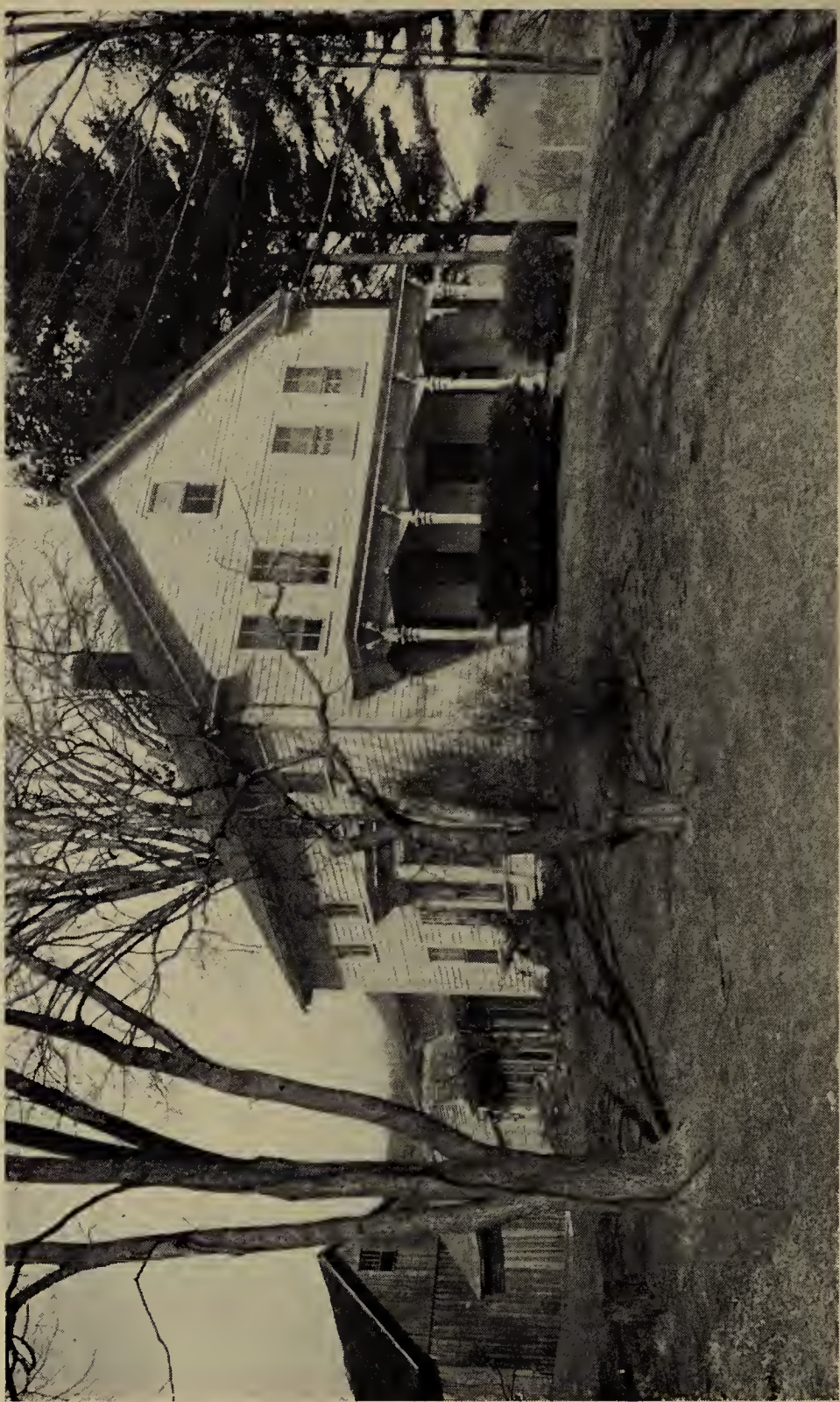
After Dyer's purchase of the tavern and twenty-nine acres of land in 1814 he continued to buy land until he had a farm on the Creek of one hundred thirty-two acres. It was made up of thirteen parcels and was bought largely from his neighbors, namely, the heirs of Stephen Hyde, Thomas Hulett, William and Eunice Kelley, Goodyear and Louisa Clark, Lincoln Andrus and others. He also bought a mountain farm of one hundred eighty acres on Sugar Hill.

Dyer then became one of the pioneer sheep men of the state, the breed being Spanish Merino. In 1832 he had a flock of 153; in 1839 he had increased it to 235; and in 1845 his sheep numbered 468 on his Creek and mountain farms. In 1846 Dyer paid Reuben Hall of Cornwall, Vermont, \$100 for a ram. His wife considered this an extravagance. She shed some tears and feared they were starting for the poorhouse. But Lucinda was mistaken, for Dyer sold sheep all over the United States, even in Texas and California. The prices paid were from \$10 to \$20 an animal. In 1846 Dyer went to Michigan and in 1853 to Ohio in the interest of his sheep business.

In Dyer's youth, his grandmother, Phoebe Ingraham Townsend, died in Hancock, Massachusetts, and the home was broken



DYER TOWNSEND, 1789-1886



FARM RESIDENCE OF DYER TOWNSEND

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up. Dyer's father, Samuel, sent him to Massachusetts with a yoke of oxen to bring back Samuel's share of the household goods. This trip lasted many days but when Dyer returned his father gave him as his reward, a highboy, a Winthrop desk and a Chippendale mirror. During Dyer's life time the highboy was never treasured by anyone. It was placed in a room on the second floor and always referred to as "The Ark." In it were stored odds and ends and always many garden seeds. After Dyer's death, when it came into possession of his daughter, she realized its beauty and worth, giving it a place of honor in her parlor. It is now, in 1937, nearly two hundred years old. There is a family tradition that it was made by a Townsend ancestor.

Dyer was always much interested in civic affairs. He was in charge of the local training days for many years. They were usually held in Tinmouth and continued until after 1820. His courtesy title of "Colonel" was acquired in these days and clung to him all of his long life. It is even inscribed on his grave stone in the Button cemetery, done at the urgent request of his second wife. The Colonel on these training days looked every inch a soldier for he wore a cocked hat with a plume, a soldier's uniform and carried a sword. This same sword is now owned by one of Dyer's great-grandsons who was an officer in the World War and saw hard service over seas.

In 1815 Dyer was made first constable and records show that he was first constable again in 1854. He probably served at intervals between these two dates. The writs he served were largely for poor debts. In 1857 he was elected first selectman and served consecutively for five years.

Depot Street was opened and surveyed by Harvey Shaw at a cost of \$350, including damages to Abraham Adams. A bridge across the Creek near D. E. Nicholson's, now Miss Huldah Hopkins', was built in 1859 at a cost of \$215, aside from the

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stone work. In 1861 two hundred fifty town reports were printed by George A. Tuttle of Rutland for \$5.

Dyer had many items in his account books as Overseer of the Poor. In 1855 the cost of the town poor was \$1,084. Even in those days there were occasional "trancients," as they were called. In 1860 the price of pork was 12½ cents, butter 20 cents and eggs 15 cents, but sugar was 8 cents a pound.

In 1861 the town bought a farm for the poor. Then Dyer had to buy everything from candles to cows. He certainly had a soft spot in his heart for he bought a little opium for a poor old woman, a bit of tobacco, and a half pint of liquor for others; but the cost was all made up when the town poor were buried. This cost only five dollars; three dollars for the coffin and two dollars for digging the grave. In the early days there was a gruesome custom of nailing the lids of the coffins down, and, as each nail was driven, the friends groaned and sometimes even shrieked. Dyer directed many funerals and has been known to say this was one of the most trying things he ever did. Later screws instead of nails were used.

Dyer was guardian for the Thrall boys, Chauncy and George, after the death of their father in 1852. He was also guardian for Amy Carpenter, and Abram and Mary Cronkright. The last two were brother and sister with a good bit of money for those days. He settled the estate of his father, Samuel; also those of his brothers, Samuel, Jr. and Calvin.

In 1861, '62 and '63 he received money from the State Treasurer for soldiers in the Civil War who went from Wallingford. The amount of money and the names on the list varied but that of Austin Wellman was always there.

October 4, 1869, there was a flood in the Otter Creek valley. Dyer gauged the water and said it was higher than he had seen it in fifty years.

In 1870 he paid \$10 and became a life member of the Rutland

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County Agricultural Society. He was member No. 366 and for a number of years was one of the vice-presidents of the society.

All of his life he was a subscriber to the *New York Tribune* and *The Rutland Herald*.

In 1875 and for several years previous Dyer and his wife Betsey spent a week in the summer at Saratoga. They even went to the races and on one occasion when returning to their hotel in a crowded bus Dyer took out a large roll of bills and counted them. His wife was horrified, but nothing happened. He was entirely honest and believed every one else to be the same.

In September, 1875, they took a trip west to Ann Arbor, Michigan, where Dyer had a sister living; then to Detroit, Cleveland and Bowling Green, Ohio, where another sister lived. He kept a very strict account of all expenses on these trips and we often find this item, "boots and barber," usually 25 cents, but in Cleveland, 35 cents. When "dressed up" he wore a black broadcloth suit, cut along "Prince Albert" lines, a black silk stock and a high silk hat.

He was rather tall and thin with extremely light blue eyes. His manner was inclined to be abrupt, but underneath he really had a heart of gold. He enjoyed horseback riding and even after he had passed ninety years, Old Gray, as the horse was named, carried him in safety to the village and all over both of his farms.

Dyer never became a member of any church but always gave financial aid to them. Among his papers was found a deed, dated 1828, to Dyer and his brother Samuel, Jr., \$8 for slip No. 31 in the Baptist Meeting House. This deed was signed by William Marsh, Lent Ives and Joseph Parker. For many years he rented a pew in the Congregational Church. This rent was usually paid to his neighbor, Mr. Childs, and his contribution to the Missionary Society to Mrs. Childs. In 1882 he gave toward repairs on the parsonage and to Miss Hilliard for the music.

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After Dyer's death and when his estate was settled in 1886, *The Rutland Herald* printed the following:

"The personal property of the late Col. Townsend was sold at auction last week. The cows averaged about \$40 each. The Merino sheep were bid off by John W. Cramton, A. J. Newton and D. T. Holden of Pittsford. For the past fifty years the best blooded sheep in Vermont, or in this country, have been bred on this farm. They found a ready market in nearly all the states in the Union, from the lake-chain to the golden sands of the Pacific. Father and son have passed away and today the last descendants of this celebrated flock are sold under the auctioneer's hammer and the farm only remains as a last memento of its centenarian owner."

During the latter years of his life Dyer read the Bible through many times and considered it an inspired document. His long life was lived by the Golden Rule.

IX. THE HOME OF THE HULLS

1786-1885

By MINNIE STAFFORD KLOCK

*"There was a time before our time
It will not come again."*

ON June 9, 1786, "Abraham Ives of Cheshire in New Haven County, state of Connecticut, for 90 Pounds Lawful Money received of Zephaniah Hull of Wallingford, Rutland County, Vermont, deeded the s'd Zephaniah Hull a parcel of land bounded on the N. W. by Samuel Hull's land and on the South by Lent Ives land—East on third tier of Lots on highway as expressed in the Survey of Lots, North by Samuel Hull's land, and contains 29 acres." This deed was recorded the same day by Joseph Randall, Town Clerk.

On April 17, 1790, Samuel Hull for "50 Pounds Lawful Money" deeded to Zephaniah Hull a parcel of land on the highway "that runs through my farm—the County road that runs North and South and the cross road that runs East and West—South side of this road until it comes to Lent Ives north line." The north and south road is now known as Main Street, or Route No. 7. The east and west road is now named Hull Avenue from Main Street to Prospect Street. Formerly it ran up the hill and joined the East Street road which runs nearly north and south.

On April 4, 1798, Lent Ives deeded to Zephaniah Hull, for the consideration of Five Dollars, a certain piece of land which lies on the East side of the Main Road leading from Clarendon to Danby "reserving the Land which the School House

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now stands upon with sufficient Room to pass around said School House" [the site of the present Rotary Building]. This deed was signed "In the Presence of Wm. Fox."

In 1801 Lent Ives deeded to Zephaniah Hull sixty acres of land on West Hill, the eastern boundary being "land owned by Phaus Jackson and the Pond." The price paid was \$160.

Upon the land lying on "the East side of Main Road." Zephaniah Hull built part of the house now owned by Mrs. W. P. Cary, and the one owned by Byron Leonard, the latter being the ell of the main house. Behind the ell was a long woodshed. Upon the corner now owned by Mr. Senif were the cow barn and the building used for both pigs and poultry. The horse barn and the sheep barn were east at the rear of the long woodshed. There were other out buildings, a corn barn, a tool house, a cheese house, an ice house and a smoke house. On the side road was a house for a hired man with a family. This house is now occupied by Ernest Chase. It was the only house on the south side of the road until after the Hull home was purchased of the writer by W. P. Cary in 1907.

Zephaniah Hull and his wife Polly Hammond, had four children, Alfred, Marcus, Electa and Minerva. Alfred lived the eighty and one-half years of his life in the house where he was born.

Marcus settled in Hinesburg, Vermont, married and reared a family. He had a general store for many years. After his death, his son and son-in-law moved to Burlington, where a grandson, another Alfred Hull, lives at the present time.

Electa died at the age of seven years and is buried in the Hull lot in Green Hill Cemetery.

Minerva became the wife of Royal Avery, and spent the greater part of her married life in Gloversville, N. Y., where some of her descendants still abide.

Zephaniah Hull was a devout man. Every evening he gathered

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the members of his household about him and conducted family prayers.

The names of "Zephaniah Hull" and "Mrs. Zephaniah Hull" stand third and fourth in the list of names of members of the Congregational Church who joined "prior to 1798." Mr. Hull's name is on the list of the thirty men who met in 1802 to form a Congregational Society which has continued until this day.

He left \$100 to the Society, the income to be used to provide a seat for widows of the Congregation, hence the item that appears in the annual reports "Hull widows' slip, \$6.00."

Zephaniah Hull was a very hard working man. Men of his generation living on farms had to be. He was honest, sincere and mild in speech. He abhorred waste of either time, opportunity, goods or money. At times this propensity came near to getting him into serious trouble.

Mr. Hull had a yoke of oxen that he greatly desired to sell. One Sunday afternoon, two men came along buying cattle and Zephaniah Hull sold his oxen and received cash for them. When this transaction was noised abroad, he was waited upon by a Committee from the Church. They came to tell him that, unless he would say he was sorry he sold his oxen on Sunday, there would probably be some action taken by the Church. After considering a few moments, Mr. Hull replied, "I am sorry, brethren, I am amazing sorry, but I want to say it a little different from what you do. I am sorry it was Sunday when I sold the oxen." He could not be induced to change that statement, being too upright to profess what he did not feel. There was never any action taken by the Church. His name still stands on the roll with an asterisk before it, indicating that he was a member of the church at the time of his death. (The writer told this story to Walter Hard a few years ago for use in his column in the *Rutland Herald*. He wrote it up in his inimitable way, and it appeared under the title "Zephaniah's Repentance.")

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The smooth meadows east and south of the Hull house when Zephaniah died had been covered with stone when he bought the land. These stones were made into fences, always spoken of as stone walls, and placed to divide garden from door yard, meadow from pasture and orchard.

A story handed down in the family tells how Zephaniah tried a different plan in one of the first years on the farm. He and his men started to dig a great pit into which the surface stones could be dumped. After a couple of days, they had dug up so many stones that he realized it was a hopeless task and decided to give it up and just put back that which lay beside the pit, only to find that nature had been a better packer than he, and some of these stones actually had to be added to the walls.

Life was easier the last ten or twelve years. His elder son, Alfred and his daughter-in-law, Rebecca, took more and more responsibility, although the old folks still held the reins, as the young couple never had a deed of anything. This fact was a source of much satisfaction to "Mrs. Zephaniah" all her days. She frequently reminded them of it in these words—"I am in my own house, and I'm glad I be, if others do well maybe they can stay here too."

The spring after Rebecca Hull came to Wallingford to live, she went to the attic one morning to clean. Finding an accumulation of worthless things there, she filled the largest basket she could find with broken earthen-ware and glassware and iron skillets with holes in them, and not knowing how else to dispose of this rubbish, she carried the basket some distance from the house and scattered it at the base of one of the stone walls. The following day Zephaniah discovered it and brought it all back, saying to her as he passed through the kitchen on his way to the attic, "You will ruin me with such waste."

The following summer, Rebecca Hull had another experience that she never forgot, yet never recalled with any ill will. She

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was as usual very busy in the kitchen, when Zephaniah suddenly appeared, and seeing a great fire on the hearth, he dashed a bucket of water on it saying, "I shall be ruined if you burn so much wood." Too dismayed to be angry, she simply said, "Father Hull, I can't have dinner ready now when the men come in from the field." They stood for an instant looking at each other, and then Father Hull said, "I didn't think of that, Rebecca. I am amazing sorry." Father Hull hastily split some very fine kindling, and brought a handful of chips from the wood yard. His daughter-in-law raked together some coals left on the edges of the hearth and fanned them into flames. Thus they had the fire going again under the kettles, but when Alfred came in from the hay field with a line of hired men following him (all mowing was done with scythes in those days), the dinner was not ready to dish up. Such a thing had not happened before since Rebecca took charge, and Alfred did not hesitate to voice his disapproval. Great was his astonishment when his father interposed with, "Well, well, Alfred, never mind; it will do the hired men good to rest awhile. They will work all the better for it." Never before had son Alfred heard such a sentiment expressed by his hard working, hard driving parent.

In the Rev. Walter Thorpe's "History of Wallingford," the name of Zephaniah Hull is included in the list of those soldiers "who fought in the stirring days of '76 and in 1812" and are buried in the village cemetery.

Zephaniah Hull died in 1840 in his eightieth year. His wife, Polly, lived sixteen years more.

Some facts and some surmises about the relatives of Zephaniah Hull.

Zephaniah's father's name was Samuel, and his grandfather's name was Caleb, according to family records owned by Alfred Hull, now of Burlington. These men lived in Wallingford, New

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Haven County, Connecticut, in New Cheshire Parish. Caleb was undoubtedly buried there.

In Green Hill Cemetery in Wallingford, Vermont, there stand side by side two headstones erected, one to the memory of Mr. Samuel Hull who died in 1791 in the 62nd year of his age, the other to the memory of Eunice Hull, consort of Samuel Hull, who died in 1803 in the 68th year of her age. On this stone are these words, "They both belonged to the same church in Cheshire in Connecticut & appeared to be persons of real piety."

In line with these stones, with an intervening space for one grave, there is another stone bearing the name of Josephus Hull, who died in 1813 in the 41st year of his age.

The Hulls were owners of land, as evidenced by many deeds still extant. Several of these deeds gave Sam'l Hull Jun. of Wallingford, New Haven County, Connecticut, title to tracts of land in said Wallingford in the Parish of New Cheshire. These deeds are dated 1769-71-73-76-77-79. There are also deeds from Caleb Hull "to my son Sam'l Hull Jun." dated 1774 and 1776. The first transaction was "For the consideration of One Hundred Pounds Lawful Money" and the second "For the consideration of Love, Goodwill & Natural Affection that I have for my son."

A third deed is from one John Atwater to Sam'l Hull Jun. of land "adjoining onto said Samuel Hull's land and his Honored Father's, Mr. Caleb Hull's land." This deed is dated 1766.

Seventeen hundred eighty-five is the date of the first deed of land to Sam'l Hull Jun. in Wallingford, Rutland County, Vermont. Seventeen hundred eighty-six the date of the second deed. Both are from Abraham Ives. The western boundary was Otter Creek, beginning at the Grist Mill. One tract of land was purchased "with all the buildings thereon." These buildings were probably the home of Samuel Hull, but no one knows where they stood.

There has been preserved a document which states that Zeph-

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aniah Hull was one of the executors of Samuel Hull's estate, and also a list of articles of personal property which Samuel's widow agreed to accept as her third and signed by her, Eunice Hull.

There is a bond dated 1793 that binds Jeremiah Whipple & Eunice Whipple, David & Hannah Meacham and Josephus Hull, all of Wallingford, Vermont to pay unto Zephaniah Hull and Caleb Hull, both of Wallingford aforesaid, the sum of five hundred pounds for a good authentic deed of half a right of land in the township of Stowe in Chittenden County, Vermont.

In 1795 the Meachams and Josephus Hull paid their obligation, and in 1796 the Whipples paid theirs.

There is no mention made of any relationship between any of these parties. One wishes they had been as considerate of future generations as the elder Caleb was down in Wallingford, Connecticut.

It seems probable that Zephaniah, Caleb and Josephus were brothers and that the women Hannah and Eunice were their sisters. We know that Hannah's maiden name was Hull. One wonders for whom that space between the graves of Eunice Hull and Josephus Hull was intended. Did he leave a widow who married again? We know that Caleb Hull went to Hinesburg, Vermont and died there.

It seems so much better to surmise than to state as facts such misstatements as are printed in the County Gazeteer, Directory of Rutland County, Vermont, compiled and published by Hamilton Child, 1881-82. A copy of this Gazeteer is in the Town Clerk's office and there one may read this about the Hulls:

"Zephaniah Hull came to Clarendon from Cheshire, Connecticut at an early date; locating upon the place now owned by his granddaughter, Rebecca F. Hull at Wallingford village. Rebecca's father, Alfred Hull, was born September 10th, 1794 and resided upon the old homestead all his life, dying March 28th, 1875."

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Even at this date, 1937, there are many persons living who knew both Alfred and Rebecca Hull; knew that they were husband and wife and that Rebecca was Alfred's widow at the time the *Gazeteer* appeared in Wallingford. We laughed at the mistakes then. They do not seem funny now, rather they make us realize anew how inaccurate we are prone to be.

Alfred Hull was born in 1794 and lived all of his eighty and one-half years on the farm where he was born. Not much is known about him until after his marriage in 1827. He was a tall, broad-shouldered, well proportioned man, with dark curling hair, dark eyes, high forehead and regular features. He was always smooth shaven. His wife thought he was the best looking man in town. He was a good farmer, and a good business man. A masterful man, he expected others to do as he desired, and for one reason or another, they usually did.

His one expletive, used so frequently as to render it impossible to recall him without also recalling that, was "condemit." This indicated either anger or annoyance. Many times it was uttered just because it had become a habit.

The town records show that he was first selectman in 1842-43-44-45-47 and -48.

Alfred was not a devout man like his father, Zephaniah. He never united with any church, although he attended and helped support the Congregational Church. He was a member of the society and often served on committees appointed to transact business of various kinds—as shown by the following items copied from the society records, 1844: "Mosley Hall, John Fox, Alfred Hull appointed a committee to settle with the executors of Alexander Miller for the legacy in the last will and testament of s'd Miller for the support of Congregational preaching in Wallingford, North Village." 1846: "Society voted to have Alfred Hull see Mr. Benton about teaching singing school." (A

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Miller fund provided the money.) 1848: "Voted I. M. Hill, Alfred Hull and Harvey Button a committee to consult with the family of the late Rev. Stephen Martindale and procure a monument for his grave." 1852: "Voted a committee of three, H. Button, Alfred Hull and Samuel Townsend to amend the constitution and fix a sum to each members name to raise a tax to support preaching for the year ensuing." 1854: "Voted Alfred Hull and P. G. Clark building committee, whole matter of repairs to be left to them when the money is raised."

The subscription paper that was circulated to find out how much money could be secured for the repairs was found recently in an attic in the village. There are thirty-three names in the list, and as of old, some gave of their abundance and some of their need, the sums ranging from \$2.00 to \$125.00. Those who gave \$50.00 or more were Elizur Munson \$125.00, Alfred Hull, P. G. Clark, I. B. Munson and I. M. Hill each \$100.00. H. Button, E. W. Kent and E. Martindale \$75.00. R. Hall \$65.00. John Miller \$55.00. Joel Hill and H. Harris \$50.00. The whole amount subscribed was \$1,284.00.

Mr. Hull continued to be active in church affairs until in 1869 we find this item: "Alfred Hull asked to be excused from serving" on a committee. The name of a younger man was substituted and the Hull name does not appear on the records after that date.

Outside of his family, his chief interests in life were always farming and accumulating money.

His wife worked harder and more hours than he did, but she had to have a little fun now and then. She went one afternoon to David Sabin's store South of Roaring Brook bridge to buy some goblets. After she had made her purchase, Mr. Sabin showed Mrs. Hull some new designs in Bennington ware that he had just added to his stock. One was a milk pitcher in the form of a cow, the milk was poured out of the cow's mouth and the tail switched up over her back formed the handle. Mrs. Hull was interested

but not in the way Mr. Sabin had expected. She said to him "I am going to send Mr. Hull down here to buy your cow—when he comes you show him this one." So when she reached home she told Alfred that David Sabin had a fine cow that he wanted to sell, she had seen it, a very glossy, brown cow; and Mr. Hull, who was always willing to buy a good cow, went to see Mr. Sabin at once, taking a whip with which to drive the cow back. He returned owning no more live stock than when he left home—and as he entered the kitchen door he looked pretty grim and raised that whip saying to his wife, "Condemit, I've a great mind to," but of course he didn't.

If Alfred Hull had bought that "sleek, brown cow" of David Sabin, and it had been preserved intact until this day, doubtless it would be more valuable than several cows in his herd at that time.

Probably the Merino sheep industry brought more money into the Hull coffers than any other branch of farming.

There was a time when a fleece was worth from \$2.50 to \$3.50 and washed wool from fifty to seventy-five cents a pound even from a herd of not the very highest grade.

Sheep raising called for hard work in lambing and in shearing time. In the spring time, before the shearing, came the washing of the sheep in some stream; a very cold, hard job. The sheep owner dealt out a portion of rum to each worker to prevent his taking cold. The wool and the fleeces were stored in the wool room at the top of the house. Hospitality was extended by the Hulls to very many persons. Once this was abused by a cousin of some degree to Mr. Hull; fleeces were found to have mysteriously disappeared. Later it was discovered that the visiting Electa had been slipping up to the wool room after dark and throwing them out of the window into the driveway, where they were caught, or picked up by the waiting Eustace. He was a much younger and less intelligent person whom the cousin had decided to marry, and even-

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tually did. The couple lived and died in the house adjoining the school yard now owned by Miss Anna Cole.

There were amusing incidents connected with the sheep raising. In cold weather the ewes were kept at night in the large sheep barn where the floor was of earth covered thickly with straw. A visiting city lady was taken out to see them and after peering around she said to her host; "Oh! Mr. Hull, do show me which is the little lamb's Pa." He explained that the sire of the flock abode in the sheep pen.

It always seemed a most appropriate design for the iron fence around the cemetery lot to be a lamb lying down under a small tree on each picket, and on the two gates a large spreading tree with a sheep on either side. This design might be said to typify the farming business and also that part of it which provided money for the fence. This fence was placed in the sixties; the monument of Barre granite in the center of the lot in the next decade.

Some time after the close of the Civil War there was an attempt made to send the freed colored people to the colony in Liberia on the west coast of Africa. It did not succeed much better than a similar attempt had in the early part of the century. However, there were subscription papers circulated to raise funds for that purpose after it had been estimated that \$34.00 would pay for the transportation of one person. When one of these subscription papers was presented to Alfred Hull he thought the matter over, and finally put his name down for the whole amount. He noticed that Mr. Israel Munson was down for \$17.00. As soon as the solicitor had gone Mr. Hull had a horse hitched to the buggy and drove down to the Munson farm. When he returned he told his wife that he had said to his friend, "Israel, you have agreed to send a nigger half way to Africa. He will be sure to get back here, condemit. I've agreed to send one clear around." It is not to be supposed that Mr. M. was moved by the absurd argument

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of the negro's probable return, but he doubled his subscription doubtless because Alfred had gone to the farm expressly for the purpose of challenging him to match the subscription he himself had made. Both men felt they had been very liberal and spoke about it afterwards when solicited for anything in the way of Foreign Missions.

It was along in the sixties that Mr. Hull began to realize that he was getting to be an old man. In 1866 he sold one of his farms, the one now owned by James Safford which then included the land now occupied by the Boy's Camp and contained 180 acres. Mr. Hull deeded this farm to Homer H. Waldo for \$12,000. It remained in the Waldo name for about half a century.

In 1870 he sold his West Hill farm of 75 acres to James Mooney, father of the present owner, John Mooney, for \$3,000.00.

In 1827, Alfred Hull had married Rebecca Freeman Smith, who lived in Guildhall, Essex County, Vermont, where her parents had a farm and kept a tavern on the bank of the Connecticut River. She came to Wallingford fully expecting to begin house-keeping in the house next to the brick schoolhouse, now occupied by Mrs. Porter Benson. It was part of the Hull property then. After a few days in the Hull home, Zephaniah and his wife, especially the latter, strongly urged the young couple to stay with them as they would soon be too old to carry on alone. Alfred liked the idea of living where he always had lived, so that was the way it was settled. All travel was by horse drawn vehicles over none too good roads, nevertheless she brought to her new home a chest of seven drawers (not a highboy) and a cabinet with double doors. These two pieces of furniture stood always in her sleeping room. A good supply of linen and bedding, a gold banded china tea set, and money with which she bought mirrors. She was sandy-haired, blue-eyed, medium sized. A silhouette



ALFRED HULL, 1794-1875



RESIDENCE OF ALFRED HULL, SOMEWHAT ALTERED

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made in her girlhood showed regular features of a distinctly feminine type. She had an iron constitution, a pleasant disposition, a keen sense of humor. She was a joker all her life. She could no more have helped that than she could have changed the color of her eyes. She and a brother two years younger had played all sorts of pranks on each other in their childhood, and when she laid on her bed during the three weeks of her last illness, there were times when she made her nurses laugh by her droll remarks.

She had been taught by her mother to spin and to weave, to cut out garments and make them, to card wool, spin it into yarn and knit socks and stockings, to prepare wicks and to dip candles—which were the only artificial light used then—to preserve meat as well as fruit, to make butter and cheese and to cook and keep house.

Now began years of the hardest kind of work. There was no running water in houses anywhere. When she churned in the warm weather she carried the cream in the evening to a spring situated thirty-seven rods east of the house and brought it back in the morning. She worked from sunrise till sunset as most people did in those days, and about once a week by way of catching up on the endless tasks, she worked after every one else had retired, getting into bed about two a.m. and rising at four or five a.m. according to the season of the year. This manner of living had no serious effect on her own health, and it was years after that she realized what it had done to the next generation. Pre-natal care had not yet been thought of. In her old age she said sadly "I guess I killed all my children before they were born—but I didn't know it then."

The first child, and the only son she was ever to bear, died at the age of 10 months. He was named Frederick Smith after her youngest and best loved brother. His small headstone is next to the North gate in the Hull lot in Green Hill Cemetery, and until after the hard winter of 1934 a great white rose bush planted by

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his mother's hands scattered petals over that small grave every June.

The second child was a daughter named Mary Minerva. When tied up in her blanket and weighed on the steelyards, she tipped the beam at a little less than four pounds. Yet from this tiny spark of life does the line (but not the name) go on from Alfred and Rebecca Hull. Minerva, red-haired, blue-eyed, very sweet dispositioned, grew up a frail but fairly well girl. At twenty-one, she was married to N. T. Sprague, Jr. of Brandon and went there to live. One daughter, Florence, was born to this couple. Minerva Hull Sprague died in her parents' house, at the age of 26 years, of what was then called quick consumption.

The third child, also a daughter, remained on earth only long enough to make an entry in the family Bible.

The fourth and last child was a daughter named Calista. She was married to Arima Smith of Clarendon—at the time that had been set for the wedding. Although she had been stricken with the same malady that had caused her sister's death, she had not given up hope of recovery. She never again wore the beautiful silk wedding-gown, but her mother treasured it as long as she lived. The funeral was held six weeks after the wedding, hence the couplet under her name on the monument,

"She passed away in life's gay bloom
From the bridal altar to the tomb"

N. T. Sprague erected the tall white marble shaft under which the two sisters lie.

Florence Sprague married Charles E. Clark of Castleton. There were four children born to this couple, who spent most of their married life in Buffalo, N. Y., where Mrs. Clark still survives. The three daughters of Alfred Hull Clark, surgeon, of that city and the three sons of Charles E. Clark, Jr., comprise the fifth generation.

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Some years after Alfred Hull's marriage—exact date not known—the front part of the house was much enlarged. When it was completed it contained sixteen rooms. On the first floor were the north parlor, south parlor, sitting-room, three bedrooms, dining room and kitchen combined, the pantry and the wash room. In addition there were two entrance halls with stairs leading to the second floor.

The big kitchen which also served as dining room, the pantry and the wash room deserve special mention. This kitchen was 26 feet long. The west half which opened on to the only piazza served as the dining room. The great chimney was at the east end. The fireplace was bricked up, but the mantel, cupboard at side of chimney, and a very wide hearth made of slabs of limestone, were never removed.

The pantry was 7 x 12 ft. with shelves, drawers and cupboards, two north windows with a broad shelf in front of them that was made of a white maple plank. This was scoured with soft soap and fine sand and was as smooth as glass.

In the wash room a five pail iron kettle was built into an arch connecting with the kitchen chimney. In this room the laundry work for the household was done each week, after the kettle had been filled with soft water pumped from the cistern, a fire built under the kettle and the wooden tubs brought up from the cellar.

Over the archway there was a closed-in winding stairway that led to the hired men's room which had no other entrance.

On the second floor were seven bedrooms, above that a high unfinished attic with one smooth-floored, plastered room at the north end called the wool-room, and used only for storing that commodity.

In the attic hanging from the rafters were different kinds of dried herbs, sage, pennyroyal, thoroughwort, catnip, tansy, spearmint, peppermint and goldthread—each in separate marked bags.

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On the floor stood the large wool spinning wheel, the smaller flax wheel and such odds and ends as were stored in every attic.

Under the house were several cellars, deep enough to prevent anything stored there from freezing. These cellars were walled with stones gathered on the farm and set with mortar. Stone walls divided one cellar from another with a heavy wooden door in each wall. On the side wall of one cellar was another door that opened onto stonesteps that led into the north yard. The steps when not in use were covered by folding doors, and were a great convenience in the autumn when all the fruit and vegetables to be stored were brought into the cellars from the outside rather than through the house. The floors were of flagstones or of beaten earth with planks laid down in front of rows of barrels that contained corned beef, salt pork, apples and potatoes, and a half barrel of green cucumbers in brine. There were bins filled with roots, carrots, beets and turnips buried in sand, a basket of onions, rows of Hubbard squashes, piles of cabbages. There was always a barrel of cider vinegar and one of soft soap. There were jars of butter and crocks of lard. On swing shelves were jars of plum and of pear preserves, of pound sweet apples preserved with quinces, and jars of boiled cider. From the rafters hung large pieces of dried beef and a ham. The extra supply of hams was left in the smoke house and brought into the cellar when needed.

When these supplies were carried into the cellars they were placed "where they belonged" and there was no need to hunt for anything during the year.

Now we are going out of the front door and around the farm. There were narrow borders of sweet william on each side of the marble walk that ran from the wide limestone door step to the sidewalk. The three ancient maple trees were sizable trees as long ago as anyone now living can remember.

A white picket fence with double gates opening on to the driveway north of the house, and a small gate opposite the front door

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and another one opposite the street door of the ell, ran south to the end of the Hull front yard.

In this south side yard just behind the fence, grew a great apple tree, very tall, with a trunk of unusual thickness. It was supposed to be nearly one hundred years old. It was necessary for a man to go up on a ladder to reach the lowest branches. It was a custom to display a flag there over the sidewalk on the 4th of July. In this yard there were two pear trees, one crabapple tree, and Concord, Delaware and Muscatel grapes, each on a separate trellis. Next to the house there were rose bushes, and peonies, a snowball bush and a row of hollyhocks. Near the south woodshed door and in line with the stone smoke house, still standing, was a watering trough where water ran from a spout into the trough, which emptied into a drain. This watering-trough was never used for animals to drink from, only for cooling milk. From the south kitchen door to the trough was a wide platform made of planks, and two Pearmain apple trees shaded watering trough and platform. The house as well as the picket fence was painted white. There were dark green blinds at the windows and also at two doors, the front one and the south one opening into the parlor. There were no screens at either windows or doors.

Now we are going south from this side yard and in behind the property now occupied by Mrs. Porter Benson. Beside the gate grew a syringa bush that still blooms every spring. Here was the clothes yard, the same as now. Along the west wall was an ideal place for the plum trees, east was the kitchen garden, where there was a row of white and of red currant bushes, one of purple and of pale yellow gooseberries, one of rhubarb, an asparagus bed and also a sage bed. In the center were the vegetables.

There was a stile at the south-east corner by which to get over the wall into the orchard. Here were rows and rows of apple trees, Greening, Spitzenberg, Baldwin, Porter, Russet, Pound Sweet, Snow, White and also Blue Pearmain, and one tree of an un-

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known variety; the friendliest tree in the orchard; the branches started low on the trunk and were wide spreading. It was the easiest tree to climb, afforded the best seat, and bore delicious apples, rich red in color, known only as "greasy skins" from their high polish.

East and south of the orchard were the fields of oats, corn or potatoes, while up the hill ran the acres of pasture land, affording a wonderful view of West Hill in the autumn after the foliage had turned. At the top of the hill there was a pine grove. We will turn and walk toward the north and go down through the pasture. As we reach the sloping meadow land, we go past the never failing spring from which the purest water still runs at Mrs. Cary's house and barns, past the rear of the "little red house" on the side street, past the sheep and horse barn, until we are in the yard north of the long woodshed and the kitchen ell. At the rear of the main house there was a long wide flower bed, where grew larkspur, sweet William, lilies, dahlias, bleeding heart and columbine. This bed was enclosed by a white picket fence to protect it from the hens that wandered about between house and barn. In the spring time there were many chicken coops in this yard, each coop containing one hen and her brood, that ran in and out of the coop. Sometimes a hen would refuse to mother her brood and there was a speckled brown and white hen that was always willing to be a step-mother. This hen was rewarded for her kindness to orphan chicks by being allowed to live her natural life, which proved to be seventeen years.

We will re-enter the house by the north entrance hall which led to the dining end of the big kitchen.

In addition to what was called the home lot, there were some acres of wood land east of the village, of meadow land north of the village on the west side of the road, and of pasture high up on the hill north of the village and west of the creek road to Rut-

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land. This extra land was needed to carry on the farming business on a scale pleasing to Mr. Hull.

Any portrayal of life on a farm would be incomplete without mentioning some of the helpers, who by reason of long term of service, excellence of work or some peculiarity, were never forgotten by the owners.

For many years the town of Wallingford provided for paupers by auctioning them off to the lowest bidder at the annual town meeting. There was one town charge named Nathan Remington. About 1840, Alfred Hull said he would take Nathan for the work he could do. So Nathan went to the Hull home for one year and remained there until he died in 1885. He was a strong, perfectly healthy man who had a strange mental twist, said to have been caused by being jilted by the girl of his choice. He was a good worker, especially good in caring for the oxen, pigs and poultry. He was trustworthy and had an excellent memory. He was a familiar figure on the streets and called by name by most of the residents for very many years. In the Hull home his meals were served at a small table by a window in one corner of the big kitchen. The chair placed there was his place to sit. He could read and used to read the Herald aloud to Nancy McLaughlin, who did not know the alphabet, but was an excellent worker in the Hull kitchen for nearly twenty years. Whenever Nathan came to a word he could not pronounce he always said "sunthin' or nother" and read on. He survived Mr. Hull by ten years and Mrs. Hull by four months but was cared for in the home. His funeral was held in the Hull home and he was buried at the south end of the Hull lot according to a promise given him by Mrs. Hull. A good-sized marble headstone was put at his grave, bearing his name, date of death and probable age, 80 years.

They lie now within the iron fence, three generations of Hulls

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and the faithful servant. He had known them all, save the seven-year-old Electa and the baby Frederick.

It was about 1837 that there came to the Hull home a girl of fourteen, a healthy, very intelligent, unusually good looking girl, one of several children of poor and respectable parents. Her name was Sarah Coles. Her worldly possessions consisted of the clothes she was wearing and a bundle too small to contain a second dress. Mrs. Hull soon supplied the needed garments, and it was arranged that Sarah should work for her board and clothes. There must have been mutual liking between Mrs. Hull and this young girl, for that arrangement lasted for fourteen years.

One first of April morning, Mrs. Hull decided to "fool" the young hired man who had come to work for the Hulls the previous autumn. He was splitting wood in the shed at the rear of the house and she rushed to the shed door and called, "Seymour, go for the doctor quick, Sarah is in a fit." He dropped his axe and started walking along the driveway at the north of the house. She sped through the house and by the time he reached the sidewalk, she opened the front door and called, "Seymour, it was nothing but a sleepy fit and Sarah has come out of it." Then Mrs. Hull returned to her work and supposed that Seymour had done the same. A little while after as she and Sarah were working in the kitchen on the south side of the house they saw Dr. John Fox (who lived in the brick house now owned by Mr. A. W. Hawkins) coming toward their house, carrying his medicine chest.

This was probably the only time that Mrs. Hull ever ran away from the consequences of any act of her own, but Dr. Fox was a highly respected physician and many years older than she was, so now she hastily said "Sarah, you tell him how 'twas," then slipped into the pantry and closed the door. So when the Doctor stepped on to the piazza it was Sarah who opened the door and explained

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and apologized, until the Doctor went home amused rather than annoyed.

About 1851, Sarah was married to one Daniel Fish, who "carried on" farms wherever he could get one. She went to her new home with a wardrobe that included two silk dresses, and a "setting out" of feather beds, pillows, bedding and household linen. Her place in the Hull family was somewhat unusual. She was not a relative, and had never been a "hired" girl. She came and went through the years as long as there was anyone of the name left. At one time the Fish family occupied the small red house on the side street, with Daniel working on the home farm. They were the tenants on the farm south of the village when Mr. Hull sold it to Homer H. Waldo.

After Daniel Fish died, his widow made her home with a married daughter in Manchester.

She was an excellent nurse for many years. It was Sarah who helped to care for Mrs. Hull in her last illness. She was remembered by both Alfred and Rebecca Hull in their wills.

And there was Eli Moores, a young man when he came to the Hulls. Nowadays he would be spoken of as a case of arrested development—then they just said Eli wasn't all there, and let it go at that. He was perfectly healthy, strong and willing, a good farm hand, and some of his sayings became by-words in the family. It was the custom at butchering time for all the men to guess the probable weight of the hog when dressed; Eli happened to guess the exact number of pounds and none of the others came within two or three pounds. When they all praised Eli, he grinned and said "Clude if I was used to guessin, I could come nearer than that." He would have been remembered for his wedding present to Minerva, if for no other reason. Eli's father was a skillful maker of wooden kitchen utensils. When the elder daughter in the Hull home was about to be married, Eli appeared one morning bringing a molding board and a rolling pin and announced that he had

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brought a wedding present for Minerva. Mrs. Hull thanked him heartily for bringing such a useful present, Minerva was called and she too expressed her appreciation of Eli's wedding present. They really thought Eli had done a very nice thing until just as he was leaving, he said over his shoulder: "Mis' Hull, sometime when's convenient you may pay my father for 'em." And she did.

When the Civil War broke out, Eli was married and living with his family in the South part of the town. He was drafted but before he went away he came to see Mrs. Hull, and as he was leaving said "Goodbye, Mis' Hull, pro'bly I shall come back again, and pro'bly I shan't." He returned in due time, with a good record, having been a good soldier.

When Eli returned from the war after an absence of more than a year, he found a tiny baby in the cradle that stood in the kitchen. After a number of weeks had passed, he came up to the Hulls to talk things over with Mrs. Hull, and concluded the story of his wife's misdemeanor by saying that he didn't think he should "live with her only until fall." Now if it had been anyone but Eli who had come to her for advice or even if he had come the day he reached home, her answer would undoubtedly have been different. As it was she obeyed the Biblical injunction to "answer a fool according to his folly" and replied, "Why Eli, you wouldn't let a small thing like that separate you from your wife!" "Yes," agreed Eli, "I know it is a small thing, but . . . I dun'no."

Eli stayed with his wife and there being no more wars, there was never any more domestic trouble.

When Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hull had grown old—and no one now living knew them before then—the south parlor was used only on special occasions and the north parlor only in the hot weather unless there was company. The rest of the year they sat in the sitting-room where there were one north and three south windows. In this room always stood a butler's desk with the clock on it and books stacked on either side of the clock, a desk chair,

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a drop-leaf table, a corner cupboard with glass doors where the tall silver tea service and the best china were kept, a long hair-cloth covered sofa, two rocking chairs, two or three Hitchcock chairs and a large chunk stove. There was never any floor covering excepting an oilcloth of a cheerful pattern, kept bright by frequent varnishing. These two old people seldom had a cold, never seemed to feel chilly. They were old but not feeble.

Mr. Hull wrote all the letters, both business and personal. He had ceased to use quill pens but there were always some in sight, and as long as he lived, he blotted his letters with fine sand shaken from a wooden sand holder that resembled a pepper shaker. Mrs. Hull sewed or knitted.

During these years, Mr. Hull wore black or dark grey clothes, white shirts with stiffly starched bosom, collar and cuffs, and a black tie. In the summer he wore a buff pique vest and always a heavy gold watch-chain attached to a large hunting case gold watch. The lid on the face of this watch was raised to ascertain the time, and the one on the back was opened each evening in order to wind the watch with a key.

Mrs. Hull's dress was always black or black with a white figure. Her collar was fastened with a brooch and she wore a black lace cap.

It was probably in the late sixties that Mr. Hull went on a business trip to New York City and was entertained in the home of a Mr. Betts. On his return he told his wife that Mr. B. would be coming to Wallingford soon and would be their guest for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Hull had always driven about in an open buggy, the only covered vehicle on the premises being a one-horse shay that had not been used since Zephaniah's time. Mrs. Hull had been wishing for a carriage for some time but Mr. Hull really could not see any reason for buying one. In the nineteenth century, the man of the house held the purse strings and when a purchase was contemplated, he seldom asked himself, "Can I

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afford it?" rather, "Do we need it?" If he could not answer that question in the affirmative he usually decided not to waste his money. Now Mrs. Hull said to her husband, "When Mr. Betts comes, you will want to take him to ride and show him the country round about," and Mr. Hull assented to that. Then she said to him, "I suppose when the time comes you will step to the north entry door and call to Nathan to hitch onto the very best ox cart, and drive around to the front of the house." Perhaps that made Mr. Hull realize the shabbiness of the buggy as never before. Mrs. Hull believed that it did. The carriage was purchased at once and the Hulls enjoyed riding in it for years. In fact, that was what Mr. Hull rode in when he drove his span of bay Morgan horses from his house to Merchants Row in Rutland in less than one hour on his eightieth birthday. A younger man sat on the seat with him and drove back. Mr. Hull was quite proud of the manner in which he had celebrated that birthday and for the first time in years he was pleased to have his real age mentioned.

With her constant joking, Mrs. Hull frequently had the tables turned on her. Usually this pleased her. It had been the custom for the pupils attending school in what is now the Rotary Building to come to the Hull watering-trough and fill a pail from the spout. It was probably in the last year that school was held there that Mrs. Hull saw two boys, one considerably older than the other, coming for a pail of water. She stepped out onto the platform and told them she had decided to take toll for the water. Every one who carried any away, would have to kiss her on her cheek. The older boy, Charley Hill (later to become the father of Mrs. Eugene Smith), stepped up and placed his toll on the exact spot on her cheek that she had indicated with the tip of her forefinger, but when she turned to the other boy, John Miller (later to become the father of Mrs. Harry Townsend), she found him very red in the face and he blurted out, "I won't do it. You can ask my father." Mrs. Hull never did collect that second toll.

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It was a number of years after this that there came to call a farmer whom Mr. and Mrs. Hull had known a long time. Mr. E—— had become quite deaf. He and Mr. Hull talked about life on the farm. When there came a lull in their conversation, Mrs. Hull looked up from her sewing and inquired, "How is your wife, Mr. E——?" and he thinking doubtless that she had asked about a cow, replied, "She was the best one I ever had, such a good milker, but she got unruly and I've had to kill her." Mrs. Hull enjoyed telling that story to her out of town guests for a long time.

After Mr. Hull's death she became very deaf and nothing would have induced her to use one of those long, shiny, black ear trumpets that were the only aids to hearing at that time, so in order to guard herself against ever making a ridiculous answer she changed her manner of living, going about very little and whenever she did go out of town to shop or make a few days' visit, she was always accompanied by a younger person to act as interpreter, and all house guests and callers were invited to sit by her on one of the haircloth sofas that stood in both parlors and in the sitting-room.

She had long since ceased to sew in the evening, but by daylight she was still setting microscopic stitches with perfect regularity in pieces of household linen that have been preserved until this day. This was true up to her 87th year. When visitors commented upon her remarkable eyesight—of course she wore spectacles for sewing, reading and writing—she would recall that her Mother took the best care of her eyes when she was a girl, and relate that when she and her sister Tamasin sewed in the evening they always did so by the light of two candles. In most other homes sisters sewed by the light of one candle.

Mrs. Hull's memory held out as remarkably as her eyesight. She could recite many poems learned in her girlhood, also many riddles. Here is a riddle of the first decade of the 19th Century:

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"My father was a slippery man but he is dead and gone.
My Mother was 300 years old the moment I was born.
I always lived by sucking, I never ate any bread
I was never good for anything until after I was dead.
Then they beat and banged me about, left me nothing but my
skin
And then they heckled me until I was ready to spin.
Then I grew old and crazy and my constitution thin,
They tore me all to pieces and made me over again,
As I went up and down the world some thought I was preaching
And everyone that saw me wanted I should teach them."

Mr. and Mrs. Hull were always hospitable people, they lived together nearly fifty years and she lived a score of years more. It seemed that every guest wished to come again. They remained from a week to a year. What a procession they would make if they could pass now in front of the "Hull" house! It is not possible to make any estimate of the number, but we will start the procession with an ex-brother-in-law of Mr. Hull, a professional man, very well to do, who married a widow so well to do that she spent \$1000.00 on her trousseau, a large sum for those days. She died as the other wives had, and the ex-brother-in-law lived to come there with a fourth wife, who survived him; and came to visit Mrs. Hull after they were both widows. And so they pass, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the learned and the ignorant, until at the end of the line we see a poor soul whose only claim to hospitality in the Hull home was that she had been a hired girl there for a short time years before. Now she found herself on the town farm east of the village. She watched for a chance to slip away and catch a ride to the village and appeared at the door, making it apparent she had not come for a call by saying, "Mrs. Hull, if I had as good a home as you have and you hadn't any, I should let you stay." She stayed for a time, although she was not a pleasant guest, and quite a care. Then Mrs. Hull sent word to the poor-master, who came with horse and buggy

THE HOME OF THE HULLS

and took the poor soul back to the town farm, where she lived long enough to come again.

Alfred Hull died in the month of March in 1875, after a brief illness. He always thought it was a disgrace to any man to die poor. He left an estate of about \$33,000.00.

He had made a will and after the estate was settled, his widow found herself at 79 years the owner of the home farm and a considerable amount of invested funds.

She engaged Alphonzo P. Stafford to be her agent and business manager at an annual salary. He was a distant relative, being a son of a first cousin of hers. Mr. and Mrs. Hull had known him from boyhood. He had been very prosperous in his own business—tin shop and hardware—but his health was not good and he had sold out his stock and rented his store several years before. Mrs. Hull made her will as soon as her husband's estate was settled, leaving the largest legacy in trust to her son-in-law, N. T. Sprague, for the one real heir, the granddaughter; small legacies to many relatives and friends, then she made Mr. Stafford her residuary legatee and the executor of her will.

Then as now, Vermont people had invested money in the West, and repented later on. Mr. Stafford went the following summer to Iowa and to Missouri to look after these investments, with good results.

He had the oversight of the farm, kept always a good farmer in the house on the side street, attended to the hiring of extra help by the day whenever needed in planting and harvesting time. He went with Mrs. Hull wherever she wished to go, or sent another member of his family. He continued to spend an occasional winter in Florida for his health, but never remained away over three months at a time while she lived.

Considerable money was spent in clearing the corner. The cow barn and other small buildings and watering trough for live stock were moved to the rear of the other buildings at the east of

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the house. The corner lot was sown to rye the first summer after. It grew to a great height and when rippled by a breeze was a beautiful and unusual sight on a village street. Another year the small house on the side road was much enlarged. Another small house opposite was purchased and the two-story front part built (Kelley house). The side road was named Hull Avenue, as a result of these improvements.

On a well-managed farm there was always a surplus of food, and through the years Mrs. Hull gave away a great deal. She gave quietly, considerately, wisely. Was there a family who had not been long in town where there were several children and the man was taken sick? That was a place to take a basket to after nightfall and speak of sickness as an excuse for bringing a large supply of cooked food. Sometimes her offering was received not only with thanks, but an assurance that it had come as an answer to prayer.

Was there an old gentleman living alone in two rooms in what had once been his own home? He was invited to drop in for a meal whenever he felt inclined, and there was always a package of cooked food for him to take home.

Were there two gentlewomen, now in reduced circumstances, keeping house in two rooms furnished with a few pieces of beautiful furniture saved when the big house was sold? That was a place either to go to or send supplies at regular intervals.

Did she hear that a former hired girl who was married and had two children, had fallen and broken a limb? That was a place to be visited at once, taking along supplies, and if she noticed that the children were none too warmly clad, it made pleasant occupation to provide cloth and make garments for them.

Never in this world or the next could it have been said of Rebecca Hull that she had failed to feed the hungry and clothe the naked.

She died in 1885 in her 89th year.

THE HOME OF THE HULLS

A few of the anecdotes in this article were related to the writer by "Sarah," when she came to nurse some member of the family the year following Mrs. Hull's death.

The greater part of them were told by Mrs. Hull during the ten years of her widowhood to the girl who sat by her on one of the haircloth sofas in the winter, or in the open doorway in the summer twilight, and listened with unflagging interest to the tales of a far-away time.

Mrs. Hull died in the month of August. By the end of the year the livestock had been sold, the house dismantled. In that house had lived and died eight persons who bore the name of Hull, there eight had been born, there three married. None had achieved fame, none disgraced the name.

Due largely to certain qualities of mind and heart of the last one to pass, it had been for many years a shelter for the homeless, a haven for the unfortunate.

Now the home of the Hulls, maintained on North Main Street for nearly a century, had come to an end.

X. LYMAN BATCHELLER AND THE PITCHFORK INDUSTRY

LYMAN BATCHELLER was born in Stratton, Vermont, March 20, 1795. He was the youngest son of Jacob Batcheller and Lois Rice of Brookfield, Massachusetts. Jacob moved from Brookfield to Stratton and later to Arlington. He was a farmer and served in the Revolutionary War. Jacob's great-grandfather was one of the jurors in the celebrated Salem Witchcraft trial, and his great-great-grandfather, Honorable Joseph Batcheller, came from Canterbury, England, settling in Salem in 1636. There are numerous transfers of property to Jacob Batcheller on the town records of Arlington which lead to the belief that he was a man of some means and standing in the community.

Lyman grew up in Stratton, which was then, as now, a thinly populated, rural community, offering few advantages. The population of the township in 1830 was only 312; and it is to be inferred that Lyman's opportunities for an education were those offered by the district schools of Stratton, necessarily limited to the simple rudiments. He became a blacksmith and undoubtedly learned his trade from his father, the scales of whose anvil can still be found at the site of his forge on the Stratton farm. On April 11, 1816, at the age of twenty-one, he married Anna Gale in Stratton. Their first son, Isaac Gale, was born February 14th

LYMAN BATCHELLER AND THE PITCHFORK INDUSTRY

of the following year, and soon afterward the family moved to Arlington, a distance of fourteen miles. Arlington is the second town directly west of Stratton, Sunderland lying between. Arlington was a more populous town than Stratton and offered better opportunities for the young blacksmith. The population of Arlington in 1830 was 1,207.

The town records of Arlington show that three years after Lyman moved there, or to be exact, February 2, 1820, he purchased a parcel of land containing sixty rods and the buildings thereon. When he sold this same parcel of land fourteen years later the buildings standing on it were a dwelling house, blacksmith shop and coal house. Whether all three buildings were there when he purchased it, or whether he erected one of them during his ownership, cannot be stated positively. Presumably the house and blacksmith shop were there when he bought the land. The house is still standing but probably the piazzas are of a late date. It is situated in the center of the village, on the west side of the highway, at the north corner of a lane leading westward, opposite the road that branches from the highway leading to the railway station and East Arlington. It is a small house set well back from the street. An old resident, John Conroy, pointed out the location of the blacksmith shop at the northeast corner of the lot, close to the street. Since he remembered the shop, it must have been standing as late as 1865 or 1870.

Lyman probably conducted a general blacksmithing business and occasionally forged pitchforks for the farmers in the vicinity. A fork has been preserved that he made about 1830 and sold to H. Wickham of Pawlet, Vermont, shown facing page 228. It was presented to Batcheller & Sons Company, April 24, 1885, by Mr. Wickham. It would seem from this that he made a special business of forging forks at this time, a business that grew out of his general blacksmithing. The work must have all been done by hand, for he had no power. This fork that has come down to us is a small

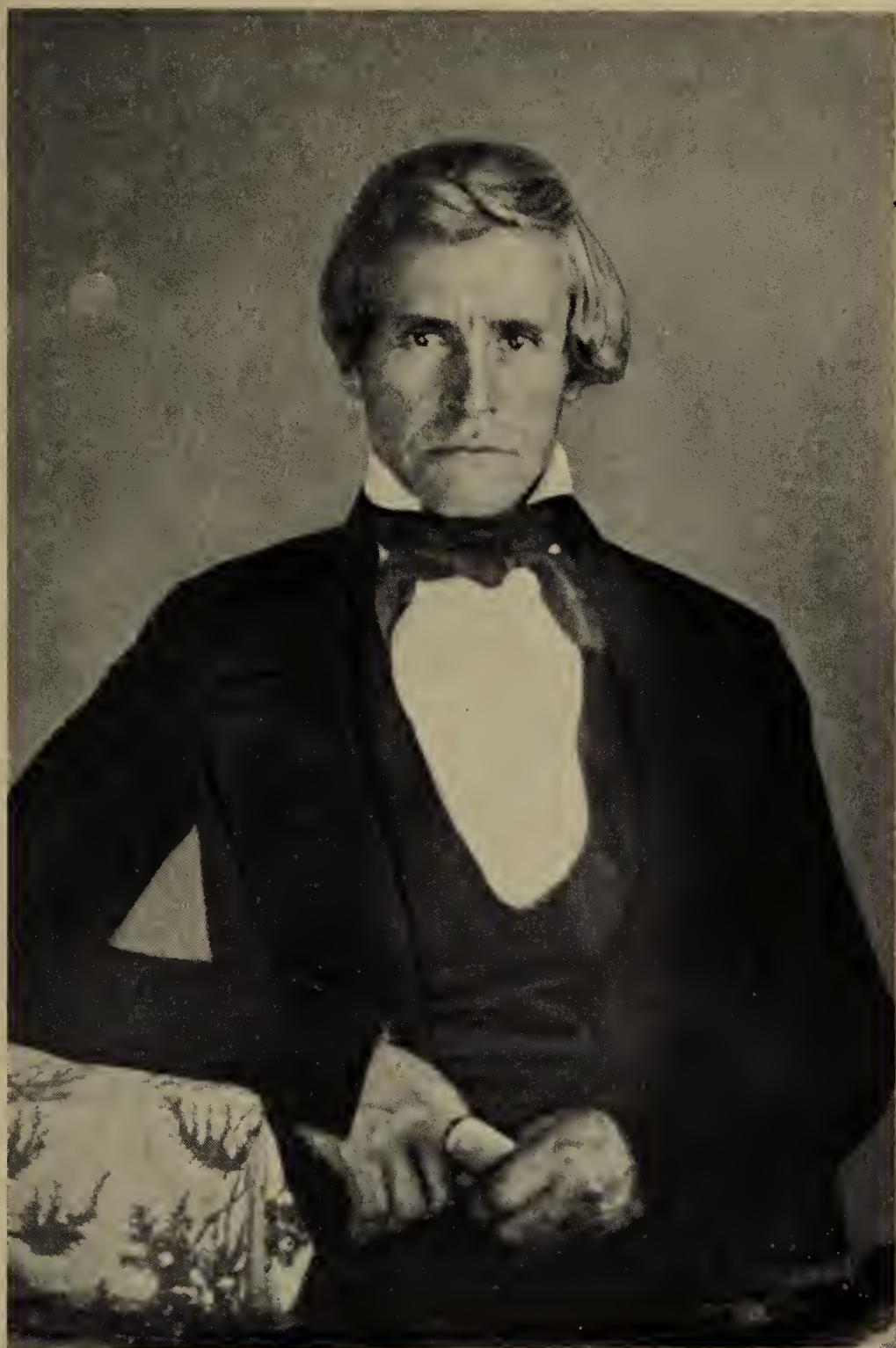
two-tine, with diamond shaped tines—a beautiful specimen of hand forging—somewhat heavier than forks of the present day.

Lyman had six children: Gale, born in Stratton, Susan C., John C., Laura A., Lyman, Jr. and Justin.

The Arlington records show that Lyman sold his homestead and shop March 11, 1834, to William D. Canfield for \$900, giving him a mortgage on the property for \$450. It is interesting to note that when he made this sale he reserved the two northwest rooms, occupied by his mother-in-law, Susannah Coes. She later lived in a small house near the Stone Shop in Wallingford.

In the year following the sale of his property in Arlington Lyman purchased property in Wallingford where the Stone Shop now stands. The deed is dated February 20, 1835. This he purchased of Alfred Hull for the sum of \$1,300. The deed describes the property as "one acre and 97 rods (according to the survey of Harvey Shaw) including a blacksmith shop and all the land within the survey except the land on which the Wheelwright shop now stands, as set off to the widow Ballou; and with the said premises all the water privileges as heretofore owned and occupied by John Ballou."

It appears that this property had been owned by John Ballou of Shrewsbury for twenty years, and after his death the year before his administrator sold the property at public auction. It was bid in by Alfred Hull, a prominent farmer in Wallingford, whose house, somewhat altered, is now occupied by Mrs. Cary. The deed of the property to Hull reads in part as follows: "On July 31, 1834, David H. Sabin, Administrator of the Estate of John Ballou, sold at public auction for the sum of \$1,045 to Alfred Hull, real estate as follows: 'the dwelling house of said deceased with about three fourths acre of land, the blacksmith and trip hammer shop with nearly an acre of land, and the reversion of the widow's dowry in the piece of land set off to her on which the wheelwright shop now stands, being about ten square rods of ground, and the



LYMAN BATCHELLER, 1795-1858



ANNA GALE, 1791-1868, WIFE OF LYMAN BATCHELLER

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wheelwright shop standing thereon, in their separate parcels, but all are one piece, being all the real estate of the said deceased that is adjoining the main road and south of the east part of the widow's dowry. . . . And the said pieces of land are bounded, west by the north and south road, south by an old road or lane that runs up to the old still lot, east by the widow's house to the Sugar Hill Road, north by said Sugar Hill Road and Alexander Miller's to the main road.' "

This record sheds a flood of light on the situation. It mentions not only a blacksmith shop and wheelwright shop but a "blacksmith and trip hammer shop." It appears from the wording that the blacksmith shop included a trip hammer—not that there was a trip hammer shop separate from the blacksmith shop. To manufacture forks Lyman needed a trip hammer and power to operate it, and those were precisely the things he got by the purchase of this property. Evidently he did not intend to pursue a general blacksmithing business, as he had done in Arlington, since he did not buy the wheelwright shop at this time. The blacksmith shop stood facing the highway within four feet of the north boundary. The wheelwright shop stood just south of it and the dwelling house a little distance farther south. Beyond the residence was a road or lane leading from the highway up to the old still lot.

Going back a little farther the records show that John Ballou purchased the property from Alexander Miller who at one time owned most of the land in this vicinity from the highway up over the hills to White Rocks, and from which several farms have been carved. Miller was a well-to-do man for those times and this locality. Wheaton Kent was his son-in-law. Mrs. Mahaffy now occupies his home,—the large white house opposite the Congregational Church. The deed from Miller to Ballou, dated October 1, 1814, conveys one and 32/100 acres of land, together with the blacksmith's shop and trip hammer standing thereon and the privilege of the water for the said shop, for the consideration

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of \$1,229.48. The consideration was only \$70.52 less than the price paid by Lyman twenty years later. Real estate was not increasing rapidly in value in Wallingford a century ago. The blacksmith shop was built by Miller for the purpose of manufacturing hoes, axes, nails, etc., a business that he carried on to some extent.

It is interesting to note that on March 23, 1802, Nathaniel Ives granted to Alexander Miller during the period from October 1st to May 15th annually the privilege of turning water of Roaring Brook for the benefit of Miller's works on the east side of the main road. This indicates that originally no part of Roaring Brook flowed past the site of the Stone Shop; that part of the present channel is artificial. There must have been a brook from the springs on the hill near Church street road, but Miller probably found this brook gave insufficient power for his purposes, so he purchased from Ives, who owned land along Roaring Brook, the right to turn Roaring Brook into his small stream part of each year. Just when the right to turn Roaring Brook the rest of the year was acquired has not been ascertained. Hull was a farmer and somewhat of a capitalist. No doubt he purchased the Ballou property as a speculation, having no use for it in his own business. The price was reasonable, if not low, for he was able to sell it to Lyman at an advance of about twenty-five per cent. He paid less than John Ballou paid for the same property twenty years before.

Of the purchase price, namely \$1,300, Lyman apparently paid little cash, for he mortgaged the property for \$900 and gave another mortgage on property in Arlington for \$400. Here is a clue to the state of his finances. Of course he needed money to pay the expenses of moving and setting up machinery. No doubt there was new machinery to be made or purchased, and many incidental expenses, and he needed some capital to carry on. He bought only as much as he needed—the blacksmith shop and waterpower. He did not buy the wheelwright shop at this time but fifteen years

LYMAN BATCHELLER AND THE PITCHFORK INDUSTRY

later, July 31, 1850, he purchased from the widow Ballou for the sum of \$40 the land on which the wheelwright shop stood. This was after the Stone Shop was built. There may have been another motive that influenced Lyman to move to Wallingford. It was a larger town in population—perhaps a better market for his forks—and more labor available. The population of Wallingford in 1830 was 1741, while that of Arlington was 1207. The population of Wallingford in 1835 was even more than it is today but the village was much smaller. During the century that has elapsed since that day people have left the farms to some extent and made their homes in the villages; preferring indoor labor to work on the land. When Lyman opened his shop he was unconsciously contributing to this shift of population. The appearance of the village has greatly changed since that day. In 1835 it consisted principally of one street with a few houses on each side, mostly unpainted. There were but four branching roads, running east and west, now known as Church Street, School Street, Elm Street and Hull Avenue.

When Lyman moved to Wallingford in 1835 and purchased the shop his son Gale was eighteen years of age; John fourteen; Lyman, Jr. eleven and Justin seven. From that time until 1846 Lyman carried on the business successfully with the help of the older boys. Gale married in 1839, at the age of twenty-two, John in 1844, at twenty-three; and Lyman, Jr. in 1847 at twenty-three.

On March 13, 1846, Lyman deeded the fork shop and land to his three sons, Gale, John and Lyman, Jr., taking a mortgage for \$800 on the property. This was probably the time when a partnership was formed which for years after was known by the name of Batcheller & Sons. Before this time the father had carried on the business and the boys had worked for him. Now they were married and he formed a partnership with them, placing them on an equality with himself. For the balance of his life he worked with them.

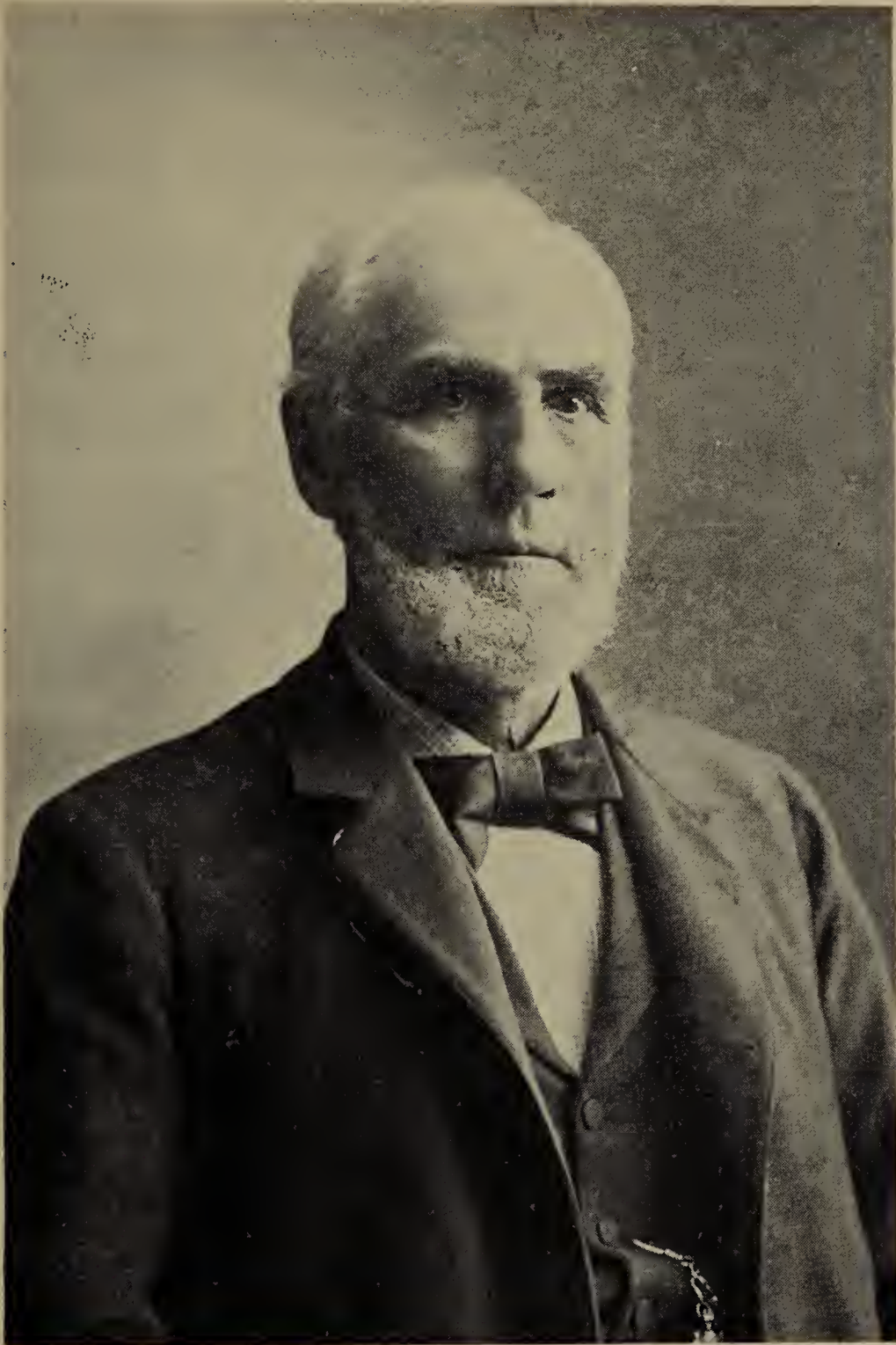
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There is further evidence of progress in the business at this time. Russell Sherman, an old resident of Wallingford, has stated that when he was thirteen years old he worked for a farmer named Perry Wells. As Mr. Sherman was born February 5, 1833, the year must have been 1846, the same year that Lyman deeded the fork works to his sons. Mr. Sherman said that while working for Wells he used one of the new pitchforks with oval instead of square tines. Mr. Wells thought so much of this fork that he kept it in the house when it was not in use.

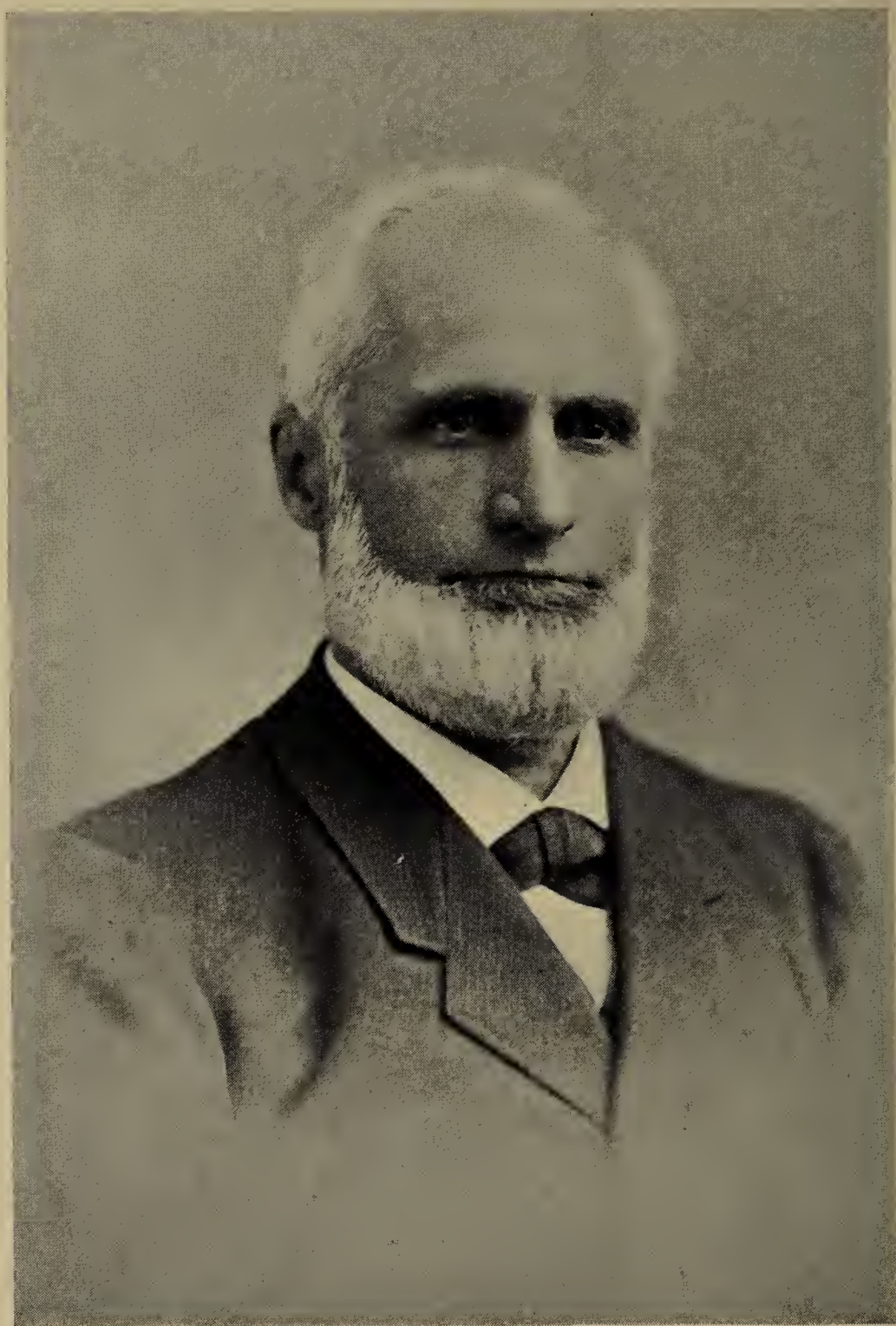
Formerly the forks had been made with square, or diamond shaped tines. The invention or adoption of tines with an oval cross-section indicates an improvement, and new ideas of any sort are an evidence of progress. No doubt the newly formed partnership saw its business increasing, which stimulated the members to improve their product.

The hand-made forks that have come down to us are heavy and rather crude in shape, the blacksmith's individual conception of the farmer's requirement. When forks were first manufactured in quantity, longer, lighter tines with a diamond section were adopted and given a spring temper that added strength and elasticity. Finally the section of the tines was changed to the oval, increasing their strength, improving the appearance and offering less resistance when pushed into a bundle of hay.

Under the new business organization and with new homes established, no doubt the future looked bright to the boys, with never a dream of impending disaster. But only two years elapsed when the factory was entirely destroyed by fire. It occurred August 3, 1848. This must have been a severe blow to Lyman, in his fifty-third year, for undoubtedly his business represented the major part of his possessions. He had brought up a family of six children and his small manufacturing business had been established in Wallingford only thirteen years. Progress of any enterprise is usually slow at first. One of the brothers has remarked of their



JOHN C. BATCHELLER, 1821-1904



LYMAN BATCHELLER, JR., 1824-1906

LYMAN BATCHELLER AND THE PITCHFORK INDUSTRY

early struggles that he had seen the time "when the pie had to be cut to go around." There were no luxuries in the home. Lyman and his sons might have found it difficult to reestablish the business had not the people of Wallingford come to their assistance by contributions to the rebuilding of the factory. Some one has mentioned \$800 having been subscribed, and it has been stated that Mr. Dyer Townsend gave \$100. Mr. Russell Sherman, to whom reference has been made before, stated that some contributed work, such as hauling stone for the new factory. These contributions testify to the confidence the people had in the enterprise and its promoters. The Stone Shop arose out of the ashes of 1848 and business was reestablished, the firm then consisting of Lyman, John and Lyman, Jr., Gale having withdrawn and turned to other employment.

While the fork business at that time gave a living to Lyman and his two sons, it could not have been of large proportions, for time was required to build up trade with the primitive facilities for getting materials and distributing the product. A few railroads had been built but none had reached Wallingford. Steel was probably hauled from Troy and forks delivered to local merchants by horse and wagon. Foreign shipments, if they had begun at this date, probably went by way of Troy and by boat to New York.

The year of the fire seems to have been important in more than one respect, since, on January 1, 1848, both the mortgage held by Alfred Hull for \$900 and the mortgage held by Lyman for \$800 were discharged, leaving the sons in full clear possession of the factory property.

Four years after the fire, in 1852, the Western Vermont Railroad was opened for business by running trains at irregular intervals. The depot was built that year and Depot Street was surveyed April 6, 1853. The opening of the street probably required the moving of Rustin's hat shop and other buildings.

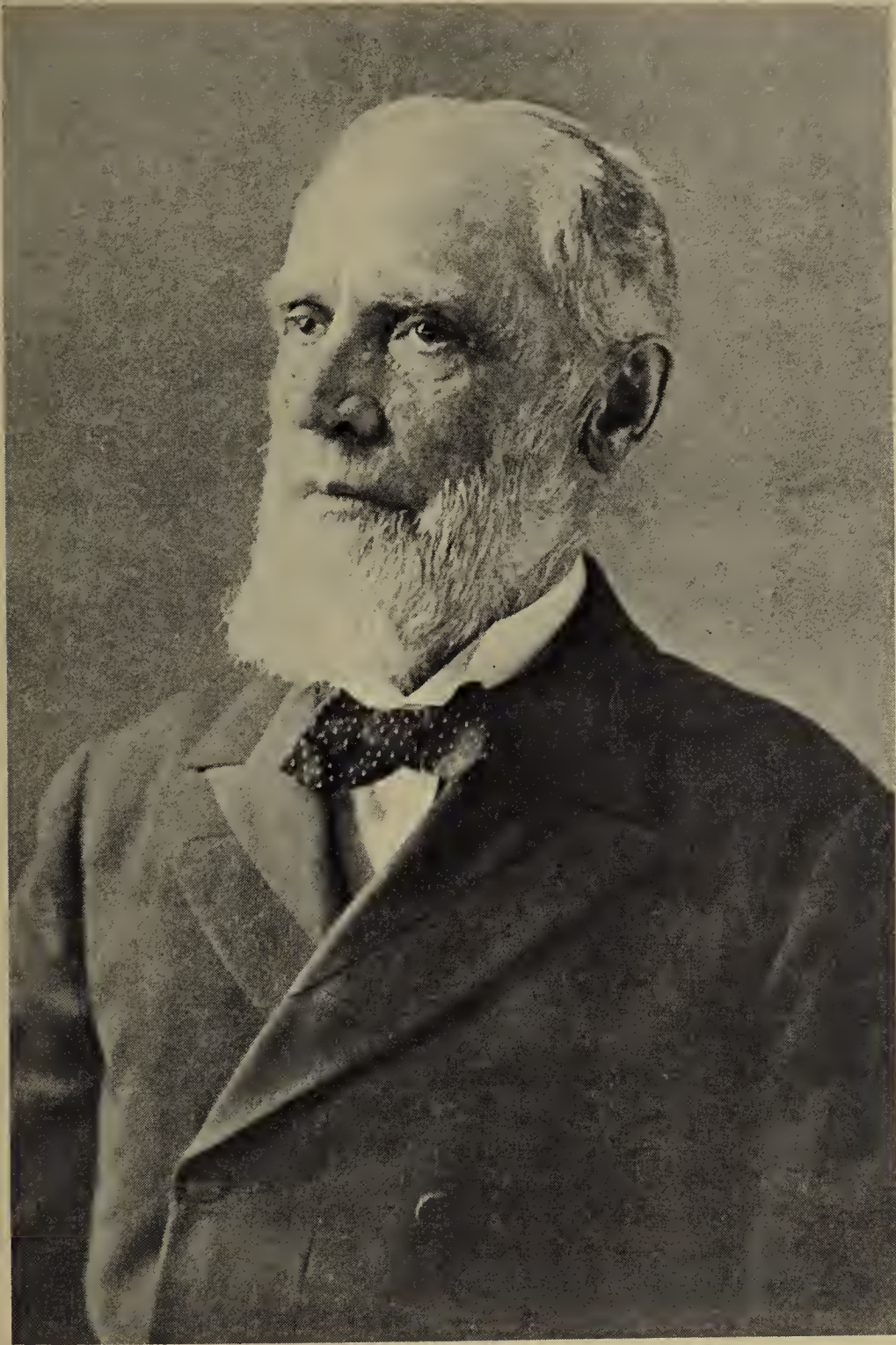
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The station building was burned in 1858 and the present one was built in its place. The year 1852 must have marked an epoch in the history of Wallingford village, and to the fork works it meant greatly increased facilities for transportation.

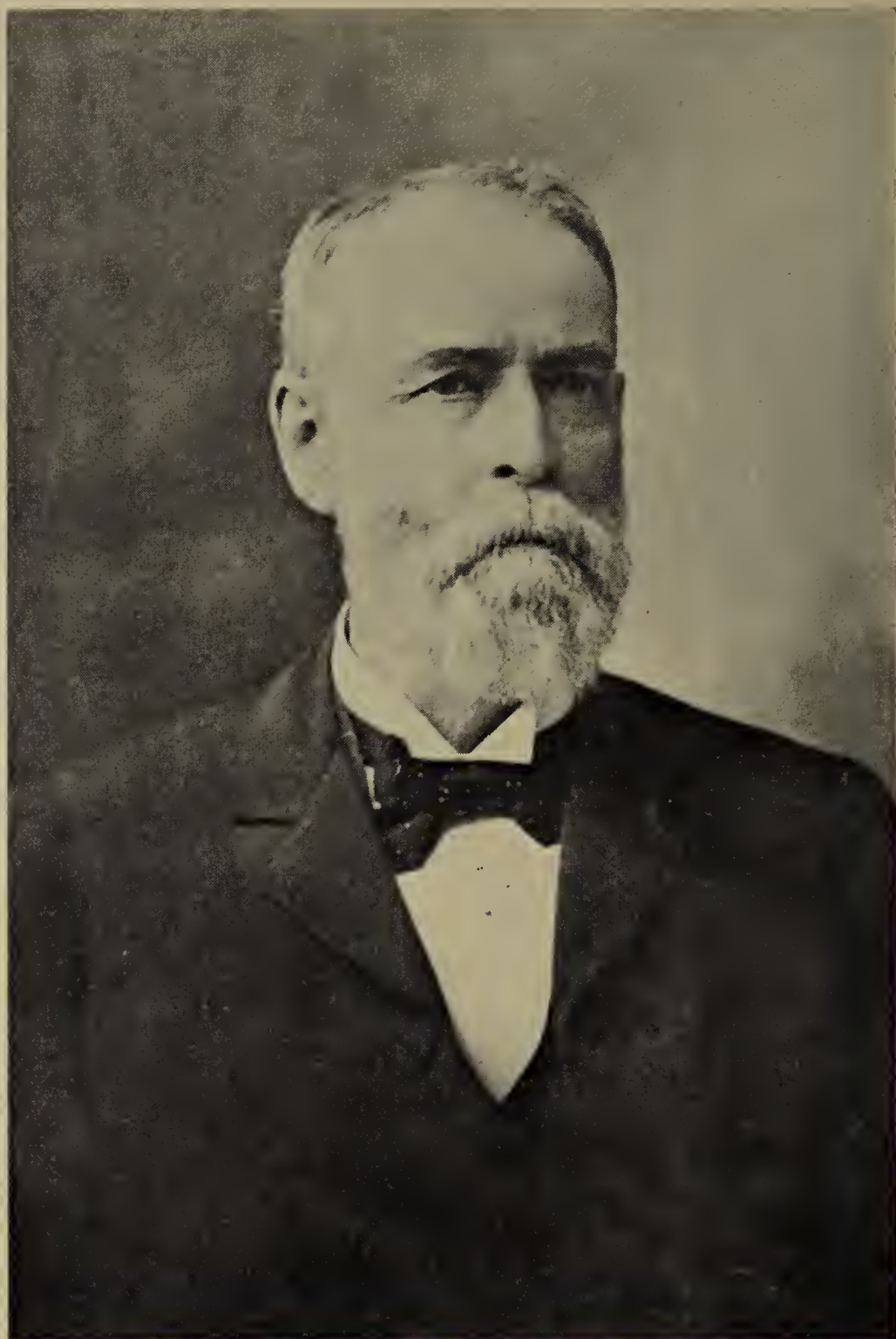
Looking in at the new stone fork shop of this period Lyman may be seen at the north end bending forks over a curved form in a hand operated machine. Two trip hammers were in use, one with flat dies and the other with grooved dies for swedging. The fork tines were drawn out between the flat surfaces of one hammer and then passed to the second hammer with grooves that gave the tines their finished shape. Business demanded the full capacity of the plant. John Ballou (son of the former owner of the land on which the shop stood) and Hiland Bump, starting early in the morning, ran the two trip hammers until noon; then John Batcheller and Lyman Batcheller, Jr. ran them in the afternoon. Lyman's daughter, Mrs. Hiland Shaw, painted the forks while her husband traveled and sold for the firm. Altogether about six men were employed in the works besides the Batchellers.

Two years later, about 1854, another pair of trip hammers was installed, which greatly increased the capacity of the works. The water-power became insufficient to operate all the machinery, so a small ten-horse-power steam engine and boiler were added, about 1855 or '56, to supplement it. Later the power was further increased by increasing the speed of the engine.

Besides the shop on the east side of the highway there was a small building on the west side in what was later John Batcheller's garden. This building, which was standing as late as 1870, contained a small water wheel and several polishing cylinders. Water from the Stone Shop flowed under the main road to a point on the west side where all, or a part of it, could be deflected through an underground channel to this building. Cast iron cylinders about four feet in diameter and five feet long were filled



JUSTIN BATCHELLER, 1828-1903



JOHN SCRIBNER, 1822-1900

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with water and gravel and three or four dozen forks placed therein to be polished. After filling the cylinders they were sealed and made to revolve for twelve hours. The forks tumbling about in the gravel and water gradually became polished all over. This simple method of polishing has continued to the present time. The right to use the water flowing from the Stone Shop is probably that granted in 1814 by John Ballou to Alexander Miller "for his farm use and tan works, water to be taken from near the west gate of the blacksmith shop."

Steel for forks was imported from Jessops, noted manufacturers in Sheffield, England. It was a high-grade crucible steel which took a fine temper, giving great elasticity and strength to the fork tines. These qualities made it possible to make the tines slender and light. The strength and temper of the tines was tested by springing the tines together and by the weight of a man standing on them, which always impressed customers. Only steel of a definite quality would stand such a test. The handles were made of selected "second growth" white ash, which was light and strong. The ferules were painted steel-blue. Every effort was made to produce forks of the best quality, and on this quality business was solicited, resulting in a gradually increasing volume of sales.

The reputation of the Batcheller forks was early established by direct contact with farmers who used them. A man went from Wallingford to eastern Pennsylvania and taught school. During vacations, in order to earn a little extra money, he went among the Pennsylvania Dutch farmers and sold them Batcheller forks. In this way he established a trade that for many years the best efforts of other fork manufacturers could not secure. As a result in later years concerns who made forks in and about Philadelphia came to consider the Batcheller forks a standard which they endeavored to attain. The factory of Meyers & Irvine was in Ashbourne, a suburb of Philadelphia. Mr. Meyers once related his experience in

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coming to Wallingford with the intention of spying upon the Batcheller works to learn, if he could, the secret of making forks of such good quality. He came to East Wallingford and hired a man to drive him down. Contrary to his instructions the man drove him directly to the office of Batcheller & Sons. Mr. Meyers thought then it was best to explain who he was and state frankly that he wanted to inspect the factory. To his surprise he was greeted warmly and shown every part of the process of fork making. He went home, perhaps wiser, but he was never able to take from Batcheller & Sons their trade with the Pennsylvania Dutch farmers.

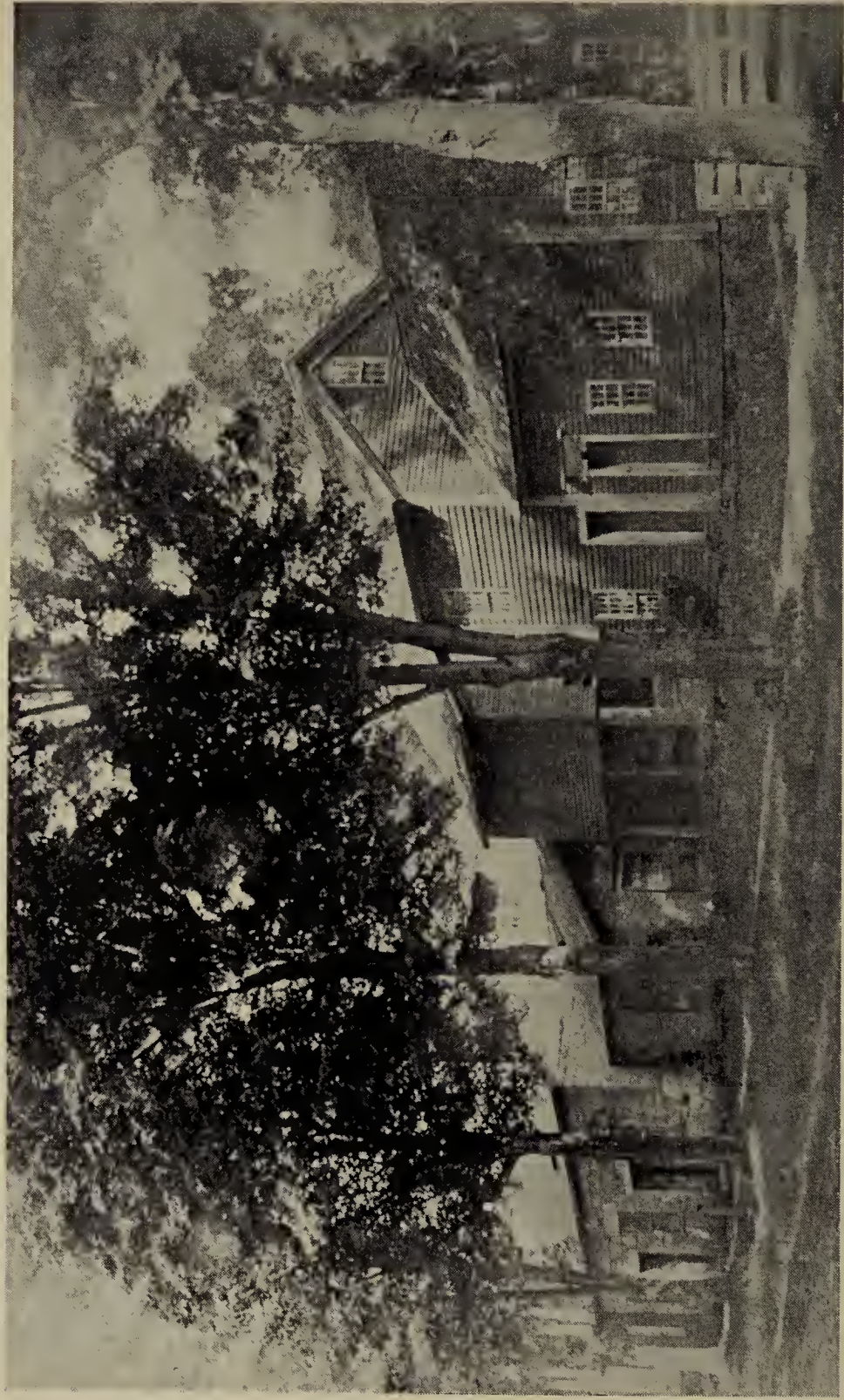
Two stories are told of the beginning of sales in England. Lyman was in Boston placing an order with Jessops for steel, when he was able to persuade the steel maker to take forks for steel, and accordingly the first shipment was made to England. The other story runs thus: Jessops wrote to the firm in Wallingford inquiring what use was being made of the considerable quantity of steel being shipped to it; which inquiry resulted in an order for forks being placed to be shipped to England. Evidently the purchase of steel in England led to the sale of forks in that country, and through an English agent they were sold in France.

Lyman and his sons had a decided mechanical turn of mind. Lyman was a skilled blacksmith and three of his sons, although never having served an apprenticeship, were more or less skilled in that trade. This skill enabled them to design forks that would satisfy the purchaser. They knew when a fork had the best shape, weight, etc. When they took it in their hands they could tell instantly whether it "hung right" or not. This was a contributing factor to their success. Forks made in England were relatively heavy and clumsy in comparison with the light, elastic forks made in Wallingford.

This calls to mind a statement of Prof. Pupin of Columbia University on manual dexterity. (*Scribner's Magazine*, November,



A PITCHFORK HAND-FORGED BY LYMAN BATCHELLER



THE STONE SHOP

LYMAN BATCHELLER AND THE PITCHFORK INDUSTRY

1922.) "There never was a doubt in my mind that American adaptability which I observed on every occasion was in a great measure due to the manual training which young people used to get here. . . . My whole experience confirmed me in this belief that manual training of the youth gives them a discipline which school books alone can never do. I discovered later that three of the greatest characters in American history, Franklin, Jefferson and Lincoln, excelled in practical arts requiring dexterity, and that the constructive genius of the American nation can, in part, be traced to the discipline which one gets from early manual training."

Evidently the business progressed in a normal way until suddenly, without warning, Lyman was stricken down by an intestinal disorder and, after an illness of only a few days, died February 5, 1858. The funeral was largely attended, the factory being closed while the employees attended the service in a body. Lyman was sixty-three years of age and in the prime of life when he passed away.

The following is quoted from *The Local Spy* dated "Wallingford, Vt. February 7, 1858. DIED In this village, early Friday morning, the 5th inst., Mr. Lyman Batcheller, aged 63 years. . . . It has remained for the circle of his daily associates to know, and admire adequately, his Roman firmness, his uniform kindness, and incorruptible integrity and love of the truth; it is with full justice to all when we say that no man in our vicinity for the last twenty years has had a stronger position in the confidence and respect of the community than the honored and lamented deceased."

In appearance Lyman was tall and straight, with a quick, elastic step. Austin Wellman, an employee of the firm, said the remark has been made, "there goes old Lyman," referring to his grandson, George, who closely resembled him when walking on the street. His hair was white and he wore a long tailed, black

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coat, which lent dignity to his carriage. He had a characteristic broad mouth with a firm set jaw that indicated determination of purpose. He was never seen loitering in the stores or on the street. He talked little and when not attending to his business spent his time at home. He possessed poise and judgment, and was highly respected in the community. A skillful cabinet maker, named Rule, who lived in Rutland, has been said to speak in high terms of respect and admiration of Lyman Batcheller, whom he knew well.

Lyman was a member of the Baptist Church but was not active in church work. Mrs. Wellman remembered seeing him frequently in church but did not remember that he held office. He may have done so earlier in life. His wife was an Episcopalian. He had probably enjoyed only a common school education such as the rural districts of Stratton offered. There is no record of his having traveled far; probably not beyond New York and Boston, where he must have gone to purchase supplies. He was a strong "abolitionist" and it is said his house was one of the stations of the "Underground Railroad." He had a marked sense of humor and sometimes indulged in practical jokes with the men of the shop.

After the death of their father John C. and Lyman, Jr. continued the business under the old name of Batcheller & Sons, since that name was well established and implied forks of high quality. The Civil War broke out in '61 but work went on at the factory. Mr. Heman Mandigo came to Wallingford in April 1864, and in the fall of that year began working for Batcheller & Sons. He described the Stone Shop in operation at that time. John Batcheller managed the shop and Lyman, Jr. the office until Marlow Congdon took charge of the books. There were four trip hammers, still running in pairs, one pair operated by Tom Connolly and Mark Mattison, the other by Andrew Mattison and Calvin Higgins. Henry Pratt did the tempering at the north end of



OFFICE OF BATCHELLER & SONS



NEW OFFICE BUILDING, AMERICAN FORK & HOE COMPANY



FINISHING SHOP AND STORE HOUSE, BURNED MARCH 17, 1924

LYMAN BATCHELLER AND THE PITCHFORK INDUSTRY

the building. The bending was also done there. The steam engine that supplemented the power of the over-shot water-wheel was in the brick extension at the south end of the shop, and was under the care and management of James Connolly, then a lad of seventeen years. Mrs. John Ballou painted the forks, Mrs. Shaw having died of tuberculosis in 1860. Other employees were John Ballou, John Ames, John Wells, Patrick McInlear, Simon Sabin, Lawrence and William Sherman; in all about fifteen employees. Marlow Congdon succeeded Hiland Shaw as traveling salesman, and later worked in the office. There is a reproduction of a daguerreotype in Mr. Thorpe's History of Wallingford showing the Stone Shop at an early date before the brick addition was added for an engine house. A frame building, used for storage, stood south of the main building, to which it was connected by a bridge on the second floor. This storehouse was probably the wheelwright shop, referred to in the deeds. Attached to the storehouse was an old dwelling house, converted into an office. This was the house that had been occupied by Susannah Coes, Lyman's mother-in-law, when it stood farther back in the garden.

It is evident that the volume of business had increased year by year, for in 1852 only six men were employed, whereas in 1864 the number had increased to fifteen, an increase of two and one half times in twelve years. But there was a limit to the possible growth in the existing plant. The Stone building had received a one story frame addition on the north end, besides the extensions already mentioned at the south end. It was apparent to John and Lyman, Jr., that if the business was to grow to still larger proportions a new and larger plant would be necessary. On January 31, 1865, when the Civil War was drawing to a close, Warren Adams and Hiram Dickerman deeded to John and Lyman, Jr. the site of the fork works that was to grow up on the Creek, including the buildings that stood thereon. It appears from the records that Warren Adams obtained the gristmill lot, sawmill and clothing

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works with water privileges, from the Wallingford Manufacturing Company, the directors of which were Frederick Button, Dyer Townsend, Joseph Packer, Alfred Hull and John Ives.

In 1865, when John and Lyman, Jr. bought the property for a new fork factory, there was an old, tumbled down building beside the Creek where the trip hammer shop now stands, in which Deacon Post ground tanbark for his tannery. Post's tannery stood about where the first house on the east side of River Street now stands. In the 1870s the tanning vats could be seen just west of Batcheller & Sons' storehouse. The ground in that vicinity was covered with tanbark. The bark mill was on the site of a gristmill which was burned many years before. The property purchased included a three-story building originally built for a clothing, or woolen mill but was equipped for a gristmill and was used for that purpose by Abram Adams. Later Samuel G. Britt & Son of Newport, New Hampshire, rented the building from 1864 to 1866 and manufactured wooden shoe pegs. For years after Batcheller & Sons had converted it into a finishing shop, where forks and handles were assembled and finished, it was referred to as the "Peg Shop." Just north of the peg shop a large building was erected for the storage of handles, finished goods, etc., and beyond that a small brick drying house was built.

A sawmill stood across the road from the finishing shop, between the finishing shop and the office, which was run for a time by Jonathan Carpenter, who sawed ash logs from which fork handles were made for Batcheller & Sons. There was a handle shop in the west end of the sawmill.

As soon as the property was purchased by John and Lyman, Jr. plans were made for a forge and trip hammer shop beside the Creek, construction proceeding in due time. The building was framed by McKnight. When the shop was equipped it contained seven trip hammers, all of a new type having dies with a horn to draw out the tines and grooves in which to swedge, or finish,

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them, so that a tine could be completely drawn and finished in one operation on one hammer; a great improvement over the former method at the Stone Shop, which required a pair of hammers. The number of trip hammers is a good measure of the capacity of the new factory, which was several times that of the Stone Shop. The greatest number of hammers in use later, before the business passed to the American Fork & Hoe Company, was thirteen.

The business was moved from the Stone Shop to the new plant in 1866, the moving taking considerable time, in order not to interrupt the manufacturing process and the delivery of forks to customers. The Stone Shop and attached buildings after being vacated are shown facing page 229.

Justin Batcheller, youngest son of Lyman, and his brother-in-law, John Scribner, who married Laura, conducted a retail mercantile business on the corner of Main and Depot Streets from 1856 to 1868. In the latter year they sold out their business and became equal partners with John and Lyman, Jr. in the firm of Batcheller & Sons.

Mr. W. C. Mason entered the employ of Batcheller & Sons as bookkeeper in 1878. In 1882 Batcheller & Sons Company was incorporated. The officers were John C. Batcheller, President; Justin Batcheller, Treasurer; and W. C. Mason, Clerk. The old partners and Mr. Mason were the only stockholders. In 1902 the company was absorbed by a new corporation, The American Fork & Hoe Company, with offices in Cleveland, Ohio, and Mr. Mason became the local manager of the Batcheller Works in Wallingford. Mr. R. C. Taft succeeded Mr. Mason in 1911.

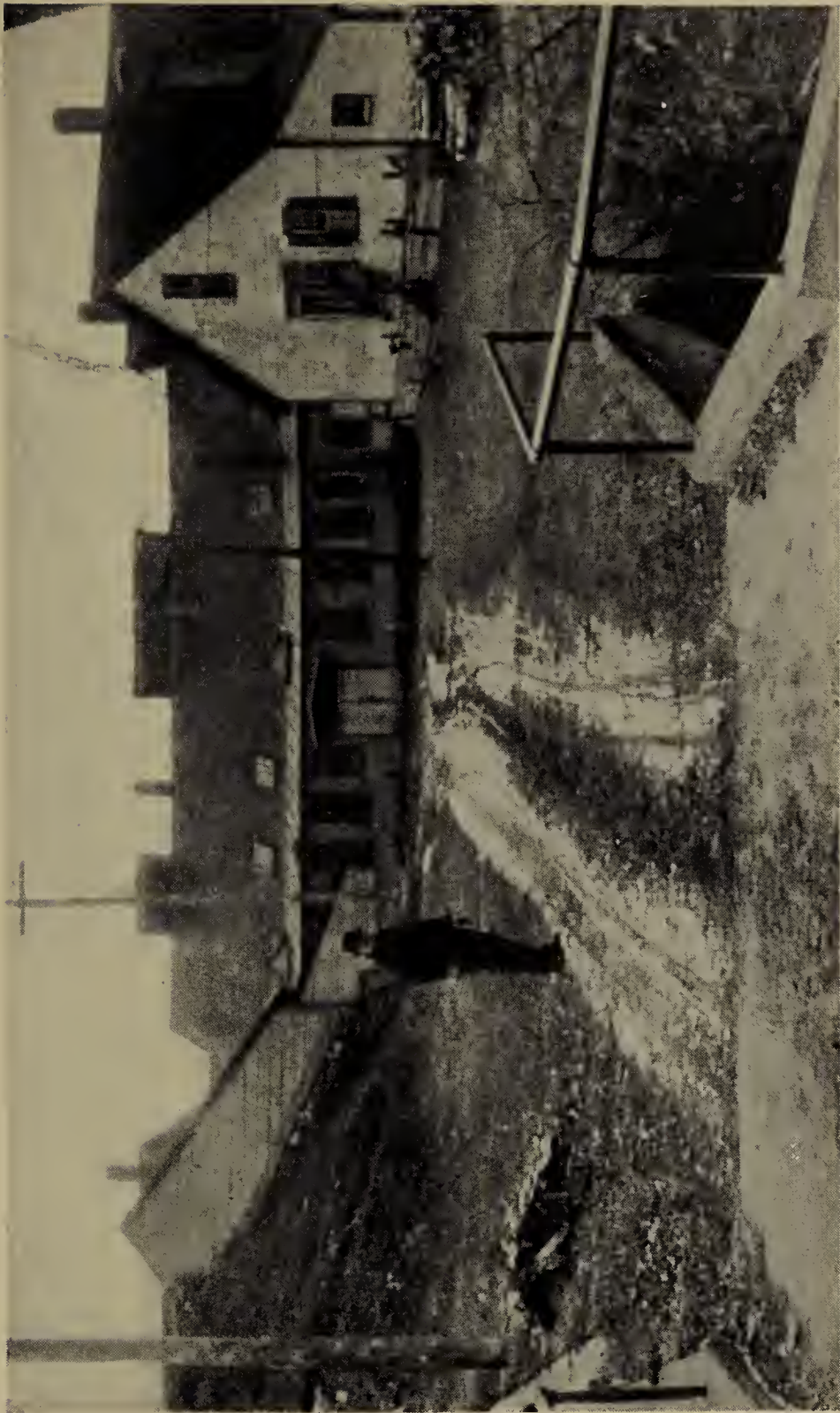
In a few years the new plant by the Creek, with its seven trip hammers, was found to have insufficient capacity for the growing business. From time to time the hammer shop was enlarged to admit more hammers, and other machines were added until, about 1884, it became necessary to supplement the water power

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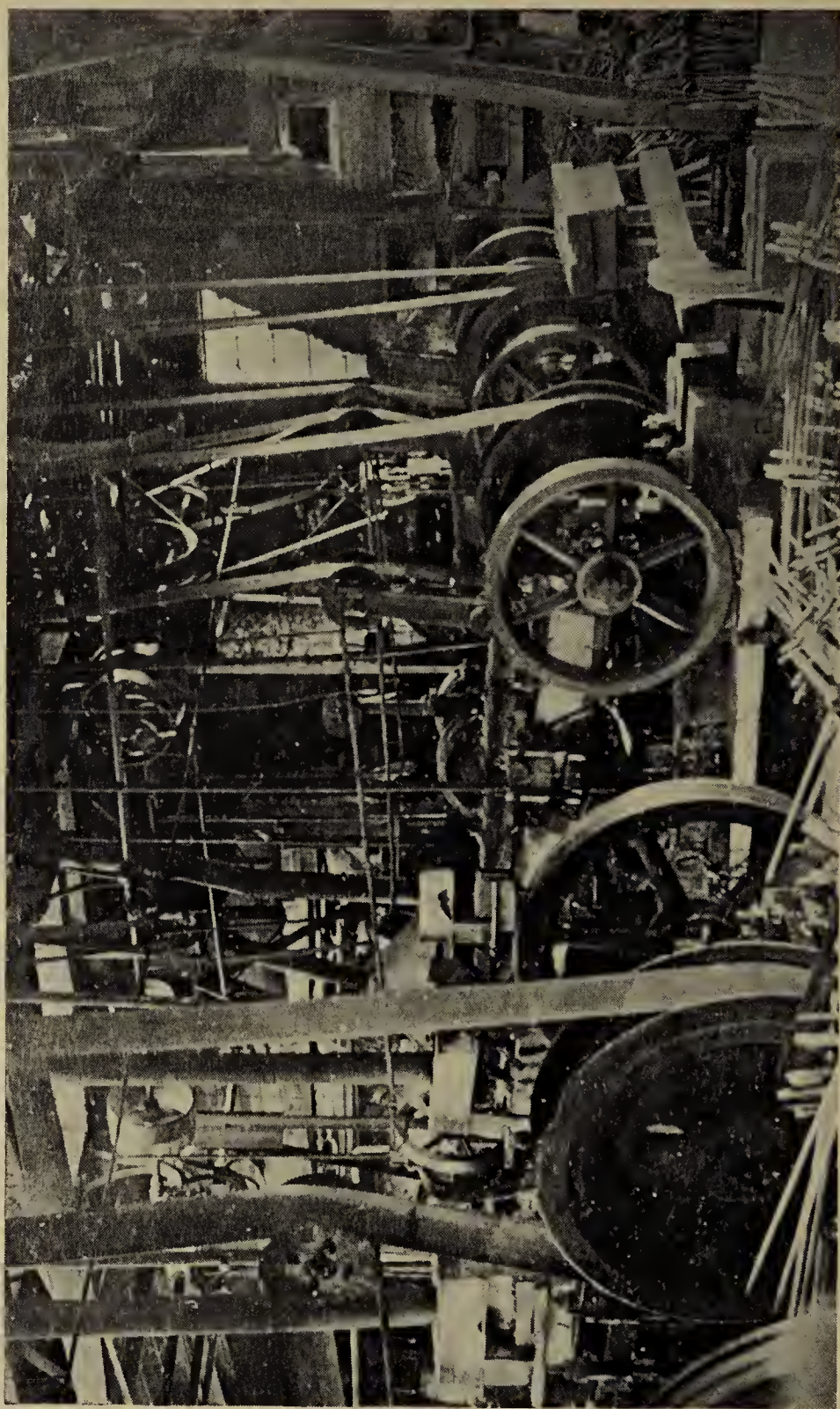
with a steam engine. There were three waterwheels at the hammer shop, developing upwards of eighty horsepower; a wheel in the finishing shop and two small wheels in the sawmill. With high water this was sufficient, but frequently the Creek ran low and at such times the water power was not equal to carrying the load. The steam engine was mounted on a rock foundation at the east end of the trip hammer shop and added a hundred horsepower. A chimney eighty feet in height was built to give draught to the boiler, and became a landmark for years afterward.

March 17, 1924 the finishing shop and storehouse, shown facing page 231, were burned, the fire having been caused by gas that had escaped from an oil engine in the basement and was accidentally ignited. A few years before The American Fork & Hoe Company had acquired control of the Wallingford Manufacturing Company, a competing company located in Wallingford and occupying the building erected for a similar purpose by Franklin Post. After the fire the Batcheller Works and the Wallingford Manufacturing Company were consolidated at the latter plant under the management of Mr. Taft. All that was left of the plant which John and Lyman Batcheller built was the trip hammer shop. It stood idle for several years until rented for a clothespin factory. The sawmill went in the fire with the finishing shop. A new building of brick and tile was erected on the site of the finishing shop and was equipped with polishing cylinders in the basement, where water power was still available.

Today, 1937, little or no forging of forks or other implements is done in Wallingford, but handles are made from native ash, the forged parts are shipped here from other plants and the implements are assembled, employing upward of one hundred men. The business is no longer confined to pitchforks but includes hoes, rakes, all sorts of hand garden tools, axes, shovels, steel fishing rods, steel golf clubs, snow shoes, etc., most of which are manufactured elsewhere.



TRIP HAMMER SHOP



INTERIOR OF THE TRIP HAMMER SHOP

LYMAN BATCHELLER AND THE PITCHFORK INDUSTRY

When the business was established at the new site by the Creek, John and Lyman, Jr. directed and supervised the forging department at the trip hammer shop; Justin did the office work, the purchasing of material and much traveling to interview customers; John Scribner supervised the handle department, the finishing and shipping. The brothers all worked from seven in the morning until six at night, and had an intimate acquaintance with all of their employees. There was a sort of fraternal relation between them; they were addressed by their first names. In the office the correspondence was all written in long-hand; typewriters were unknown. On one occasion, at the end of a year when business had been bad and prices had been cut until no profits remained, the men were all called to the office and asked to take a ten per cent cut in wages. After the situation had been explained they accepted the cut.

Some of the employees who grew old in the service deserve to be mentioned. James Kingsley, of Irish extraction, tall, broad shouldered, erect and commanding in appearance, wearing a black patch over one eye that had been made sightless by a piece of steel, was foreman of the forging department for many years. The home of his large family was a small house close to the entrance of the trip hammer shop, shown facing page 234. One wonders how his wife and daughters ever endured the incessant pounding of the trip hammers.

To become a successful hammersman required a long apprenticeship in acquiring the rhythmic motion of the hands, in unison with the hammer blows, in order to turn the redhot tine at each quick stroke, and so stretch out the cleft piece of steel into a long, slender prong. Most of the men who operated hammers became very skillful in their work, with years of practice that spanned a considerable part of their lives. Of these mention should be made of Mark and Andrew Mattison, Calvin Higgins, Tom and James Connolly and C. O. Allen. These were the older men but there

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were others who served for a long time. Mark Mattison had the reputation of drawing the largest number of tines in a day. Frequently he sat at his hammer and had a boy hand the forks from the fire to him, and so kept his hammer in uninterrupted operation.

To maintain the machinery in working order and occasionally to build new machines was the duty of an expert machinist and a skillful blacksmith. The former position was filled for fifty-five years by C. V. Howley; the latter position by Neil Gleghorn and John McConachie, not to mention others who succeeded them. No one who was familiar with the plant will ever forget the tall, rather loose-jointed Heman Mandigo, who hardened and tempered the forks. He stood on a block of marble before an anvil while he straightened the tines, until his footprints were worn half an inch into the marble. One day, in a supposed act of kindness, John Batcheller had the foot prints filled with cement, but Mr. Mandigo was so disturbed that the cement had to be cut out. His long service began in the Stone Shop. William Hodgkins heated and bent the forks into their peculiar curved form for many years. John Wells cut up the steel and prepared the pieces for the hammers. In the finishing department John Ballou, son of John Ballou who at one time owned the blacksmith shop that Lyman Batcheller bought in 1835, might be seen with a long iron bar which he used to force the shanks of the forks into the handles. Later a machine was designed to relieve human muscles from such arduous work and do it much quicker. Harland Strong made boxes and packed into them the forks which were destined for shipment abroad. For the domestic trade he tied them into bundles. Lucretia Kelley, Caroline Hilliard and Mrs. Gleghorn served for long periods painting and labeling the forks. There are others, no doubt, equally deserving of mention, whose labors in the factory contributed to the success of the business. These personal reminiscences belong particularly to the period of the 1870's, al-



THE LAST TRIP HAMMER

though many of the men served long after that. A group of employees is shown facing page 237.

John Scribner died April 28, 1900; Justin died April 15, 1903; Gale died December 17, 1903; John C. died April 5, 1904; and Lyman, Jr. died May 28, 1906. It is remarkable that the four brothers should all have died within a period of about three years.

Forks of Batcheller & Sons were exhibited at international expositions held in London, 1862; Vienna, 1873; Paris, 1878 and 1889. Medals were awarded to the firm by juries of all these expositions. The forks were sold in England and France through the house of John G. Rollins & Company, Ltd., whose warehouse and office was located at Old Swan Wharf near London Bridge.

The sons of Lyman Batcheller were plain, modest men, possessing a "New England sense of duty" in a high degree; apparently content with the growth and magnitude of the business they had built up. Greater ambition and energy might have created a larger industry, but in making comparison of achievement in their day and ours, one must remember that today people think in larger numbers. The lives of Lyman and his sons illustrate what constant effort and singleness of purpose can accomplish in the absence of any remarkable endowment.

XI. THE HILLS AND THE MARSHES

By MARY GILBERT (HILL) SMITH

ARNOLD HILL, in whose memory the fountain by True Temper Inn was erected, came to Wallingford from Hubbardton in the early 1850's. His father, Arnold Hill, was a carpenter and builder. Among the older Arnold's works in Vermont are the Congregational Church in Sudbury, the Congregational Church in Hubbardton, and the first frame house and two mills in Pittsford.

The younger Arnold was a farmer and merchant. During the Civil War he bought the inn which stood on the site of the present one and ran it successfully as long as his wife's health allowed her to preside in the kitchen.

Matilda Adams Hill was a beautiful woman and an inspired cook. The success of her husband's inn was due quite as much to her culinary ability as to his fund of stories and his genial qualities as a landlord. There is a window to her memory in the Congregational Church.

Among the members of their household were Matilda Hill's brother and sister, John Quincy and Abigail Adams, an eccentric pair despite (or perhaps because of) their descent from a brother of President John Adams.

After leaving the inn about 1870 they lived for a few years in the house across the street from the village school. In 1879

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Arnold bought a farm from Abraham Adams and brothers on the north side of School Street, east of his home and built the present farmhouse where they spent their last days.

"Quince," as he was always called, was a confirmed bachelor with mechanical ability, like his father, Daniel Adams. The Adamses were never without a mill. After Quince came to live with his sister he bought the sawmill on Roaring Brook (which burned in later years) where he sawed lumber and made snow shovels and other wooden products.

For his youngest nephew, Fred Smith Hill, he made an especially sturdy sled, long enough to accommodate three small children. After Fred grew to manhood he sent the sled to the children of his brother, Charles Erwin, then living in Denver. The sled was as good as new; but the children's joy in it was marred by the fact that it had "Freddy" painted on it in fancy letters. Not until after the lettering had been covered by a thick coat of scarlet paint did they appreciate the sterling qualities of that family sled.

Abbie Adams was a fun-loving, sharp-spoken spinster, who rendered invaluable aid to her sister in doing her housework and rearing her sons. Four of the sons grew to manhood and always kept their fondness for "Aunt Abbie." She was a bit jealous of their affection. Whenever the boys gave gifts to their mother they had to give similar ones to her.

Once when Matilda Hill was sick a neighbor, who had come to take her place at the kitchen stove, offered to give Aunt Abbie a lesson in cooking. "No, thank you," she responded. "I know how to do more kinds of work now than I have time to do."

Daniel Gilbert, the oldest son of Arnold and Matilda Hill, was born July 25, 1844, four months before his mother was seventeen. Charles Erwin and Edgar Arnold followed in quick succession, the latter but three months after his mother's nineteenth birthday. These three sons and their parents completed the immediate family for fifteen years. The boys said that their lovely

mother combined the qualities of a fond parent with those of an older sister.

They were less enthusiastic about their father's mother, who lived with them for many years. Since her daughter-in-law was so youthful, the older woman felt impelled to keep a sharp eye on the management of the household.

One winter rats invaded the cellar where the family's stock of apples was stored and left the marks of their teeth on many a rosy cheek. Grandma decreed that the three little boys should eat only apples that the rats had gnawed. The boys retired for a private conference.

Thereafter they were careful to show their grandmother the brown marks left by teeth on the apples they ate every day.

"It does beat all," the old lady fretted, "how those rats contrive to pick out our very best apples."

The explanation was simple. Early every morning one of the boys went to the cellar, selected as many choice apples as he and his brothers would want to eat that day, gnawed them enough to pass muster with Grandma, and put them in a secret place ready for use. Of course their mother guessed the trick, but equally of course she never told.

On Washington's birthday, 1862, twin boys came to take the place of Gilbert, who had enlisted in the Vermont Volunteers. One of the babies died that day. The other, Ernest, lived for two years and nine months. He was the "beautiful baby" spoken of by J. T. Trowbridge in one of his later letters.

The marble lamb to the memory of little Ernest in Green Hill Cemetery is the second one erected there. The first one was demolished by two small boys, who were testing their skill with a new hammer. Sometimes—anxious parents might like to know that, far from continuing their destructive course, both boys developed into leading citizens and ministers of the gospel.

Fred Smith Hill, the youngest son, was born in April, 1864, six



GILBERT HILL, 1844-1864

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months before Gilbert's death and seven before Ernest's. He had a marvelous memory and was a natural comedian. Old residents still remember some of his performances in High School plays. His brothers agreed that if "Fred could just go on the stage and act perfectly natural" he might outdo the success of Denman Thompson in "The Old Homestead" or the chore boy in "Way Down East."

He inherited his father's gift for story-telling and had an inexhaustible fund of amusing anecdotes. Neighbors claimed that he did most of his farm work himself. But he always hired help in order to have an audience for his stories.

Fred's brothers gave him their rights in all the family property including that of their Uncle Quince. Beside his mill Quince owned the building where the Masons met until they bought their present Temple. Fred carried on the family farm until after his mother's death and his marriage to Jessie Lawton, when he moved to Concord, N. H., where he is buried with his wife.

Edgar Arnold went to Chicago soon after his return from Virginia with the body of Gilbert in 1864. He was associated with E. W. Gillette in the manufacture of dry yeast and the formation of the Northwestern Yeast Company. After the death of Gillette he was president of the Company until his own death in 1905. His oldest son, Charles B. Hill, is now vice-president and general manager of the company.

Charles Erwin Hill began his career at the age of twelve by going to work in Batcheller and Scribner's store for his clothes and pocket money. He was a slight, frail boy. In later years he recalled his dread lest a woman customer might come for a barrel of flour when he was alone in the store.

In those days customers took their purchases home with them. A man would roll a barrel of flour into his wagon himself; but the clerk or storekeeper would do it for a woman.

Years later, when Charlie and his father were running the

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store, a tall citizen, noted for the size of his feet, came to get a pair of overshoes. He was waited on by their young clerk.

The boy looked in vain for a pair large enough for the customer. At last, having emptied the big drawer where the stock was kept, he took out the drawer itself and asked; "Want to try that?"

The customer failed to see the joke. He rushed to Charlie Hill at once with a demand for the boy's discharge.

"He was impudent," Charlie agreed, "and I'll discharge him if you insist. But people will ask me why I did it and I shall have to tell them. If we kept the story to ourselves"

The customer saw the point.

"Will you see that Johnny keeps his mouth shut?" he demanded.

Charlie could and did. So Johnny kept the secret—and his job.

In 1872 Charlie married Laura Eliza Marsh. They had nine children, seven of whom grew to maturity. In 1874 they built the house on Main Street nearly opposite the Congregational Church now owned by Clarence Congdon.

In 1880 the doctor ordered Charlie to Colorado, where his wife and four children joined him in Denver the following spring. In 1895 the family went to St. Petersburg, Russia, in the interests of the Northwestern Yeast Company. On their return to America Charles became president of the Chicago Writing Machine Company until his retirement in 1905, when he and his wife returned to Wallingford. She outlived him by over 25 years, the latter fourteen of which she spent in Pasadena, Calif., alert and interested in life to the very last.

Laura Hill's father, William Gurley Marsh, was left an orphan in his early boyhood and was reared in the family of an uncle in Clarendon. His own sad childhood made him affectionate and indulgent to children, especially his two daughters and his grandchildren.

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Threatened with tuberculosis in his early manhood, he was told by the doctor that he must do light farm work or go on to a peddler's cart. He immediately chose farm work and bought from his father-in-law the farm situated half a mile north of the village of Wallingford now owned by Edmund Edgerton, which then also comprised land west of the Creek Road, now owned by Aldace Newton. He had married Marcia Button, youngest daughter of Deacon Frederick Button of Clarendon.

He farmed so efficiently that in 1858 he was able to replace the old dwelling place on the farm with the present house. It was built by Orvis McKnight, a "boss carpenter," known for his excellent craftsmanship and the plain pattern of his houses. It is said that he left only one hammer mark on all the construction work he ever did.

When he was building a house for Doctor Hazen of East Wallingford, the minister spoke to him from the street and distracted his attention so that his hammer slipped.

"I wish," he exclaimed peevishly, surveying the shallow dent, "that folks wouldn't talk to me when I'm at work!"

Although Gurley Marsh paid little heed to the doctor's orders about "light farm work," especially when he was hoeing corn with a hired man who would feel in duty bound to keep pace with his employer, he disliked milking and never kept a dairy. He filled his excellent pastures with beef cattle and built a "middle" and a "west" barn to provide for their winter feed and shelter.

He was a member of the Congregational Church, where there is a window in memory of him and his wife, and a member of the first board of the Gilbert Hart Library.

His younger daughter, Carrie A. Marsh, lived with her parents until their death. Later she traveled in all the states and Alaska and spent a summer in France and Spain. She was fond of horses and had a local reputation as a horsewoman. She was especially interested in the work of the Congregational Church, to which

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she left \$500. While he lived her father gave her an allowance of \$100 a year for clothes and spending money—an unusual thing in those days, when \$100 had genuine buying power.

Marcia Button Marsh used her gifts from her father, who gave money to his daughters every year, to help pay for her husband's farm until the title was clear. After that she had "her own money," a rare privilege for a married woman at that time. She paid for most of her own clothes, bought fresh fish from a fish peddler who made weekly rounds, made her own contributions to church and missionary work and put money in the bank for her grandchildren every Christmas.

As long as Deacon Button lived (for nearly 25 years after Marcia's marriage) all the children and grandchildren went home for Thanksgiving. Some of the later celebrations brought together 45 members of the family.

The Deacon bought the turkey and oysters. His daughter Emeline stuffed and roasted the turkey (or turkeys), made the oysters into a milk stew and baked the bread. Daughters Alzina and Eliza supplied the vegetables, the cranberries and the pickles. Daughter Julia and daughter-in-law Lucretia brought the pies, usually apple, mince and pumpkin. Sometimes Lucretia, the only one who kept a hired girl, would surprise them with some newfangled pie. One or more of the sisters always brought cookies.

Usually the minister and his wife shared the feast. The older granddaughters waited on table. The other grandchildren were left in the parlor to amuse themselves as best they could until their elders were full fed. Sometimes it seemed to them that those elders would *never* finish. Always they feared that the turkey would all be gone. But the second table, however late, was as liberally supplied as the first.

Daughter Marcia brought the fruitcake, which was cut and served in the late afternoon, just before chores called the men of the family home. With it was served fruit that the Deacon had

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saved for the occasion, usually Isabella grapes of his own raising and some of his choicest apples.

Frederick Button was called "Deacon" nearly all his life, partly to distinguish him from his father, Charles Frederick, who was called Frederick to distinguish him from *his* father Charles, the Revolutionary soldier, who was one of the first settlers in Clarendon, then chartered by New York as Durham.

Frederick was one month past twenty-one when his father died and his mother followed a few months later. His father's will left the family land to him and made him sole guardian of the younger children, ranging in age from two to nineteen. He married Elizabeth Rogers, a neighbor's daughter who had been helping his mother.

With her assistance he finished rearing his father's family and brought up six children of his own—five daughters and a son. He lived in his father's house now occupied by the family of his great grandson, Roy E. Pratt. He added more rooms to the old house to fill the needs of his growing family.

He was the first importer of Merino sheep in Rutland County. His interest in the Clarendon Church is recalled by his title and a memorial window there.

His cousin, Jacob Button, had the farm on the Wallingford-Clarendon line later owned by Barney Riley and now the home of his widow. His only son, Hiram, had the farm on the Federal Highway by Mill River with a handsome brick house, which burned to the ground about twenty years ago. His oldest daughter, Alzina, married Nathan Smith, and settled in the house north of the family burying ground.

Lovina Emeline married Perry Smith and lived in the house now owned by Albert Kelley, a mile north of Wallingford village. This house is one of the oldest in town and was an inn in Vermont's early days. J. T. Trowbridge spent six weeks there when he was planning "Neighbor Jackwood." It was at that time

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the girlhood home of Kate Shaw, said to have been the original "Phoebe." She later married Aldace F. Walker, who served in the Vermont Brigade, and became a member of the first Interstate Commerce Commission.

Julia married Thomas Pierce and lived in the house on the hill road to Rutland now owned by James Moran. Eliza married Elias Pratt and they lived with her father in the Old Homestead after her mother's death.

So the Deacon, in his later years, could visit all his children in the course of a few miles drive on what was then all one road. He was an enthusiastic angler and delighted in taking his next-to-youngest grandson, Eugene Smith, on fishing trips.

He once assembled his available grandchildren, eighteen at that time, and took them on a grand tour to Lake George and Saratoga Springs. He made sure that they missed nothing by pointing out objects of interest with his cane (made from the jawbone of a whale) to the embarrassment of his older granddaughters, then in their teens.

He, his parents, his grandparents, all his children but Julia, with other relatives and members of four later generations rest in the Button Family Cemetery, north of the Old Homestead.

A fund, raised by members of the family after the death of Eugene Smith, provides for the care of this burying ground in the years to come.

DANIEL GILBERT HILL

Daniel Gilbert Hill, oldest son of Arnold and Matilda Adams Hill, was born July 25th, 1844. He was a handsome, high-spirited boy of whom his brothers delighted to tell stories in later years.

On one occasion he and his boy friends were playing Indian in the woods near Elfin Lake. As one of the fastest runners, he had been assigned the part of white man and was dressed as usual.

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The other boys, attired in war paint and breech clouts, were pursuing him as bloodthirsty Indians.

Gilbert caught sight of J. T. Trowbridge, then a guest at the Shaw farm, strolling in the woods with three sisters, known throughout their lives as the "Townsend Girls." He managed to cross their path just in time to give them a full view of his savage pursuers—and that in days when only faces and hands were left uncovered in public, and the exposure of an ankle was embarrassing. (But the Indians retaliated when they caught him!)

In his eighteenth year Gilbert enlisted in Capt. John A. Sheldon's Company of volunteers which he helped recruit. An old lady reproached him for persuading Wallingford boys to go into danger.

"Madam," he replied, "I shall never ask one of those boys to go anywhere where I won't go myself."

When the 10th Vermont was organized, he was appointed Commissary Sergeant. He was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant of Co. H on the 19th of January, 1863, and served most of the time during the following year as aide-de-camp on the staff of Brig. Gen. W. H. Morris. He was complimented for gallantry in the actions at Kelly's Ford and Locust Grove. In camp his comrades voted him the best rider and the best tenor singer in the regiment.

On the 17th of June, 1864, he was promoted to 1st Lieutenant of Co. H and served with credit throughout the campaign of the Wilderness. In the Fall of this year he served with the Vermont Brigade under General Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley.

At the battle of Opequan (Winchester) September 19th, 1864, he was wounded below the knee by a case shot. He underwent two amputations in the hospital. His brother Edgar was with him and he was apparently recovering when, on the 26th of October, an orderly rushed into the ward with news that the Rebels were coming.

Forgetful of his wound, the young Lieutenant shouted an order,

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started up, and reached for his sword. The effort brought on a hemorrhage, from the effects of which he died within an hour. His brother and the negro boy Tom, who had attached himself to him, brought the body home for burial in Green Hill Cemetery.

Years later an attorney brought an application blank to Gilbert's mother and offered to get a pension for her.

"I gave him to his country," she replied, "I didn't sell him."

He filled out the application and left it with her in case she changed her mind, saying that she had only to sign it and mail it to him. After her death it was found among her papers, still lacking her signature.

The following extracts have been taken from letters written by Gilbert to his parents and brothers during his years of service with the Vermont Brigade.

Camp on the Potomac, Oct. 5th, 1862

Home is a good place, Charlie, and you had better be contented to stay there. In the first place, even if you were older your strength and health would not be sufficient to endure the hardships that some have to pass through with here: in the second place there is a time coming when they will want and need just such boys as yourself at home in Vermont; in the third place I can do patriotic army service enough for all at home.

I would not for all the world have you infer from what I have said that I am not perfectly satisfied. My health was never better in my life, neither did I ever enjoy myself more. The duties assigned to me I like tip top and I pride myself that I am able to perform them. I have had to be very busy for the past three weeks, ever since we left Brattleboro.

Henry has been very sick, so much so that we considered him in danger at one time. He is now at Fairfax Seminary Hospital in Alexandria. I have not seen a sick day since we have been here. If you could see me now, you would say I was *tu-uff*. My whiskers and mustache are now grown out very lengthy, and I am so tanned that I begin to look quite like a man (I think).

THE HILLS AND THE MARSHES

Sunday Morning.

The first thing I heard this morning was the Colonel at my tent saying: "Hill, there is a report that the Rebels are crossing the ford two miles above here and I am going to rally my whole force and meet them. In the meantime I wish you to get your men at work packing up your Q. Mast. and Commis. Stores. If you hear firing, load them immediately and put back into the country out of the way."

Did not specify any particular way or place. The whole thing was in my hands, as it has been many times before since I came out. After wasting an hour or so and being all ready to go, the goods all packed and Old Jeff all saddled and bridled and fit for a fight (though not very impatient), the Colonel rode up and informed me that it was a false alarm, and that I might pursue my regular routine of business. So, in compliance with his order, I had two men detailed to assist me, and at this present moment my storehouse is all O.K., my boots are all blacked, my men are distributing our fresh beef, and your humble brother is happy as an oyster in high water.

You write that M I K E is married to the fair Marcella. If so, bully for him and probably she will get part of the enjoyment.

How is our good mother's health? Watch her, Charlie, and do not let her work too hard, for her disposition in that respect is bound to kill her. You do not know what she is worth to us as well as I do. She is one among a thousand, a pearl of great price.

Harrison and Armstrong are both feeling tip top and enjoying themselves finely. Give my best respects to Lyman and ask him how his Meerscham colors.

Charlie, write often. Do not wait for an answer. Give me good lengthy letters and above all things send me all the newspapers you can get your hands on. You do not know how we prize them.

Address: D. G. Hill

Com. Sergt. 10th Regt. Vt. Vols.

Washington, D. C.

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

Camp Grover at Offutts Roads, Md.,
Dec. 16, 1862

I am writing in Chaplain Haynes' tent. The wind is blowing with all its fury and the rain pattering against the tent in a manner which you seldom see at home. But even in the midst of all this I am enjoying myself better than ever before. Lonesome moments are strangers to me, but thoughts of home are always in my mind.

You will see by date that I have returned from Rockville (yesterday). We had a grand time up there. There were only three or four Union families in the place; the remainder of the inhabitants were the rankest *Secesh*—so much so that they had frequently threatened to hang these Union men.

Night before last a portion of Stuart's Rebel Cavalry made a raid in Poolesville and captured a company of Scott's 900 Cavalry. They shot the Orderly Sergeant of the Company and wounded six others. There were seven in church (it being Sunday evening). They heard the order to lock the doors at which they immediately sprang up and forced their way out of the house and escaped to tell the sad lot which befell their companions. They are in our Brigade at present. Their horses were all captured. Poolesville is about fifteen miles from our camp.

Leo Waldo was here last Saturday but went back Sunday. I was so busy that I was deprived of a good chance to visit him.

Camp at White's Ford, Md.
March 8th, 1863

I attended a dance last evening. My partner was Sergt. C. N. Edgerton, who happened to be Sergt. of the Camp Guard. I was "Officer of the Day." We started for the dance at twelve o'clock. In the first set we danced down to the Canal Locks, a distance of one mile. This set we enjoyed very much. The floor of the hall was not very smooth. We would sometimes make a slight mistake and get into one of these Maryland mud puddles, which are pretty much all mud, I assure you.

Having arrived at the Lock, I there changed partners and danced with Sergt. Johnson of Co. H, who was Sergt. of the Picket. The hall extended along on the canal tow patch for half a mile to the culvert where there was a sentinel stationed. Finding him all right and in the strict pursuance of his duty, I then turned

THE HILLS AND THE MARSHES

round and danced back along down the hall to the Lock, where I looked over the Picket Guard. This consisted of one Corporal with the Sergt. of whom I have spoken and fifteen men; also the Patrol, which consists of a Corporal and six men who are mounted. Their duties are to ride twice every twenty-four hours from Conrad's Ferry to North of Monocacy.

Having found everything to my satisfaction, I then changed and took my old partner Edgerton and came back up to camp and then visited all of the Camp Guard. Having accomplished this, I retired to my virtuous sheets of *wool*.

This is a little different kind of dancing from what you are in the habit of performing, but it happens to be my kind at present.

Address: Lieut. Dan. G. Hill

Co. H., 10th Vt. Vol. Inftry.

Washington, D. C.

Camp at White's Ford, Md.

June 8th, 1863

The only secret of happiness in camp life is *Health* and a strong determination to be satisfied, no matter what may turn up. I do not say this for the purpose of making you think that you would like the service, for I do not think that either one of you have constitutions strong enough to stand it. And yet the time may come when you will both be obliged to come—but not at present.

I have a little colored boy about thirteen years of age who is as bright as a whip. Since he has been with me, which is about two months, he has learned his letters and can spell quite smartly. He has always been a free boy. At the breaking out of this war he was living in Alexandria, which was always his home. He has been in sixteen or seventeen different battles and knows more about this war than two thirds of the officers and men in the Union army.

When you are eating your strawberry shortcakes you may think of me. Yesterday when I was out at one of the farmhouses the lady of the house invited me to take a seat. In a few moments she brought in a dish of strawberries and cream, which you know is a favorite dish with me. Be assured that while I was eating them my thoughts went back to the good old times I used to have at home with this same dish.

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

Now boys you must both write to me every week and I will answer as often as I can.

Camp in the Field near the Rappahannock, four miles from Sulphur Springs, Virginia.

August 4th, 1863

Yesterday with us was very warm. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon we marched out from Camp about two or three miles for the purpose of having Brigade Drill. Our Brigade now consists of the 10th Vt., 14th N. Jersey Vols.; 151st N. York Vols, and the 6th N. York Heavy Artillery. It is the largest Brigade in the Army of the Potomac. Did you know that the 10th Vt. is the largest Inftry. Regt. in the Army of the Potomac?

Our Brig. Gen'l's name is Morris. He is a graduate of West Point and served as Lieut. in the Regular Army. He resigned his commission about six months before the war broke out. When the war first broke out he volunteered his services, recruited a Reg't and received his commission as Col., served in the Peninsula Campaign and for bravery and gentlemanly conduct as an officer was recently promoted to Brig. Gen'l. He is about the size of Lyman Batcheller, dark complexion and black whiskers and mustache. To sum it all up, a fine looking as well as a very nice man. Thus far the men like him very well.

I was about to write about our drill. Having gone out some two or three miles from Camp, we found a good Drill Ground. There we executed Company, Regimental, and Brigade movements to our satisfaction and did not succeed in getting back into camp until one half hour after dark.

Doubtless ere this Charlie or Sergt. Edgerton has arrived in W. and has told you all about our late campaign. When he left us he was quite unwell and seemed to be threatened with a term of sickness. Perhaps, however, the change of climate, duty, exercise and society may operate beneficially upon him and save him.

Camp in the Field near Sulphur Springs, Va.

August 11, 1863

In relation to those boys who were drafted from Wallingford I must say that I am very sorry indeed that they are not for their own sakes a very little older. It is a great pity that they should be

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so *debarred* from having a hand in this cause. And yet it is barely possible that their physical abilities would not be strong and plenty enough to stand the pressure. Let them stay. There may be time for all of them yet, and the longer they wait the more they will dread it.

How does my colt get along? Is he one of the rushers? I want to make a saddle horse out of something when I get home. I am something like that woman Father used to tell about who was very fond of owning a nice farm but had rather own a *boss*.

Tell Lyman Batcheller that I think he owes me a letter. Give Leo Waldo my kind regards and tell him that I would like to hear from him. All is quiet on the Potomac for the present, probably not long. Henry is quite unwell. All the rest of the boys are well.

Camp near Culpepper, Va.

Oct. 1st, 1863

I am very sorry that the Chaplain's wife (Mrs. Haynes) should have informed you that I was *very sick*; but perhaps in this she was not so much at fault as he.

It is true that I have been quite unwell for some weeks past from the effects of Chronic-Diarrhea; but I am much better at present, and so that I am able to be around on my feet. So pray do not any of you worry about my health, for I am coming out of it all right.

The box which you sent me I received last week Thursday. The Strawberries and Brandy were fine and were in good time. I think they were a great benefit to me.

Give my kind regards to Mr. Scribner and Family and tell them that I still admire their Patriotism. I had quite a lengthy conversation with Sergt. Edgerton yesterday afternoon. He reports everything after the old style at Home. Speaking of your buying the Hotel, he seems to be very much pleased, doubtless thinking of the many good old Shake-Downs we shall all have in the far-off and distant future.

Tell those old grumblers that are always crying "Onward to Richmond!" to dry up their Gabble, for Chattanooga is of far more importance to us than Richmond at present.

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Camp near Culpepper Ct. House, Va.

Oct. 7th, 1863

A few days since I received a letter from you in which you spoke of my being unwell. I will now tell you all about it. I had been suffering somewhat with Chronic Diarrhea since the latter part of July, but by being cautious both night and day, and by taking light astringents for medicine, I had succeeded in keeping it in check until the 13th of Sept., when we crossed (forded) the Rappahannock and marched to our present encampment, a distance of some sixteen miles or upwards, which we accomplished in one day. We marched from daylight that morning till nine o'clock in the evening without stopping for coffee or lunch. It was decidedly the most aggravating and tiresome march I ever made.

I managed through dint of pluck (or whatever you choose to term it) to march in to this camp without falling out. Our Regt. halted here and was drawn up in line of Battle with the expectation of doing some fighting as we all supposed; but finally we were ordered to Stack Arms and Pitch Tents, and your humble servant crawled under a "fly" and did not get up again for eight days (excepting on urgent occasions). This sickness prostrated me very much.

The Surgeons advised me to apply for a leave of absence, giving me Surgeon's Certificate that I should be obliged to have a change of climate for thirty days to prevent "Death" or "Permanent Disability." With this in my pocket I recovered very rapidly and withdrew my application and am now feeling "*Prime*."

Camp near Catlett's Station, Va.

Oct. 24th, '63

Please accept copy from my Pocket Diary:

Oct. 10th, '63 Culpepper, Va. We were called out in line of Battle in a great hurry. I was out with Co. K with which I have been detailed for the past few days. We moved out of camp about one mile and a half and then stopped for the night. It was very cold.

Oct. 11th. We left our line of Battle that we had held the day before and started on our march for the rear. Our Brigade led the

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Division and our Division the Corps. We made a very successful march, arriving at the South fork of the Rappahannock at 5 p.m. We crossed it on Pontoons and then hurried for the other Branch, which we reached about 9 P.M. This we were obliged to ford or wade. The water was very cold and nearly waist deep. We marched but a short distance after crossing, when we camped for the night. After drying feet and clothes, and changing my socks, and partaking of a slight repast of Coffee and Hard Tack, I retired to my virtuous couch, Mother Earth.

Oct. 12th, '63. I was aroused at daylight by the Bugle for Reveille. The night was very cold and I found my Blankets, Cap and Nose all covered with Frost, but aside from this feeling much better than I expected. After breakfasting on our usual allowance, we were again ordered to fall in, but marched only a mile from Freeman's Ford when we camped for the remainder of the day.

Oct. 13th, '63. Tuesday. Reveille at 3 A.M. and breakfast immediately, when we fell in and marched in the direction of Warrenton. After marching 10 miles we halted for dinner. After waiting nearly two hours we were again ordered to fall in and did not stop until nearly 11 o'clock, making a march in all day of over 20 miles. Our skirmish line was engaged nearly all day. Our loss was small. Kilpatrick's Cavalry with the aid of — Division succeeded in capturing about 600 Prisoners near Greenwich, at which place we camped for the night.

Oct. 14th, '63. Wednesday. Coffee at the usual hour of morn. After partaking bountifully, we started on our march toward Bristow Station. This we reached, forded Broad Run, and passed on through Manassas Junction. The land here is rolling and our Defences very strong. The 2nd Corps fought here all day and we lay ready to support them.

About 4 P.M. we passed on toward Centerville across Little Run and there camped for the night, expecting a general engagement the next morn. I was very much fatigued.

Oct. 15th, '63. Thursday. At 7 A.M. the enemy not attacking, we marched on towards Centreville and when near the Heights turned to the right and went to Union Mills. Here we camped in the afternoon. The Enemy's Skirmishers felt of our posish a little; but finding us here, they retired. Our Adj. Lyman arrived in

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camp this evening from Vt. where he has been for the past three months. Also Gen'l Sickles and Staff.

Oct. 16th, Friday. Nothing in camp but Rain, Mud, and tired Soldiers.

Oct. 17th, Saturday. We still remain in the old camp as of yesterday. General Sickles paid his old Corps a visit. They paraded before him and gave him a very hearty reception.

Oct. 18th, '63. Sunday. This morning finds our Regt. under orders for Picket. At 9 A.M. we started. It was a wet, rough and lonely time but I came out of it all right.

Oct. 19th, '63. Monday. At 6 o'clock this morning we were ordered back from Union Mills toward Warrenton. We marched to Bristow Station and there camped for the day, all of us wondering what was up, but still satisfied.

Oct. 20th. We were surprised on finding ourselves marching at six o'clock. Across Broad Run again, back towards Greenwich. Here we could see the effects of our late fighting. Dead horses on the ground and dead men under the same kind of soil. On we went and stopped for the night at Greenwich, near the spot where we camped on our way down. At sundown we camped for the night.

Oct. 21st. At Daylight we broke camp and marched for Catlett's Station near where we are now encamped. The reasons for the movements of this campaign you have doubtless seen by now in the papers. The Railroad here is all destroyed. We must repair it before going farther.

Camp near or at Brandy Station, Va.

Nov. 11th, '63

Saturday morning at daybreak we were ordered to march in the direction of Kelley's Ford where we arrived at the hour of noon. The 1st Division which was in the advance ran onto a Brigade of the Rebs on this side, or at present on the other side of the River. They had out no outposts whatever, and for this reason they were entirely taken by surprise. Such a scrambling to get across the water you seldom see. But when they found *themselves* across and also saw us in pursuit they immediately wheeled to give us Battle, which was quite effective on a portion of that Divis. For instance the 7th Maine lost 18 Com. Officers, 100 en-

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listed men killed, also about the same number of enlisted men wounded. They probably were the largest sufferers of the Division. After they crossed we made a D—l of a hustling with them, and also quite a number of successful captures. A more detailed account you will see in the papers.

Camp at Brandy Station

Headquarters 1st. Brig., 3rd Div. 3rd A.C.

December 4th, '63

Just one week ago this morning at seven o'clock we started on our late campaign, and a jolly old time we have had of it, I assure you. Here goes for a short description of what we have seen, heard and endured.

We left Brandy Station marching toward the Rapidan, which we reached and crossed at a place called Jacob's Mills. It was then nearly dark. We marched but a short distance after crossing, for the reason that we found ourselves on the wrong road. After making this unpleasant discovery we camped for the night, having marched only twelve miles. We had plenty of Confed Rails and consequently a good fire. A Picket of 400 men under the command of a field Officer was called for from our Brig. They were sent out and we then retired for the night.

Friday Morning at 3 o'clock the Brigade was put under arms and at daylight we marched on again. When near a place called Orange Grove, our Flankers became engaged with the enemy's Picket. They kept up a constant skirmish until 2 P.M. when our Brigade was ordered into position on the left of 2nd Divis. 3rd A.C. We deployed our skirmishers and then advanced. They soon met with the enemy's skirmishers and it was but a few moments before the engagement was general.

This was in the woods and very thickly timbered besides being filled with a sort of underbrush, which rendered it almost impassable for the Infantry and much more so for those who were mounted. The "Line of Battle" was necessarily formed under the crest of a small hill on the top of which was a rail fence. This was held by the enemy.

Orders came to us to advance the Brigade and take the fence. The command to charge was given and on we went. We took it and then stood under fire for between three and four hours until

our ammunition was all expended. We were then relieved by the 1st Divis. 3rd A. C.

Now for the details. It was said to have been one of the most terrific and long continued Infantry fights known in the Army of the Potomac. Volley after volley of musketry went hurling its destruction from both sides. It was almost deafening and the fumes from the Powder were almost suffocating.

Our Brigade did nobly. Genrl French, commanding the 3rd A.C. said to Genrl Morris in the presence of several Staff Officers: "General, your Brigade has distinguished itself." This we call a big thing.

Henry received a flesh wound in the leg above the knee in the first charge. It is not dangerous, however. You will doubtless see him in the space of a few weeks. Harrison was struck in the leg by a ball, but his leg being so much harder than the ball it did not penetrate the skin. It dropped him to the ground, however, and so benumbed his leg that he supposed himself wounded and passed the "Colors" over to one of the boys while he fell to the rear to ascertain the nature of it. Upon putting his hand into his pants he took out the ball, flattened as it was. Finding that he was not badly wounded, he again rushed for the ranks and seizing the Colors swore by the Eternal God that Flag should never fall. He will doubtless be mentioned in the Col's Report. He behaved very bravely and has made himself noticed.

It was dark when we were relieved and fell back from the line. The loss in our Brigade is 35 killed, 210 killed and wounded. Capt. Dillingham from the 10th Vt., Acting Inspector General on our Staff, is supposed to be wounded and taken Prisoner. I believe the Wallingford boys are all right.

Saturday morning at daylight, finding that the enemy had retreated, we marched for a place called "Robertson's Tavern" and from there up onto Mine Run about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from the Plank Road running from Orange Ct. House to Fredericksburg, nearly midway between the two places. Here we camped for the night.

Sunday morning we discovered that the enemy were strongly intrenched in our immediate Front. Preparations were soon made for an attack. Batteries were brought into position and strongly supported. Our Brigade supported three Batteries in the morning; but the plan was soon changed and in the afternoon we

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formed the 3rd line of battle. Then we lay all day, expecting every moment to receive orders to move forward on the enemy's works; but night overtook us and we had not advanced.

Monday morn at 1 A.M. the 2nd and 3rd Divis. 3rd A. C. and also a Division from the 6th A. C. were ordered to the left of the line to support Genrl Warren, Comdg 2nd A. C. We arrived there at daylight, formed our line of battle and waited till 1 P.M. when we returned to our position of Sunday.

Tuesday we lay quiet all day. At 7 P.M. we started on our march back across the Rapidan, following down the Plank Road to Culpeper Ford, which we crossed at 4 the next morning having marched all night. It was extremely cold. At 5 A.M. we halted and made breakfast, and then on we marched till dark last evening, when we rested till 12. Then we again started and reached Brandy this morning at 6 A.M.

The reason of our falling back is, I suppose, that they found the enemy's works impregnable; also heavily reinforced.

Your Box has not been rec'd as yet, but doubtless will be soon.

I am well and all right.

Hd Qrs 1st Brig. 3rd Div 3rd A. C.

Camp near Brandy, Va.

Jan. 16th, 1864

I am thankful to learn that you are still well and enjoying yourself as of old. The only thing I have to regret is that I could not have been there with you.

It is very muddy in Camp and unpleasant getting around. Yet we have all become accustomed to it.

General Morris returned from his leave this afternoon bringing his sister and another Lady. He is looking very fine, and says he enjoyed himself very much. Of this we were of course all very glad.

There is nothing new in camp except that Charlie Edgerton has accepted the position of 2nd Lieutenant in the 26th Regt of Colored Troops.

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Camp in the Field near Spotsylvania Ct. House,
occupied tonight by the Rebs. but we are bound to have it
ourselves by tomorrow night.

Va.

May 16th, 1864
Monday Evening

Dear Home.

We crossed the Rapidan May 4th, and for nine days and nights we have been under fire constantly during the day of the most desperate character and nights charging and skirmishing. Now we must rest for a day or two. Victory has been ours at every point. Lee has been obliged to fall back, although he has contested the ground most fearfully, knowing that this was his last time.

Our Regt has been the most fortunate of any in the Army, having lost only two men killed and a Captain and thirty or forty Privates wounded. Yet we have been constantly at the front. Good luck has brought direct assaults either at our right or left thus far.

I see that the Papers estimate our loss at forty thousand. This I think is very much too large. We have captured about 20,000 prisoners and 40 or 50 pieces of Artillery beside some Gen'l Officers.

Genrl Sedgwick was killed within 100 yds of our Rgt. Morris was wounded in the calf of the leg. When we lost them it made us feel some gloomy for a time; but finally we pitched in again and had such good success that we feel all right again.

Reinforcements are arriving daily. The 11th Vt. was assigned to the old Vt. Brigade. If the North will only wake up now, Victory will be certain this summer. We are anxiously waiting to hear from Butler and Smith now. Henry and all the boys are well.

P.S. Be of good cheer, all.

Camp in the Field, 10th Vt. Inftry Vols.

Near Spotsylvania Ct. House May 20th, 1864

Henry's wound is plaguing him somewhat, and for that reason he has been temporarily detailed as Commissary for the Division Hospital, which position makes it much easier for him.

For the past three or four days our army has been very quiet. We have received a large number of Reinforcements—Thirty

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thousand. Most of them are Heavy Artillery Regts whose duty heretofore has been in the Forts about Washington and Baltimore, where their services are no longer required. They give our boys great spirit and make them more confident of success.

Rumor says that the Enemy have issued their last three days' rations, and that Lee has told them that they must depend on the Yanks for the present. God help them, for we are sure that their chances are very poorly founded. If Butler and Smith have good success, the war will surely be closed this summer.

We can very easily see now what our trouble has been before this. The country has always needed one man at the head of the whole Army, so that each Dept could cooperate with the other.

Wait patiently and pray for the success of the Armies. We are all confident that you will be amply rewarded before another Autumn.

It has been one of—yes, I think I can say with safety the *most* crushing Campaign of the war. Although many a brave and good boy has fallen we now stand ready to avenge their deaths.

Headquarters Co. H. 10th Vt. Vols. Inf'try
Camp at the "Relay House," Md.

July 13th, 1864

You must ere this time be very anxious for the safety of your son Gib and well you may, for this last battle of ours was one that tried both nerves and running timber. I will attempt to give you a short detail of our doings since we left the Army of the Potomac.

Wednesday morning, July 6th, at daylight we broke camp and marched for City Point, Va., leaving behind us the hot entrenchments where we had been melting so long. We arrived at the Point about noon of the 6th and there took transports for Baltimore. Our Reg't was put on board the Steamer *Daniel Webster*. The boats would hold about one Reg't each, and in this way the whole Division was loaded.

The ride down the James was splendid, and such a contrast to our life in the dirt that we hardly knew how to appreciate it. Thus we rode along till we reached Chesapeake Bay. Riding on the water soon becomes monotonous—at least, it does with me. But Time in his flight with the assistance of the steamer soon brought us to Baltimore. This was about 4 P.M. on the 7th.

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At 11 in the evening we landed and were immediately loaded on the cars enroute for Frederick City, Md., which place we reached, via the Junction, about 8 A.M. on the 8th.

As we marched through the City with our Band at the head of the Reg't playing "Hail to the Chief" and other National Airs, my feelings were very strange and for this reason. On the 4th of July, one year ago, our Reg't marched through this same city enroute for Middletown and South Mountain to join the "Army of the Potomac." Then we numbered 800 men and a full complement of Officers. Now we numbered only 200 men for duty, and only 8 of those original Officers left for duty in the Reg't.

As we were marching along, keeping step to the music with our Banners waving above us, the many engagements we had been in and all our social intercourse and doings together as a Reg't were fresh in my mind. As I recalled them and was looking for some of the active members of those good yet dangerous times, I would for the first time become conscious of their absence.

But these feelings would soon pass away and I would give vent to more lively and pleasant ones, caused by the shouts and cheers and waving of handkerchiefs of the loyal women and ladies of the city. Occasionally we would hear some of the fairest remark: "That's the way Officers should dress such times as these." This, of course, was very flattering, coming from the source it did. Thus we passed on through the City and then halted facing the South Mountains.

We took up several positions during the day, the "Skirmish Line" being held by the Cavalry. We supposed at this time that we could hold the City. But at dark we marched around to the Junction, which is about four miles. There we went into camp for the night.

The next morning (the 9th) our Div. was taken out and put into position, little dreaming that we were soon to meet so strong a force, but before 9 A.M. the enemy's shells were flying around our heads very unpleasantly. What made it still more so, the whole command had only one six lb. battery of six guns to reply with, and unused to service at that. In a few moments this was put to work, but did very little execution.

Soon after, at about 12 o'clock, I with my Co. was ordered onto

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the Skirmish Line; but before I could get any men deployed, the Rebs were formed to make a charge and had already been ordered to advance. I assure you they gave us a hot fire. There was a common board fence between us in front, and for this we both made. My men reached it first, and then commenced the fight.

I could distinctly see their lines of battle advancing, and we could all see that they were confident of breaking our lines. Oh, such a chance as our men had at them! Many a Johnnie fell coming across the field. I soon saw that my line must fall back to our General Line of battle or we should all be Gobbled up. So back we went and this was the time they made it uncomfortable for me. But I reached it in safety, and now came the grand crisis.

For nearly two hours we fought four times our numbers and repulsed charge after charge. Here for the first time this summer your humble servant tried his skill at shooting the D—ls and had the pleasure of being successful. All was going well when they massed a heavy force on our extreme right, which was held by new troops, and succeeded in breaking our lines. Then of course our game was up. We saw we must fall back or we should all be bagged.

Gradually they commenced falling back on the left of our Division, but contesting every inch of ground until they crossed the stream at the Junction. Long ere this the new troops on our right were picking out the shortest route for Baltimore, and they all knew the roads which led there.

My Co. was the 3rd from the extreme left of our General Line, and was stationed on a crossroads which it was ordered to hold till both of my flanks had fallen back. This was a bad fix for Gib, for when I ordered my men to fall back, we were almost entirely surrounded by them, and had a mile to make before crossing the stream. But back we went, beating a hasty retreat, under repeated cries from the Rebs to "Halt, Yanks, and Surrender!" But we could not see this, and finally reached and crossed the stream in safety.

At this time I had lost only 4 men wounded in my Co.; but the men were all very tired and the Rebs still continued to follow us very closely till we reached the Baltimore Pike via New Market. On we came till we reached Ellicutt's Mills. Here we took the cars for our present camp at the "Relay House." I have six men

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now missing from my Co., but am in hopes that some of them will come in yet.

Austin Wellman was slightly wounded in the arm and is in Baltimore all right. Chas. Hilliard is also there, but not wounded. Sergt. Adams is to be made Q.M. Serg't., so he is safe, of course. All the W. boys are well. So is friend Henry K.

The people here are much excited and well they may be. But I am in hopes that the worst of the raid is over and that the party will get severely punished before reaching their base of supplies, Richmond.

Now for a summing up of what we have done. Our Div. (Rickett's) numbers only about 4,000 men (and what little help we did have was worse than none). It fought the flower of Lee's Army, the Louisiana Tigers and other picked men under command of Gen'ls Early, Ewell and Breckenridge. The lowest estimate of their forces is 30,000 men. We held them at bay until we could make a successful retreat, but not until we had punished them severely.

I saw the Medical Director of this Department who was on the field in Frederick City while it was in possession of the Rebels and after they left. This is his report:

Union Loss	
Killed and left on the field	121
Wounded and taken to Hospital in Frederick	190
Prisoners Taken	400
Total	711

Rebel Loss	
Killed in front of our lines	300
Wounded and in Hospital at Frederick	430
Now in our Possession	
Total	730

He also stated that their loss in Officers was very heavy, and their wounded left behind were the worst cases—the ones that

THE HILLS AND THE MARSHES

could not be transported. The Prisoners were nearly all foolishly paroled by improper authority.

Thus you see that we were only a handful of men compared to their forces, and yet we punished them severely.

Our Reg't lost no officers and our loss in killed and wounded will not exceed fifty or sixty men, I think. How long we shall remain here is uncertain. I fear that we shall be obliged to join our Div. at Baltimore and thence to Petersburg in a few days. The post has been in command of our Col. Henry until today, when Gen. Tyler came and assumed command.

Please accept this rough history of our actions until you can get better.

XII. WALLINGFORD IN THE 1870's

THIS chapter, quite different from all the others, will be an account of the writer's personal recollections of people and events in Wallingford up to the time he was sent away to school.

One of my earliest recollections is the flood that occurred October 4, 1869. Someone may ask my age and question my ability to remember so remote an event. I may as well say at the beginning that I was born April 16, 1865. We then lived in the first house from the railway station on Depot Street. Fortunately I have a photograph of the house which is reproduced facing page 272. I sat at the west parlor window and saw the rushing waters of Roaring Brook that had left their proper channel and were flowing down the street between our house and the station with a depth of perhaps two feet. The water had risen to the window sills on the little white house which is still standing on the west side of the railway tracks. The railway bridge over Roaring Brook was then a wooden lattice structure. The railway section men were hard at work trying to save the bridge from the flood waters that piled up against it. As I watched them the south end of the bridge went first; the bridge swung around and disappeared down the stream.

While I sat watching, Dr. Hitt appeared on the scene, riding a horse. He rode through the swirling water across the railway

to the little white house. An Irish family by the name of Coleman lived there. In a few moments the grandmother of the family, with a large white bundle that looked like a feather bed, was helped on to the Doctor's horse. She sat behind the Doctor to whom she clung while he directed the horse through the water to the depot and there discharged his passenger.

The land on the south side of Depot Street, opposite our house, where several houses now stand, was then the garden of a family named Caplais, living in the small house still standing close beside the brook. The brook broke across the garden, covering it with boulders, gravel and debris of all sorts, making it look after the flood as if nothing would ever grow there again. I believe the wooden bridge over the brook on Main Street, and many bridges on the Creek, were carried away.

I did not get far from home in those early days of my life but was much interested in all that went on in the neighborhood. There were the trains and the railway station that had a fascination. Mr. Pooler was the first station master I knew, but he did not hold the position long after I knew him. He was afflicted with St. Vitus Dance, was in a very nervous condition and, as he worked at his desk, was in constant motion. He was succeeded by Mr. Harland Morgan who held the position for a number of years. Mr. Morgan constructed an apartment in the station—two rooms on the ground floor and one on the second floor—where he lived with his wife as long as he was station master. The old style telegraph instrument that embossed the message on a long strip of paper always fascinated me. My natural taste for things mechanical was gratified by noticing the construction of the locomotives in use at this time. The fuel was wood and the trains frequently stopped at South Wallingford, where a large quantity was stored, to take on a supply. The engineer, fireman, and brakeman all took part in throwing wood on to the tender. The locomotives had large flaring smokestacks to arrest the sparks that other-

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

wise would have been scattered to the wind by the forced draught. Frequently they did get by the arrester and set fire to dry grass and fences along the track. The locomotives were small compared with those in use today and the trains were much lighter. Fortunately I have a photograph showing one of these trains standing at the station, which is shown opposite page 273. The rails on which the trains ran did not weigh more than half as much as rails of today. They were not joined together with fishplates and bolts but instead the ends rested on cast iron chairs and they were held in place only by spikes driven into the crossties.

There was a water tank in a house that stood on the west side of the track, just north of the station, from which the locomotives drew their supply of water. The elevated tank was kept filled with water from the millpond by means of a hand pump inside the tank house. This pump was operated by two men who pumped long hours every day in the dark house, for there were no windows. It was a spooky kind of place into which I sometimes ventured with fear and trembling and could barely see the two men, who looked like ghosts at work with their pump until the tank was filled. I spent very little time there after my curiosity was satisfied.

In the rear of our house on Depot Street my father had two fish ponds consisting of wooden tubs, about ten feet in diameter and two feet deep, set in the ground. A fountain played in the center of one, thereby keeping the water fresh. The ponds were stocked with native speckled trout which were such cannibals that the larger fish were put in one pond and the smaller in the other. It was great fun to feed them. When bits of raw meat were tossed to them they would often jump up and catch the food before it even touched the water. One afternoon I was supposed to be asleep in my mother's bedroom, but, as a matter of fact, I was quite wide awake and amused myself by rummaging. I found mother's pocketbook containing several greenbacks

which I removed, then slipped out of the house and threw them to the fish. I do not remember that the trout showed any evidence of appreciation of the expensive food but my mother undoubtedly made it plain to me that pleasure must not be gotten in that way.

My father was desirous of re-stocking the ponds with trout and with that end in view purchased a seine—a net, perhaps two hundred feet long and five feet wide, provided with wood floats on one edge and lead weights on the other to make it stand vertical in the water. He arranged with some of the men at the fork factory to help him draw it. The place selected was in the Creek a little way below the milldam, not quite down to the highway bridge, where there was a pool about four or five feet deep. The seine, reeled on a pole, was taken to the bank of the Creek just above the pool; then one of the men took the end of it and proceeded to wade across the Creek dragging the seine after him as other men on the bank unreeled it. When he reached the far bank he proceeded down stream, several men being stationed in the water to hold the seine in place and drag it along. When the first man had gotten below the pool with the leading end of the seine he proceeded to wade back to the bank of the Creek from whence he started. Finally the two ends of the seine were brought together and the pool, where the fish were supposed to be, was surrounded by the net, kept vertical by the floats and lead weights and held in place by the men who stood waist deep in the water. Slowly the seine was drawn in by the men on the bank, with the assistance of those in the water. The net enclosure grew gradually smaller and the fish inside became alarmed and struggled to get out but there was no way of escape for one edge of the seine was on the bottom of the pool and the other at the surface of the water. Not only the fish but the men were getting somewhat excited. Finally the entire seine was drawn up on the bank with a mass of struggling fish. One at a time they were taken out of the net and put into large wooden tubs filled with water and covered

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with a net to keep them from jumping out. It was very exciting to see the large trout taken unharmed in this way. I do not know how many trout were secured but will venture to say fifteen or twenty and most of them fully grown. Taking fish in that way is now prohibited by law, for the streams no longer contain the abundance of fish that they did then.

The tubs were quickly transported to the ponds in our yard and the trout were established in their new home where they lived and were well cared for. Many visitors came to the ponds and the trout lost much of their natural timidity.

At this time I heard much talk about the new road to Rutland that had just been completed on the west side of the Creek. For many years there had been a road in Clarendon from the four-corners north. Our town records show that in May, 1805, a road was surveyed northerly from Douglass' Mill to the Clarendon line. Douglass' Mill was on the site of Batcheller & Sons hammer shop beside the Creek, which justifies the conclusion that this survey was along River Street northward to the farm now owned by Aldace Newton. The road from Wallingford to Rutland west of the Creek was completed by building a section in Clarendon from the four-corners south to the Wallingford-Clarendon town line, a distance of about a mile and a half, but requiring a rock cut and some filling across a swamp.

The people of Wallingford were pleased to have the new road which was much more nearly level than the old road through Clarendon Flats, and most of the traffic thereafter went that way. We then owned a chestnut Morgan horse of sterling qualities but so gentle that even my mother had no fear in driving him. He was called "Old Zeb" and was well known by everyone in town. My father allowed the horse one hour and fifteen minutes to cover the distance between Wallingford and Rutland by the new road, but I will venture to say Old Zeb made better time

coming home, for as soon as his head was turned homeward he showed his spirit.

The real estate promoter, Frank Post by name, son of Deacon Post, a resident of the village, had organized a company to manufacture pitchforks in competition with Batcheller & Sons. A factory was built beside the railroad at the north end of the village. Water from the Creek to drive turbines was turned under the factory by a dam and canal; a row of small houses for employees was built on both sides of River Street; new streets were laid out, one named Franklin Street after the promoter, another Maple Street, all of which caused quite a commotion in the community. Mr. Post proposed that the railway station be relocated at the north end and talked about building a hotel there. In fact that was to be the center of village activity in his imagination. The factory was completed, having a length of about three hundred feet along the railroad and three wings extending westward; an imposing structure in a small village.

When manufacturing began, Mr. Gale Batcheller was employed and the name given the company was The Batcheller Manufacturing Company, evidently an attempt to do a little business on the reputation of the Batcheller name. As a result a trademark suit was in the offing but never came to trial for, at the end of three years, the operations of the company came to an end and Mr. Post left Wallingford, never residing here afterward. For a time the factory was idle, with only a watchman walking its floors, until Henry Cole and John D. Miller used a part of the building in the manufacture of oxbows.

The old sawmill stood just across the road from the finishing shop of Batcheller & Sons where it had stood since Asahel and Jedediah Jackson built the dam across the Creek in 1788. Probably its roof had been resingled during the eighty-odd years of its existence but no doubt in other respects it had undergone little alteration. The mill was constructed of timber and, like most saw-

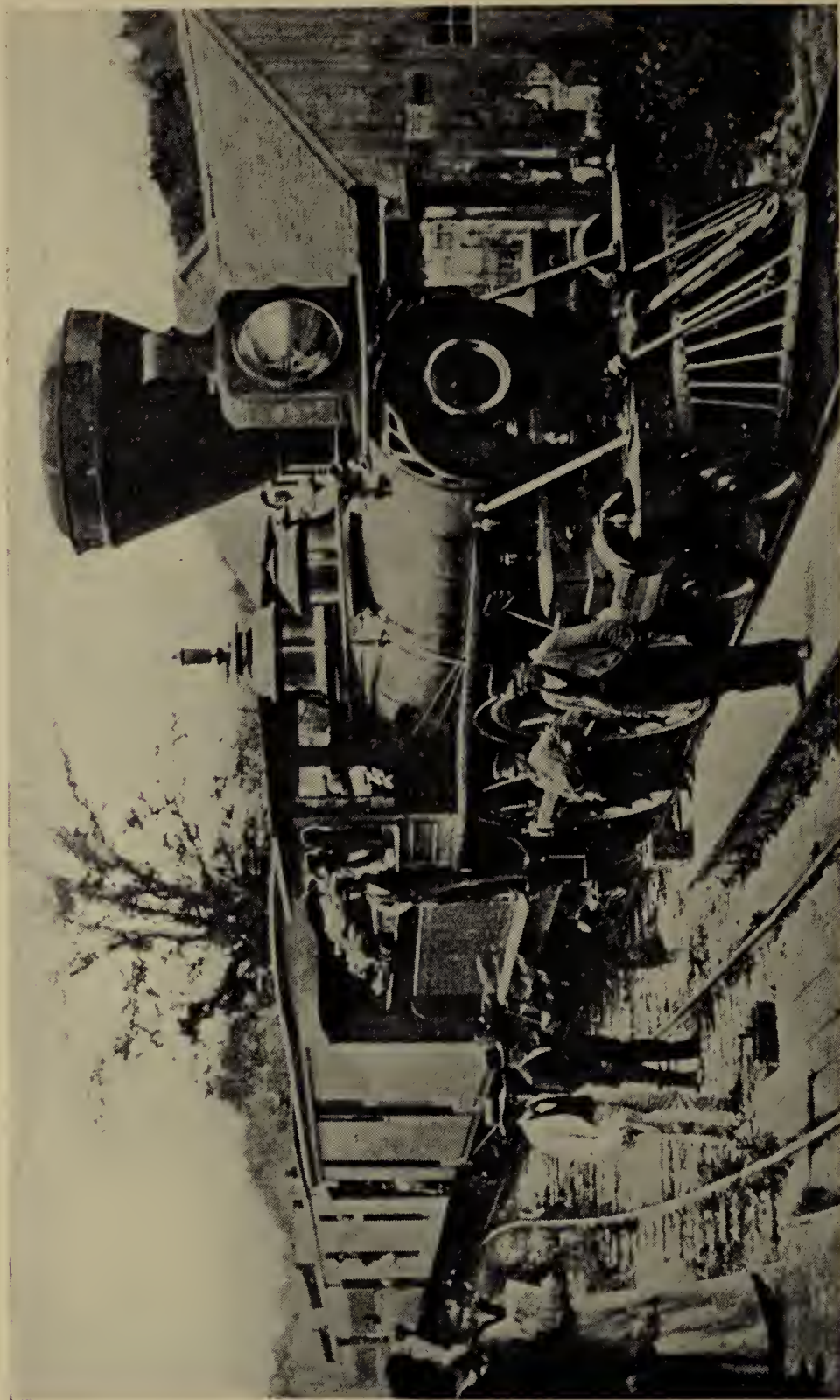
mills, was open on one side where logs were rolled in and lumber was taken out. It was a typical example of early sawmills in which the saw moved up and down, driven by the power of a water wheel in the pit beneath. It operated like a handsaw, pulled and pushed by the energy of falling water in place of human muscle. A log to be sawed was placed on a long wooden carriage that slid back and forth on a wooden track, while the saw, stretched in a wooden frame, moved up and down, slicing the log into boards or lumber of desired dimensions. The carriage was moved slowly forward by ratchet mechanism while sawing took place, then it was brought quickly back by a simple auxiliary water wheel controlled in operation by the man who operated the mill. This auxiliary water wheel consisted of a vertical wooden shaft extending down into the canal beneath the flume, with radial blades on its lower end. By opening a gate in the flume water was allowed to impinge upon the blades and thus rotate the shaft which, by means of a rack and pinion, moved the carriage. The mill operator controlled these movements by two levers, one to open the gate in the flume, the other to engage the pinion with the teeth of the rack on the side of the carriage.

The saw and its frame slid up and down on guides which were fastened to two substantial pillars forming a part of the building. The saw advanced a little in its downward cutting stroke and receded in its upward stroke, which allowed the carriage and log to be moved forward when the saw was not cutting. The saw frame was moved up and down by means of a crank and connecting rod, called a pitman, beneath the floor of the mill, the crank being turned by a water wheel. Sawing was necessarily slow compared with a modern mill, several minutes being required to cut the length of a log.

This somewhat technical description of an early sawmill is given to show the ingenuity and resourcefulness of the early settlers with the material at hand—mostly timber. This old sawmill



FIRST RESIDENCE OF JUSTIN BATCHELLER



RAILWAY TRAIN AT WALLINGFORD DEPOT

Left to right: A. G. Stone; Miss Mattie Adair; Arnold Nicholson; Harland Morgan, Station Agent; Simpson, News Agent; and the train Conductor.

and the finishing shop back of it are shown opposite page 64. Both were destroyed by fire in 1924.

The space in front of the sawmill was often occupied by a pile of spruce logs which we boys examined for seams in the bark that contained gum. Our search was frequently rewarded by lumps that had been exuded as a semifluid and then hardened. Spruce gum was commonly chewed and was in considerable demand before chicle was imported, and men made a business of collecting it in the forest.

The year 1871 marks an epoch in the lives of more than one Wallingford boy. The public school was becoming crowded and it was decided by the School Committee to establish a primary school for beginners in the old town house which then stood on the site of the present town hall. The front of the building can be seen in the view of School Street facing page 17. It was moved back and converted into a fire house when the new building was erected. The old building had but one room which occupied the entire ground floor and was used once a year for town meeting. It was a vast, cheerless place for little children to sit in and get their first impressions of school life, but there appears to have been no other place, so half a dozen long settees were placed one behind another in the southeast corner of the big room with a teacher's chair and table in front of them. The settees were of the same pattern as those used in the brick chapel when prayer meetings were held there, and occasionally one may be discovered to-day, put to some useful purpose. Since the school was for beginners, most of the children were about six years old. Three children sat on each settee, one at each end and one in the middle. The writer happened to occupy one end of a settee. His memory is so clear on this point that he can say it was the west end. It is remarkable that so many boys in Wallingford, not to mention girls—for they made no impression on my memory—should have arrived at their sixth birthday that year. I can mention several names. They

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include "Art" Waldo, Henry Ballou, "Sherry" Congdon, and "Dave" Kelley. They were all there to be educated. The name of the teacher has not been etched upon my memory, for she was a stranger to me, but I distinctly remember that she was a young woman and that she made us stand up in a row in front of her table, but for what purpose I have forgotten. There were neither desks nor blackboards, so I cannot now imagine how we were taught.

I do not think the school in the town house lasted many weeks for my next recollection finds me in the primary room at the school house where we had regulation school seats and desks. The public school in the days following had three divisions in three rooms with three teachers, designated primary, intermediate, and high school. The first two were on the ground floor, and the high school, in the large room on the second floor, was reached by two winding stairways in the lobby. The school house of this period is shown facing page 289. The school had just been graded but, using readers from first to sixth, we designated our position on the educational ladder by the reader we were "in" instead of by the grade.

The primary and intermediate rooms were heated by rectangular wood-burning stoves, large enough to receive chunks of wood. Much of the firing was done by the pupils, and the temperature of the rooms varied considerably. When I was a pupil in the intermediate room one of the larger boys was sent by the teacher for an armful of wood with instructions to put some in the stove. The teacher, occupied with a class, did not notice that he filled the stove full. In a short time the stove was red-hot and there was no convenient way of cooling it, so the teacher, as punishment, made the boy who had filled the stove sit beside it.

The Principal, who taught in the high school during the early part of the 1870's, and the first whom I remember, was Prof. Otis S. Johnson, a tall thin man, with an expression that would

frighten a small child and that gave all of us the feeling that he was constantly on the lookout for a boy he could punish. He had thin pointed features and piercing, sharp eyes. I am sure we were all afraid of him and some had good cause to be. We had a derogatory rhyme that we frequently repeated when he was out of sight.

Corporal punishment was considered necessary for the proper training of boys in those days and we saw more or less of it. I had progressed to the intermediate room where I saw a boy whipped in a manner that left a life long impression on my mind. The boy was Nathan Rounds who had the reputation of being difficult to manage. He had done something—I do not remember what—for which he expected to be punished and the boys said that he had worn two pairs of pants for several days as some protection against the sting of the whip. For a few days nothing happened but Principal Johnson did not forget him, and one day, during school hours, he appeared in our room and called Nate out on to the floor. Three whips—limbs cut from some tree—were standing just outside the door. Calling Nate to stand on the floor he opened the door and reached for a whip, then took a position about three feet from the culprit and swung the whip with both arms across Nate's legs in a determined and cruel way; first to left and then to right until the whip was broken. This was not the end. He went to the door and reached for another whip which he applied in the same way until it was broken. In this manner he broke three whips and I sat at one of the desks witnessing the punishment, tears running down my cheeks. It seemed as if I could not endure the sight of it. Not fear but hatred was engendered and I doubt that Nathan received any benefit from his punishment.

It was not uncommon for pupils to be struck severe blows across the palm of the hand with a ruler administered by women teachers.

There was one boy who gave his teacher more or less trouble.

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He frequently got into scrapes; went as far as he dared in annoying the teacher. It was his way of having fun. His name was Ed Barber, a son of Heman Barber, a carpenter who built his house on School Street; the fourth east of the school house. The teacher in the intermediate department where Ed was a pupil was Miss Crowley, who shortly afterward married Danforth Hulett, then engaged in mercantile business: a successor to Edwin Martindale. The story goes, Ed had done something which demanded a reprimand or punishment, but instead his teacher decided to have a serious talk with him after school and make an appeal to his better nature. She told him to remain and when school was dismissed took the matter in hand. In substance she said, do you want to grow up to be a good citizen, or a man that no one will respect? He replied, "I want to be just like Dannie." How much farther the interview went is not recorded.

For a time during the term of Principal Johnson, his sister-in-law, Miss Mattie Sherman, taught in the primary room. Discipline was one of her main objectives and whispering she considered a serious offense that deserved punishment. She showed originality in meeting the situation. She prepared a large bottle of red liquid which was believed to contain red pepper. The pupil who was seen whispering was required to fill his mouth with the liquid from the bottle, hold it for a moment and then spit it out. The burning sensation in the pupil's mouth was supposed to atone for the misdemeanor and deter others. This did not prove to be wholly effective and was succeeded by a more direct method of preventing secret communications, at least for a time, on the part of the culprit. A boy caught whispering—I never saw it applied to a girl, perhaps they did not whisper—was called on to the floor and had his mouth sealed with a large adhesive plaster which he was compelled to wear for a considerable length of time. Someone may doubt these barbarous punishments of children, but I witnessed them.

Miss Sherman as a teacher was unpopular with the pupils and their parents. Her term was not long and shortly after she returned to the town from whence she came.

Another bears witness that during the first years of the graded school there were several teachers of the intermediate department who were fine young women and who taught their pupils many things not found between the covers of the books. Mention is made of Miss Laura Marsh, Miss Ella York and Miss Rhoda Congdon: all residents of Wallingford.

There lived in the house adjoining the school on the west two elderly people, Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Marshall, who were frequently annoyed by the school children: for example, when the children's ball happened to fall in the Marshall's yard, or a boy trespassed on their preserves. This is the more surprising for Mrs. Marshall had been a teacher in the brick school house on Main Street. She was then known as "Aunt Lecty." When a ball happened to go over the fence Mrs. Marshall has been seen to appear on the scene, pick up the ball and take it into the house.

Mr. Marshall was small of stature and called "Useless" by the boys. On one occasion he came out of the house, "wild of eye and fierce of mien," brandishing a horse whip at any boy who dared to sit on the corner fence-post during recess time. There was sure to be a boy on the post nimble enough to get safely into the school yard before the whip reached him.

Principal Johnson was succeeded by Mr. Hyde, a different type of man, jovial, pleasant, and generally liked by his pupils, especially the girls, to some of whom he gave particular attention. He was famous for putting on dramatic performances at the end of the school year, and he arranged the first formal graduating exercises, which were held in the Congregational Church. The performance by the high school pupils of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Twelve Nights in a Bar Room" will be long remembered by all who saw them, as well as by those who participated. Miss Stella

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Clark was successful in the character of "Topsy," and Miss Emeline Childs as "Miss Ophelia." On these occasions the upper school-room where they were given was elaborately decorated with ropes of evergreen, and the play had to be repeated to give all who desired it an opportunity to see the performance.

Mr. Munsel succeeded Mr. Hyde as principal, a quiet man and a good teacher, generally well liked by his pupils. Sometimes he had a little difficulty in keeping order in school. One morning there was a warning that corporal punishment might again be resorted to by a long whip that was seen lying under the Principal's desk; but no use was made of it.

Mr. Munsel was followed by Mr. Utley whose outstanding characteristic was frequent "lectures" of which the pupils sometimes grew tired.

William Shaw, a native of Wallingford and son of Hudson Shaw, was the last Principal in the 1870's and the last to whom I recited before being sent to boarding school. He was a man of few words but fond of athletics and did much to stimulate sports among his pupils. We were all fond of him.

The school in those days gave instruction in all subjects required for college entrance but it lacked some of the facilities provided today. For example, there was no library for reference; home economics and manual training were unthought of; science was given a minor part in the curriculum, and supervised athletics was never mentioned.

I do not know that people were more serious or less cheerful in the days we are endeavoring to describe, but religion played a larger part in the lives of the people, and it was a somber type of religion, as I look back upon it. Two preaching services were held in the churches every Sunday; one at eleven o'clock in the morning, the other in the evening. Midweek prayer meetings were held in the brick chapel Friday evenings for adults, except Friday before Communion Sunday; then a Preparatory Lecture was de-

livered by the pastor at two o'clock in the afternoon. Each person desiring to unite with the church was requested to give his, or her, experience, either orally, or in writing for the minister to read aloud. A vote was taken to be sure the candidate was acceptable to every one present.

There were two rows of settees in the chapel; the women sat on the right side, the men on the left,—not a rule or regulation but simply custom. It seems to be the nature of men in Wallingford, and I presume the same in other places, to prefer being by themselves at public gatherings—perhaps a sort of bashfulness.

Three men were seldom absent; Dr. Noble, who always sat by himself at the left of the leader, never failed to speak and, on one occasion while discussing the story of Jonah, remarked, "Jonah was in a very embarrassing position." Deacon Benson, who could be depended upon to offer a prayer which was somewhat stereotyped; and Captain Johnson, the dependable sexton who sat near the door and rarely ever said anything. His duty required him, if the weather was cold, to come early and build a fire in the large stove that stood in the center of the room, then walk down to the church, a quarter of a mile, to ring the bell and walk back in order to close the building after the meeting. He was a corpulent, burly man; rather crabbed when anything interfered with his accustomed ways; faithful in the performance of his duties and a man of few words. There was a young man who, when offering a prayer, never failed to say; "O Lord, we know thou wilt come as a thief in the night and unexpected."

The prayer meetings sometimes seemed almost interminable to us boys who were encouraged by our parents to attend; so much so that George Vance and I purchased a clock and hung it in the chapel. That same clock now hangs on the wall of the Congregational Church and, I will venture to say, no one else knew of its origin.

Tuesday evenings there was a Young Peoples' Meeting, but

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Dr. Noble and Mrs. Hudson Shaw would attend every service. On some occasions boys led these meetings but girls never. George Nicholson, grandson of Arnold Nicholson was the leader one evening. He called upon Prof. Hyde to explain the scripture, which he did in a manner not to be forgotten. The Professor was equal to any occasion.

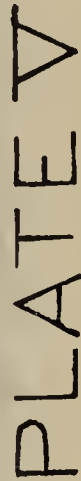
Dr. Walker, a most highly respected citizen, was the Congregational minister until 1878. The following quotations are taken from a memorial of "Aldace Walker, D.D., by his Children," written shortly after his death.

"The record of the life of a successful and happy country pastor is at best a simple one, and the life of Aldace Walker was one of the simplest of all.

"He was a Congregational clergyman, who entered the ministry in 1840 at the age of twenty-eight. He was first settled over the church at West Rutland, Vermont, where he remained for twenty-one years; and having removed in 1862 to Wallingford, only ten miles distant, he remained the pastor of the church in the latter place until his death in 1878. His body was always feeble. At the time of his only change of pastorate he was laid aside from work for nearly two years; and the last eighteen months of his life were months of total physical exhaustion and incapacity. During the years of his active labor he was never strong. His life was filled with the performance of duties which, although they were to him a continual spiritual joy, were often attended with great bodily distress and pain.

"The skeleton of his work can be traced in its numerical results. He labored in his calling thirty-eight years; thirty-five years actively, although attempting but half duty much of the latter portion of the time. The last sermon which he wrote was numbered one thousand and sixty four. . . . The Wallingford church [membership] numbered seventy-seven in 1863, and one hundred and fifty-four in 1876, one hundred and thirty-two hav-

Wallingford Township
Scale 30 Rods to the Inch.
1869



MAP OF WALLINGFORD VILLAGE, 1869, PLATE V

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

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WALLINGFORD

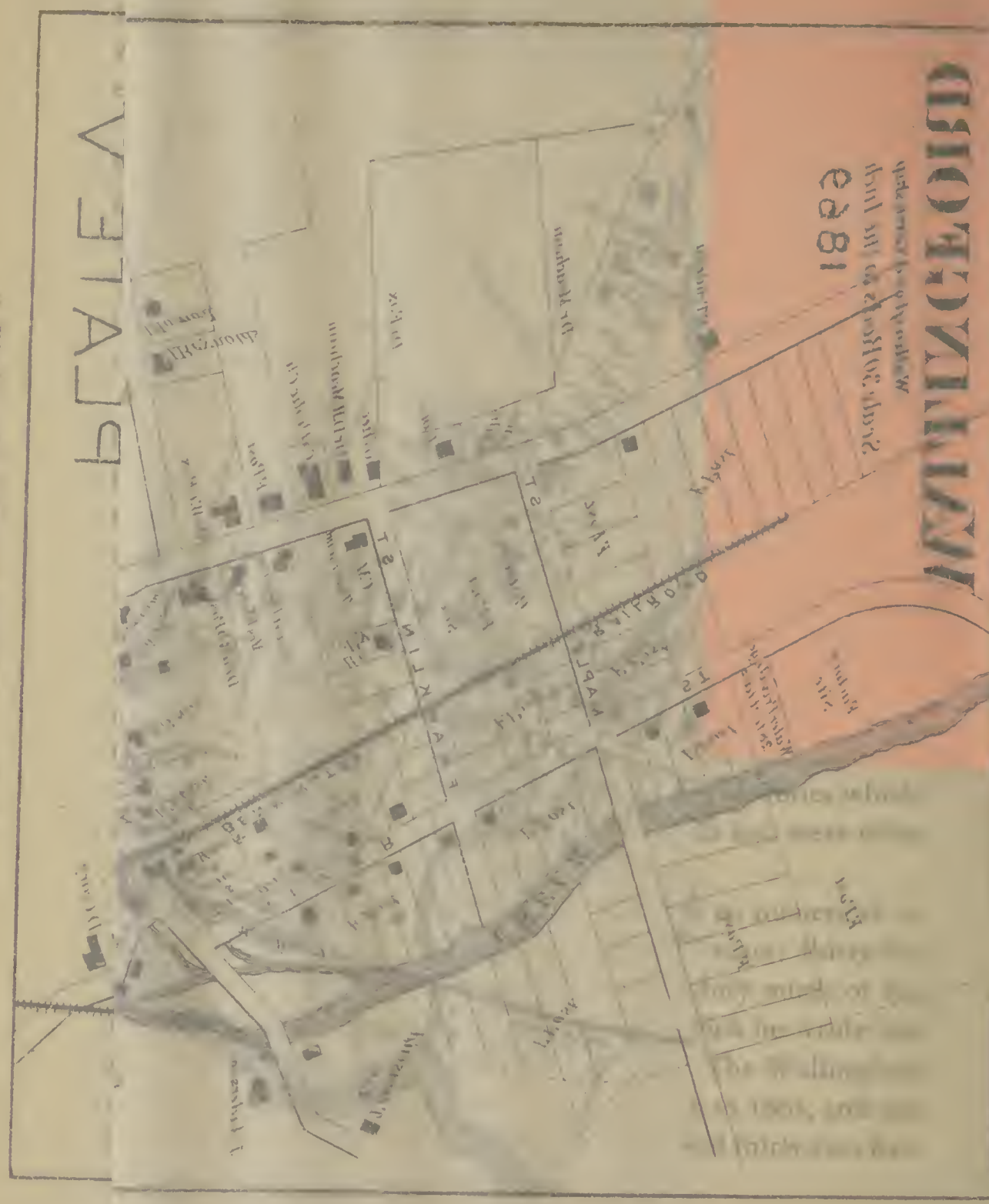
Wallingford Township
Scale 30 Rods to the Inch.

1869



СІОТІМІ

1881
 1881
 1881



MAP OF SIMSBURY, CONNECTICUT, 1881

ing been added by profession of faith and twenty-eight by letter.

"The Wallingford society contributed during the first four years of his ministry a yearly average of \$210 to objects of outside benevolence; during the last ten years the average was \$439, making \$5,236 in all.

"Partly, perhaps, from the very persistence with which he clung to the quiet labors of his simple pastorates, living and peacefully laboring year by year in the same communities, as the gray hairs came, there came also the esteem and reverence not alone of the members of his church and the people of his town, but also of the larger circle comprising the family of the Congregational churches of Vermont. No one could point to any special power, or characteristic grace, or expressive action as calling out the added influence and moral weight which every one saw he was gradually gaining. He was never spoken of as a pulpit orator in the sense in which Willard Child, and William H. Lord, and Norman Seaver were so called. He was not known as a profound, or in any way remarkable scholar, as were many of his clerical associates. He had very slight gifts of extempore address, no fund of anecdote, comparatively little close acquaintance with ancient and modern literature, and not the least turn of imagery or poetic fancy. He was only a plain, honest, earnest, happy Christian; and by the attrition of those simple characteristics, exhibited in all their purity in a single locality for thirty years and upwards, he wore away a place for himself among his fellows and in the churches of his State, hard to appreciate, harder still to describe. For though not of age sufficient to entitle him to any patriarchial dignity, and without the least degree of self-assertion or self-seeking, during the last ten years or more of his labor it came at times to be said that he was the leader among the clergy of his denomination in the State; the one of all who was the trusted guide, the sagacious counselor, the wise director of its policy and its affairs.

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

"His influence was not to be accounted for by any ordinary standards, and was most mysterious to those who saw the lack of display and simple directness of his daily life; but the fact was perceptible to all but himself that he was shaping more and more the conduct of the public assemblies of his denomination; and at last the practical good sense, the wise prudence and the prudent wisdom of his character became so generally recognized that his simple hints were seldom or never challenged, and his word was almost law. . . .

"On the first Sabbath in January, 1877, . . . he resigned his pastorate. . . . This resignation, however, was never accepted, and he still remained pastor of the church at the time of his death, July 24, 1878."

The wedding of Aldace F. Walker, son of Rev. Aldace Walker, to Miss Kate Shaw of Wallingford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Shaw, was a noteworthy event. The wedding took place in the morning at the Congregational Church, the father of the groom performing the ceremony. School was dismissed in the middle of the forenoon in order that the pupils might witness an event so unusual,—the number being limited, however, to those who could crowd into the old choir gallery at the rear of the auditorium. Needless to say, the church was filled with friends of the bride and groom and townspeople.

The bride and groom entered, walking up the north aisle. After the ceremony the newly wedded couple faced each other, the groom threw back the white veil which had covered the face of the bride and kissed her; then, offering her his arm, he led her down the south aisle. It was observed that the bride's dress was made with a low neck and short sleeves. A few of the ladies in the audience wore gowns of similar style but green and cerise in color.

Miss Townsley, a revivalist, came to Wallingford and held services in the Baptist Church for several weeks. She was success-

ful in creating a high degree of religious emotion which resulted in additions to the membership of both the Baptist and Congregational Churches.

An old and impressive custom existed, but was discontinued in the early '70's, of tolling the church bell for the dead. When a death occurred the sexton was immediately informed of the fact and he hastened to the church and struck the bell: for a child three strokes, then a pause followed by as many strokes as represented the child's age; for a woman, three strokes, a pause, three strokes, another pause, followed by as many strokes as the number of her years; and for a man, three strokes, a pause, three strokes, a pause, three strokes, a pause, followed by strokes indicating his age. The impressiveness of this custom can scarcely be described. When the bell echoed through the village at any unexpected hour people stopped whatever they might be doing and reverently counted the strokes of the bell with the consciousness that a human soul had taken its departure. They probably knew of the recent illness of some neighbor and no doubt was left in their minds who had passed out. Interest was always aroused in the age of the departed. If the deceased was an old person ten minutes might be required to count off the years.

At the beginning of the decade people were still talking about the Civil War. In 1871 a company of state militia was organized in Wallingford that drilled every week until disbanded in 1873. It was designated, Company D, 3rd Regiment. The officers were F. H. Hoadley, Captain; William B. Shaw, First Lieutenant, and Perry G. Wells, Second Lieutenant. The old town hall served as an armory and the gun racks were in the attic. I will venture to say they might be found today if any one were to take the trouble of climbing the old staircase in the corner of the Fire House. When the weather was favorable the company drilled in the school yard; at other times in the town hall. The uniforms corre-

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sponded with those of the Civil War; blue in color with the small French caps.

When Hiram Wellman set off a blast in his quarry at the north end of the village to break up the limestone for his kiln, the sound of the explosion reverberated through the valley like distant thunder. His round stone kiln, located back of the rocks on what is now Circular Avenue, stood unused for a long time and finally disappeared.

The year 1873 should be written in red figures, for it was the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the town of Wallingford. A celebration took place that occupied two days. Mr. Thorpe has given a description of it in his "History of Wallingford" but I must give it a little space here for I was a witness and remember it distinctly. *The Globe*, a Rutland newspaper, gave a full account of the events that took place and printed the addresses in full. Copies of the paper can still be seen.

It was a combined celebration of the Centennial and the Annual Fair of the Otter Creek Valley Agricultural Association. Two temporary buildings were erected on a vacant lot bounded by Franklin, Maple, Railroad and Main Streets at the north end of the village. One, designated "Floral Hall," was for the usual displays of the annual fair, chiefly farm and other products of the community; the other, "Centennial Hall," was for the exhibit of heirlooms, antiques and articles that pictured the lives of the people during the first century in Wallingford.

The attendance was large, estimated at several thousand. On the first day, October 16th, the opening address was delivered by Rev. Aldace Walker, calling attention to the achievements of the citizens who had made Wallingford what it was. The address was followed by a song, entitled "King Solomon," sung with force and vigor by Mr. Joseph Haskins, who was then ninety-four years of age. Shortly after singing, he walked a short distance and sat down on the sidewalk in front of the first house north of the

brick chapel. I passed on the other side of the street and saw him sitting there but did not notice that he was ill. A few moments afterward he died in the arms of Mr. Hosea Eddy who went to speak to him.

Two addresses were delivered in the afternoon—one by Rev. E. M. Haynes on agriculture, the other by Joel C. Baker on the life and public service of Matthew Lyon. On the second day the outstanding event was an historical address by Rev. H. H. Sander-son of Charlestown, New Hampshire, a former minister of the Wallingford Congregational Church. Chapter II contains a portion of this address.

In the afternoon Hon. D. E. Nicholson of Rutland, a former resident of Wallingford, gave an address. He spoke of the promptness with which the sons of Wallingford responded to the call to arms when the Civil War broke out; how a "small army" was raised under the leadership of young Judge Emerson.

The closing address was by Henry Hall, Esq., of Rutland. He referred to the lateness of the settlement of Wallingford in comparison with Rutland, Danby, Clarendon and Pittsford which were settled from five to eight years earlier. He could account for this only from the fact that it was then mostly covered by a dense forest and lay on comparatively lower land, little noticed by those who traveled through this section in those days along the old military road that led over the hills. It was known to the speaker that a survey was made through the Otter Creek Valley by Asa Peabody in 1761, as he had seen the original minutes of the survey from the source of the Creek to its mouth. This survey was made for Lydias who claimed certain rights in the territory based on a New York State grant. The speaker also referred to John Chipman and others who, five years later, followed Otter Creek from its source to Vergennes, passing through this town; and to the survey of Phineas Sherman in 1771, followed by that of another surveyor in 1772.

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Our next door neighbors on Depot Street were Sherman Pratt, a cabinet maker, his wife, daughter Flora and his wife's mother. Mr. Pratt was past sixty years of age and had an artificial leg that compelled him to walk with a cane. How he came to lose his leg I never learned. His shop occupied the second building from our house. This building was originally the hatter shop of James Rustin and stood on Main Street where Depot Street now joins. Mr. Pratt's chief occupation was making coffins. He also made tables and repaired furniture.

In these early days of my life I spent much time in Mr. Pratt's shop and he showed his friendship in numerous ways. It amused me to see him sit down, draw up the right leg of his trousers, take an oil can and oil the iron hinges of his artificial leg. Men of the village occasionally dropped in, occupied a chair beside the wood stove and discussed local affairs. These conversations usually turned to the subject of fishing, for that was the avocation that Mr. Pratt enjoyed above all others, and he never tired of talking about it. He could frequently be found down on the bank of the creek, patiently holding his rod and line, hoping for a bite, but whether he got it or not he took pleasure in his avocation. One day he was sitting by the mill pond near the mouth of Roaring Brook. As I drew near I saw him throw two or three stones out into the pond and then he explained that he was doing this to drive the fish in shore near his bait and hook. I wondered if such procedure would be effective. I am sure Mr. Pratt found great pleasure in fishing that did not depend upon the number of fish he caught, for in many instances he came home with none in his basket.

There were mullets in Fox Pond which, at a certain time in the spring ran in schools. As the time approached for the mullets to run Mr. Pratt made preparations for a catch, and the subject was discussed at length with some neighbor equally interested in the sport, who dropped into the shop in anticipation of a night to be

spent at Mullet Point on the east shore of the pond in company with Mr. Pratt and possibly others.

No bait was used to catch these fish, but instead, a number of hooks were attached to a line that was cast from the shore as far as possible out into the water and then rapidly drawn in with the hope of drawing it through a school of rapidly running fish and of impaling one or more fish on the hooks. This was always done at night by the light of a lantern or camp fire. The fish only ran for a short time—perhaps a few nights—so it was necessary to know just when they were running and to be on hand equipped for the sport. Needless to say, a good catch furnished a subject of animated conversation at the shop for some days afterward. Mr. Pratt would lay down his plane or saw and sit on his bench when a neighbor came in and took a seat beside the stove. Then followed a colorful statement of the details of the night of real sport at Fox Pond.

A fishpole that I admired lay on nails, high up on the wall in Mr. Pratt's shop. It was a hickory sapling with the smooth bark left on, about an inch in diameter at the butt, tapering uniformly to the tip. It had been carefully selected and seasoned, and was remarkably straight, strong and elastic. My admiration for this fish pole caused Mr. Pratt to remark one day that we would go into the woods sometime and cut a similar pole for me. I was pleased in anticipation and was impatient for the day to come. Not long after Mr. Pratt kept his word and we started on our search. We crossed the creek by the bridge below the mill dam, followed the road through the Townsend Farm into the pasture at the end of the road and entered the woods lying to the northward. We tramped for an hour or more through the woods, up hill and down, seeking a straight hickory sapling of the right size. We were about ready to give up the search in despair and go home empty-handed, when we took one more look about and found one in the southeast corner of the woods. Needless to

say, I was delighted! It was cut and taken back to the shop where Mr. Pratt trimmed it, then laid it straight on the wall and fastened it to dry. Later it was sandpapered and given to me.

There was one subject on which Mr. Pratt frequently spoke with emphasis and feeling: that was the extravagance of maintaining the village graded school. He doubtless had received only the advantages of a district school education and saw no reason for wasting more time and public money on boys and girls, especially in view of the tax burden.

The front room in his shop was rented for a time to Horace and Walter Earl who conducted a harness shop. Later Mr. Pratt used the room to store and exhibit burial caskets which he bought to supplement his supply of home-made coffins, the latter being stored on the second floor.

The next house on the street beyond Mr. Pratt's shop was occupied by Mr. Frank Post and his family. Concerning him more has been written in another part of this chapter. The family included Mrs. Post and three daughters. The house in which they lived was built by Jonathan Carpenter in 1856 or 1857. It was customary in those days for many of the families in Wallingford, as elsewhere, to make soft soap. The chief materials for this were scraps of fat and grease from the kitchen, accumulated in some suitable receptacle and lye made by leaching wood ashes. Nearly everyone burned wood and a considerable quantity of ashes accumulated in the course of a year. These were placed in barrels, and water was poured on the ashes from time to time. As the water percolated down through the ashes a solution of potash, called lye, was formed and dripped out at the bottom of the barrels. The grease and fat boiled in the lye made soap which had a semi-fluid consistency. Mrs. Post, like all thrifty housewives, saved her soap-grease and wood-ashes for soap making once a year but she always had difficulty in making her grease and ashes come out even, which was annoying.



TINMOUTH BRIDGE



WALLINGFORD GRADED SCHOOL

Mrs. Post was an estimable woman. Her intentions were good but her judgment was sometimes at fault. She had a class of girls in Sunday-school whom she invited to her house to tea; after they had been in the parlor for some time one of the little daughters of the family came in and said supper would not be ready for a while because the fruit-cake was not done.

One autumn Mrs. Post decided her family must have a supply of butternuts laid in for the winter and anxiously inquired where she could get more, as she had been able to procure only twelve bushels. Efforts were made to have this story scaled down by the person who related it but he stoutly refused to reduce it a butter-nut.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller lived in the next house, which is nearest Main Street. Mrs. Miller's maiden name was Randall, a name familiar in the history of Wallingford almost from the beginning. It was her brother who gave the town clock that strikes the hours in the tower of the town hall. Mr. Miller was a "Forty-niner," having sailed around the Horn to California in the rush for gold. Evidently he was an adventuresome young man, but we are not informed of the profits of his adventure. All that we know is that he brought home gold which he had made into a ring and a brooch for his wife. They were married September 25, 1856.

Mr. Miller owned a farm located about two miles south of the village which was carried on by a tenant farmer, but his chief occupation was buying farm produce and shipping it to the Boston market. He suffered from a defect of speech which caused him to stutter badly; his efforts to express himself were at times amusing to other people.

Whenever we boys had a few pennies to spend our paths led directly to Luther Tower's candy shop that stood on the east side of Main Street, the second building from School Street. He may have kept some groceries but only his stock of candy inter-

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ested us. Every Friday morning (I think it was Friday) Mr. Tower might be seen at the railway station with a large market basket on his arm, waiting for the northbound train to take him to Rutland. The object of the trip was to replenish his stock of striped sticks of candy at Howe's where it was made fresh every day. He was friendly to the children on whom his trade largely depended.

Mr. Tower, the son of Ezra Tower, a capable and energetic carpenter, was born December 3, 1813, in Suffolk County, Long Island. The father moved to Wallingford in August, 1814. Young Luther received only such rudimentary education as could be obtained in that part of Wallingford called Hartsboro. He learned his father's trade and became noted as an excellent mechanic. In 1841 he married Elizabeth Bruce, and they had one son, Eugene, who, when nineteen years of age, was struck by the cars and killed. Mr. Tower was Station Agent for the Railway Company nine years from 1862. After leaving the depot he opened his store. He was a temperate man. The story is told that he and his brother George had everything ready to raise a house and they agreed to have the raising without rum. In extending the invitations for help, in order that none should be disappointed, the notice was given that there would be no liquor furnished. This was an unheard of innovation upon the customs of the times. The raising was well attended without complaint, and never after did he furnish liquor to anyone. Luther Tower's father, called Captain Tower, erected the large house on Goodyear Clark's farm, one of the finest in town.

Mr. Tower's two sisters, Permela and Sylvira, lived in the first house on the south side of School Street. Miss Permela was a dressmaker and Miss "Sylva," as she was commonly called, the housekeeper.

During these years Wallingford had three active practicing physicians; Dr. William C. Fox, Dr. John E. Hitt and Dr. George

M. Noble. We speak of Dr. Fox in another chapter. Dr. Hitt lived in the old Lent Ives house, now standing much altered, behind the Town Hall. He had two sons, Henry and George, my contemporaries in the public school, and both good students. The boys did not live beyond middle life. There was also a young daughter, Maud.

Dr. Hitt had a keen mind with an unusual memory for people and events that make the history of this community. If he were living he could fill many voids in these records. Fred Scribner, who took a medical course at Dartmouth College, got inspiration from his conversations with Dr. Hitt, which were frequent when Fred was at home. This calls to mind an incident: when Fred was studying at Hanover he got possession of a cadaver which he shipped home for dissection at some future time. When the box arrived it was placed in a closet on the second floor of the vacant office of the Old Stone Shop. Alterations were being made to the Scribner house. One of the carpenters cut his hand and, searching for a rag to wrap about the injured member, he entered the vacant office, wandered up the stairs into a room once used for a sleeping chamber, opened a closet door and there observed a box. The lid of the box was not fastened and he lifted it, viewing the remains of a human being. His face turned pale. He could not have been more frightened if a highwayman had pointed a gun in his face. He closed the box and made a rapid retreat to tell his companions what he had discovered. "Why," he said, "the flesh stood right out on the hands."

Dr. George M. Noble was a bachelor and had an apartment over a grocery store; third building on the west side of Main Street, north of Roaring Brook. The apartment was reached by an outside stairway. On his door hung a slate on which he left information as to where he might be found when he went out. It frequently read, "Gone to Jay Noble's by way of Chippenhook." Occasionally a mischievous boy sought to make a prac-

tical joke by adding a few words, but the doctor's usual good nature defeated his purpose.

On a hot summer day Dr. Noble, without coat or vest, stood at the railway station as the train pulled in from the south. A little girl looked out of an open car window, then speaking to her mother sitting beside her, said, "O mamma, see the bay-window with suspenders on it!"

Our chief winter sports were skating and coasting, the former on the Creek and Fox Pond, the latter on School Street and "Sabe's" Hill. School Street was for the smaller children when coasting was not prohibited on account of the danger of collisions with teams at the intersection of Main Street, but Sabe's Hill on Church Street, having little traffic, was ours unrestricted. The hill was long and steep, affording plenty of speed, and there were several waterbars that gave us good jumps. It was a safe place, where we gave little annoyance to residents. The name "Sabe's" Hill was a contraction of Sabin's Hill; the Sabins having been long residents on the south side of the street. We used single sleds, and "traverses," made of two sleds with a long board connecting them. They accommodated five or six persons and were steered by the front man who lay on his stomach and guided the front sled. There was a brook crossed by a narrow bridge at the foot of the hill. On one occasion two boys and two or three girls were coasting down the hill when a foot of one of the girls caught and turned the front sled, causing the traverses to leave the roadway and plunge into the icy water of the brook. It is unnecessary to enter into particulars of the cold bath that the party—shall I say, enjoyed.

Taste in decorative art varies widely between individuals; some find satisfaction in decoration while others enjoy best simple proportions. Style, on the other hand, is determined by economic conditions, by tradition and largely by vogue. These statements apply particularly to our dwelling houses. Brick may predomi-

nate where timber is scarce; frame houses where it is plentiful; but why one style of house predominates for a period and then another follows is not so easily explained. We do know, however, that people follow the local custom to a great extent, and that custom changes from time to time. During the 1870's a considerable number of houses in Wallingford had piazzas and bay-windows added to them, ornamented with jigsaw brackets in most instances. We seem justified in calling this the jigsaw age. No doubt these additions gave increased comfort and convenience to the owners, to some extent, but the taste which they exhibited was sometimes open to criticism. Some fine old houses in the colonial style appear not to have been improved. The house built by Alexander Miller was one that had a piazza added to the front and south side, a change not in keeping with the original design. The brick farm house built for Lois Munson Hill by her brother, Israel Munson, is an example of the addition of three bay-windows and a porch with numerous brackets. The interior may have been improved but we cannot say the same for the exterior. The brick house at the corner of Main and Franklin Streets is another example of a change not in harmony with the original design. One house of this period was built with a broad piazza surrounding it on three sides, shutting out much light from rooms on the ground floor. However, there was one exception, Isaac B. Munson added a square bay-window to the south side of his village residence which, I believe, any architect would say was an addition made with good taste.

Today there are few if any domestic animals kept within the limits of the village, but such was not the case in the 1870's. Then many families kept a cow and a pig, and some had one or more horses. When we lived by the station it was my task to drive a cow a mile or more to pasture every morning and to drive her home at night. I had the companionship of several other boys and did not object to the task so long as I was awakened in the morn-

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ing in time to go with the other boys, but to accompany my cow to pasture after the other boys had gone and returned was somewhat humiliating.

The village grew out of farms and in the decade of which we are writing the house of Alfred Hull, on Main Street, was surrounded by his farm buildings and barnyard. The same was true of the Alexander Miller place, then the home of Wheaton Kent.

On Mill Lane, only a few steps from Main Street, stood a rather dilapidated shop where Jerome B. Hilliard painted carriages, sleighs, wagons, etc. It may seem to the uninformed a simple matter to paint and varnish a carriage but such is not the case, especially when it has to be "striped." Striping requires knowledge, a steady hand and good taste. Varnishing requires judgment in the choice of material, skill in handling the brush and proper surroundings to eliminate dust. Mr. Hilliard had the necessary accomplishments. Besides being a carriage painter he was a wheelwright and made the wood parts of a wagon or a sled when occasion demanded.

Mr. Hilliard was very fond of music and had a good voice,—tenor, I believe. Most of his children possessed more or less musical talent. His granddaughter, Mrs. Theodore Töedt, is celebrated, having sung for many years in St. Bartholomew's Church, New York City, and on the concert stage. Mr. Hilliard and his two daughters were the mainstay of the Congregational Church choir many years, for which the church owes them a debt of gratitude.

One summer evening my sister and a friend were playing duets on the piano. The windows were open, for the weather was warm. Someone happened to go to the door and saw Mr. Hilliard sitting on the front fence listening to the music. He was immediately invited to come in, of course, and he listened as long as the girls were willing to play.

Mr. Hilliard was jovial, good natured, enjoyed a joke and was given to banter with his friends and neighbors.

Facing the railroad on the east side about a hundred yards north of Elm Street stood the blacksmith shop of William Clark, who shod horses and oxen, repaired wagons and sleds, and did a general blacksmithing business. We boys called him "Old Clark," and feared him a little; at least he did not seem friendly. He was tall, thin and loose jointed, with sharp piercing eyes, and prominent features that might be taken for a typical Mephistopheles. These characteristics were emphasized by his manner of speech and his habit of staring at one. Notwithstanding these peculiarities he was a good blacksmith and got his share of patronage.

On the north side of his shop stood a huge wooden frame in which oxen were tied up when being shod. The process was as follows: the ox was led into the frame and its neck secured in a stanchion, as is ordinarily done in a stable. A large leather apron was then passed under its body and was drawn up by two windlasses which were built into the frame and located high up on each side. Chains attached to the apron wound up on the windlass drums. By this means the ox was lifted completely off the floor. Its feet were then bound by ropes to horizontal beams on the sides of the frame. When thus suspended in the frame, with its head and feet securely fastened, the ox might struggle but could move but little. The hoofs were in a convenient position for the smith to fit and nail the iron shoes, each of which, unlike horse-shoes, were made in two pieces, adapted to cloven hoofs.

Oxen were generally used on Vermont farms by the early settler for they were better adapted to the rough ground on which they had to work than horses, but in the 1870's they had been displaced by horses to a considerable extent and today I do not know of a place where they can be shod. Clark's shop was not the only place in town where ox shoeing was done. Joseph Randall had a

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blacksmith shop on Main Street, on the south side of Roaring Brook, equipped for this purpose.

A third blacksmith shop, owned and operated by Frank Hoadley, a veteran of the Civil War, was located on School Street and was equipped with waterpower from Roaring Brook. No oxen were shod in this shop. Mr. Hoadley's business was chiefly shoeing horses and ironing wagons and sleds. For a time Charles Hilliard, a wheelwright, also a Civil War veteran, was a partner of Mr. Hoadley. They made wagons and sleds, Hilliard doing the wood-work on the second floor of the shop.

Blacksmith shops have diminished in number as horses and buggies have been displaced by motor vehicles. In this village that once supported three there is but one today. With them has gone the skill of the blacksmith, which is to be regretted, for his was an art—in some instances a fine art—not easily acquired, and only for those gifted with a certain kind of manual dexterity. I have been often fascinated in watching a blacksmith forge a piece of iron into a shape seemingly impossible while his anvil rang under the hammer blows that must fall before the red-hot iron loses its color and becomes hard. I remove my hat to the skillful blacksmith.

We all regret the passing of a number of small industries that once provided a livelihood for men and their families in Wallingford. Just a short distance east of Hoadley's shop stood a sash and blind factory, the wheels of which were turned by the waters of Roaring Brook; but one fateful day it burned to the ground. The factory was operated by Andrew Jackson Bartholomew who employed Zachary Taylor Cook and Martin Van Buren Edgerton. These men made the sash and the blinds. In an adjoining room John Quincy Adams manufactured wooden snow shovels of a peculiar design for which the United States had granted him a patent.

After Batcheller and Sons moved from the Old Stone Shop

Leander Simonds made oxbows in the wooden annex at the north end of the shop. Here he employed several men to shave the hickory sticks that they afterward steamed and bent to the required shape. Mr. Simonds also, for a short time, manufactured nests of wooden bowls from sugar maple. This was done in the basement of the sawmill that was a part of Batcheller & Sons' plant beside the creek.

Arnold Nicholson had a harness and saddlery shop adjoining his house which stood on the west side of Main Street and north side of Roaring Brook. He was a brother of David E. Nicholson, a prominent lawyer in Rutland. Arnold was a peculiar man in appearance and otherwise. He was thin and slender with sharp piercing eyes. Most of his time was spent in his shop or his home. When not otherwise engaged he wrote verses but is remembered as a harness maker rather than a poet.

A building was erected close beside the depot and on the ridge of the roof in large letters bore the sign Wallingford Monumental Works. The proprietor was John R. Adair, son of John Adair of South Wallingford. The father had not been successful in operating a marble quarry and mill in the south part of the town but the son, who first learned the stone cutter's trade, employed several men and did a good business until his death. Many of the headstones and monuments in Green Hill Cemetery were made and erected by him. He was short in stature; a quiet, unassuming man, highly respected in the community.

Wallingford is fortunate in having an excellent bakery which dates back to the days when Perry Wells began making bread on a small scale in the home manner. He had no machinery but his product was good. The village people had to be educated to depend upon a baker for their loaves. Bread making had been one of the arts of the kitchen which the housewife was expected to know. Now most of the bread consumed in the village comes from a bakery.

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I doubt that a pair of boots are worn by any man in the village today, but not so in the 1870's. Furthermore the boots and shoes of that period were expected to outwear more than one pair of soles. When the soles were worn through there was a cobbler to repair them. His name was Moses Dewgaw, a French Canadian, whose shop was in his house, the first on the north side of School Street east of the Baptist Church. His work was not limited to repairing. He would make you a pair of boots or shoes if you so desired. Mr. Dewgaw spoke broken English and had a keen sense of humor. His remarks usually created a smile, and perhaps a rejoinder, on the part of a caller.

The church bell rang out one night awakening the people of the village by the cry of fire. Bradford's tannery was in flames. The tannery, located at the head of Mill Lane beside the brook from which it derived its power was totally destroyed and its proprietors, Benj. Bradford and Son, became bankrupt as a result. The property, including land, dwelling house, waterpower, etc. was purchased by Frank Johnson, who afterwards occupied the house and built a gristmill on the site of the tannery. This was in 1876. Johnson operated the gristmill until 1888 and then sold it to William Ballou. The gristmill is shown facing page 305.

People did not have to go abroad for pots, pans, tea-kettles, milk cans, sap buckets, or tinware of any kind for all these could be supplied by Edgar D. Sabin whose tin shop stood on the east side of Main Street just south of Roaring Brook. The floor of the shop was usually strewn deep with scraps of tin, for house cleaning was not a task that received much attention, but Mr. Sabin was a skillful tinsmith and his wares met the requirements of his customers.

For many years most of the surveying in Wallingford was done by Harvey Shaw and his name frequently appears in the records of the town. He died June 30, 1878, eighty-two years of

age. Since then most of the land surveys have been made by some one from out of town.

In the first half of the nineteenth century the farmers made butter and cheese on their farms. There was a large cheese room in the third story of my grandfather's house. These dairy products were trucked to Boston before the days of railroads. By 1870 the making of cheese on the farms had been given up and instead milk was taken to a cheese factory, one of which was to be found in nearly every town. The factories were usually operated co-operatively. The farmers, who owned the factory, hired a cheese maker, and sold their product where they could find the best market. The profits were distributed as dividends. The cheese factory in Wallingford village was on Church Street and for several years Martin Williams was the cheese maker. There was another factory in East Wallingford.

If you had a pain to be prescribed for or a tooth to be pulled, or if you wanted your photograph taken, or your watch repaired, there was a man in town who was qualified to meet your wants. Ethelbert O. Eddy, M.D., was truly a talented man. He practiced medicine in the south part of the town from about 1844 but relinquished it due to loss of health. From 1855 to 1884 he practiced dentistry, and after 1860 he maintained a photographic studio and jeweler's shop. His house and shop was on the east side of Main Street, the second building north of Church Street.

It was my pleasure to have a personal acquaintance with Dr. Eddy. To illustrate his scientific knowledge and skill, I will mention a microscope that he made to the last detail, which I was permitted to examine. The achromatic lenses he chipped from lumps of flint and crown glass, then ground and polished them on a foot lathe, probably of his own construction. With hand tools he made the stand and mountings of the lenses, and the fine threads of the tube he cut in his lathe with a hand chasing tool. Only an instrument maker can appreciate such skill with

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appliances so primitive. Everyone knows the delicacy of watch repairing. This was an every-day task for him. He made photographs—portraits and stereoscopic views—before the days of dry plates. A man of frail physique but keen intellect. He was the son of Hosea Eddy who came to Wallingford in 1805, residing here until his death August 2, 1876.

Thus far I have spoken only of handicraft and business of men, but occasionally there was a woman who gained an independent livelihood by her skill and business ability. The first house from Main on Elm Street was the home of Miss Frances Hibbard, who conducted a millinery shop in the east front room of her house. In her girlhood and twenties she was a beautiful young woman, with fair complexion and golden hair, which required no artificial coloring to add to its beauty. Her entire life was spent in Wallingford. While still a young woman she became engaged to a man who had never lived in the town. The day before the wedding was to have taken place he came, but departed the next morning. It was generally understood that Frances dismissed him for a reason that no one outside the family ever knew.

She then embarked on a successful millinery business which continued as long as her parents lived. When they were gone she lived alone, ceased to attend church, or to leave the house, except after nightfall to go to the store and the postoffice. Her business began and continued to decline, until finally none remained. One morning the neighbors noticed that no smoke came from her chimney. Upon investigation she was found dead in her bed, but the cause of her sudden death was never known.

It is apparent that Wallingford was not wanting in handicrafts and small industries in the 1870's. There were carpenters, blacksmiths, masons, stone cutters, a cabinet maker, harness maker, cobbler, tinsmith, carriage painter, surveyor and a jeweler; there was a gristmill, a sawmill, tannery, marble quarry and half a dozen small industries, all contributing to the welfare of

the village people. An industrial renaissance has since taken place, sweeping away the artisan and destroying local industry. Whether for better or worse humanity is swept along as in the current of a mighty stream, controlled by the inflexible laws of nature. Notwithstanding the loss of handicrafts and small industries, the population of Wallingford village is much larger than it was sixty years ago. The chief industry is, as it always has been, the manufacture of hand implements but, whereas in the 1870's fifty men were employed, now more than a hundred find work at the factory. Formerly when a boy left school he might spend several years without much compensation learning a trade that, once learned, made him comparatively independent for the rest of his life. Now he starts in a factory almost at man's wages, never acquires more skill than is necessary to operate a machine, is always dependent upon a large corporation for employment and is subject to more or less control of a labor organization.

There is another factor that is entering into the problem of getting a living, viz., the ever increasing regulation of corporations and trade by the government, both state and federal. The day that the parliament in London enacted a protective tariff which applied to hand implements, that same day the act was felt in Wallingford by the canceling of an order for pitchforks destined for England. Thus the lives of men in the mountains of Vermont are instantly touched by the acts of men in the Old World.

Wages measured in dollars have risen several fold in the last half century. Men worked in the Old Stone Shop for one dollar a day and a day was ten hours; the blacksmith received one dollar and a quarter. Today men work eight hours for four dollars. On the other hand, people live much better, enjoy more luxuries, receive more education, have better homes with only eight hours of labor than they did formerly with ten. We must conclude that the lot of the average man has improved, possibly at the expense

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of some independence so far as employment is concerned but not in all respects, for he is able to travel farther and see more of the world. His horizon is less circumscribed. Is he more content? happier? Probably not. The joy of creation felt by the skilled artisan and the delight of accomplishment that comes to the man who by his own effort builds up a business are denied to the man who runs a machine and watches the clock.

It was customary to give the children of the Congregational Church school an outing once a year in the summer. In 1874 the Hoosac tunnel on which work had begun in 1855, was completed and trains were running through it. An excursion was given the children that year to see this remarkable engineering achievement. We were taken by special train to and through the tunnel to the east portal. That famous tunnel is five and three quarters miles in length and made possible a railroad from Boston through northern Massachusetts to Troy and Albany.

On another occasion the school was given an excursion to the Bennington potteries where we saw the coarser ware being made on a foot-propelled potter's wheel. It was not long after this excursion that the potteries went out of existence and now the finer wares of that industry are much sought after by collectors.

The old road from Wallingford to Tinmouth branched from the main highway about a mile south of the village, passing near the Cascades and then led up the steep slope of West Hill. The ascent was a severe task for a team of horses with a heavy load, and a light buggy could scarcely be driven faster than a walk. A better road was the desire of those who of necessity traveled this route frequently and the records show that as far back as April 30, 1852, a committee of two was appointed to act with the Selectmen to choose a better route. Apparently nothing was accomplished at that time but in 1874 it became the subject of much discussion. Some people favored improving the old route, since it avoided the construction of a bridge across the Creek; Mr.

Frank Post advocated a route that crossed the Creek near his new factory at the north end of the village, which locality he hoped to make the center of a thriving town. Others favored a middle route which was ultimately the one chosen. The controversy waxed warm and was finally settled, in a special Town Meeting, held October 10, 1874, by a "Resolution that we raise a tax of 90c on the dollar of the grand list of 1874 as a special road tax for the purpose of raising money to defray the expenses of surveying, commissioners and court fees, building road and bridges and other expenses. A road from Wallingford village near the depot to Tinmouth as laid out by court committee 1873."

The covered bridge across the Creek, shown facing page 288, which is still standing, was constructed by Nicholas M. Powers of Clarendon, a famous builder of that type of bridge. He had built many other covered bridges in this and neighboring states. This bridge was located so near my home that I spent much time watching the process of construction. A ledge on the west side of the creek served as an abutment and involved but little work to cut off the top and so provide a level bearing. On the east side an abutment was constructed of large rectangular blocks of stone brought from Green Hill. This abutment rested in the soft mud of the river bank without piling and I, only a small boy, wondered if it would not settle.

But most interesting was the construction of the lattice girders which were made entirely of spruce planks three inches thick by ten inches wide. They were laid down on blocks in the meadow beside the Creek. When all the planks were in place and fastened by nails "toed" into their edges, the holes for the pins were bored with hand turned boring machines on which the operator sat and gripped a crank with each hand. It took several days to bore all the holes in a girder—550 in number—each $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches in diameter. When the task was completed the second girder, made of similar planks, was laid down on top of the first. This insured

their being exactly alike. Then the boring operation was repeated. While the boring was going on a temporary staging was erected across the Creek, supported on poles which in turn rested on the creek bottom. The planks of the girders were then numbered and taken apart piece by piece, to be set up in their final position, supported on the staging and temporarily braced. As the planks were put in place they were secured and tied together by driving hardwood pins into the holes that had been bored for them.

The two girders, completely assembled, were tied together by floor beams beneath, cross beams overhead and suitable bracings. Then the roof was added, the floor was laid and the bridge was completed by covering the sides with boards to protect the girders from the weather. Removal of the temporary staging completed the job.

The building of this bridge destroyed the best swimming hole in town. There were no bath houses in those days; none were needed. The bushes served the same purpose. Bathing suits were not the vogue either. The smaller boys bathed on the east bank but the men and larger boys swam across the creek to deeper water where they could use a diving plank that projected from the ledge that now forms the west abutment of the bridge.

My grandfather Clark's farm was not equipped for sugar making but one spring his two sons, Pitt and Chauncy (we called him Channy) wanted to make some sugar from the sap that could be collected from a few maple trees in the pasture on the edge of Green Hill. Wooden sap buckets were borrowed, a large iron kettle that could be used for boiling the sap was among the farm equipment and tubs for the collection and storage of sap were obtained—just where I do not remember. There were no sap spouts, so these had to be made. Branches of alder were cut in the swamp and pieces of these, about six inches long, were made into spouts by pushing the pith out with a red hot wire and tapering one end with a jack-knife. We built a fire in the hog-house



REV. ALDACE WALKER, 1812-1878



JOHNSON'S GRISTMILL

arch one evening to heat the wires and sat around the fire making sap spouts and laying our plans for sugar making in the near future. Dead wood lying about the pasture was collected for fuel. The trees were tapped, the boiling kettle was set up on stones in the woods at the south end of the sugar bush and a fire was built under it after a sufficient quantity of sap had been collected to fill the kettle and the storage tub. Most of the boiling was done in the evening which imparted a spirit of romance. The March evenings were cool but the snapping, crackling fire, with flames that leapt up around the steaming kettle radiated heat which, together with the labor of tending the fire, kept us warm. The fire lighted up the woods and caused shadows to dance in the foliage of the trees. When the fire was forced too hard the boiling sap in the kettle overflowed, creating consternation on the part of the attendants. "Dr." Case, a resident of Hartsboro, who was in attendance and possessed of superior wisdom and experience, stated that a piece of salt pork would prevent the sap from boiling over. Acting on this advice we obtained a small piece from the pork barrel of the family and, tied to a piece of string, it was allowed to float in the boiling sap. Just how effective it was cannot be definitely stated but it conformed to tradition and the boiling continued.

From time to time a sample of sap, approaching the consistency of syrup, was dipped up and poured into a glass of cold water to determine its density and when to stop the boiling. The iron kettle and the numerous little buds and twigs that got into the sap gave a darker color to the syrup than that made with modern appliances, but some persons imagine that dark syrup has a better flavor than the lighter product. We did not disillusion anyone on that point.

Boiling in the woods was not carried beyond the syrup stage. If sugar was wanted further boiling was done on the kitchen

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stove in the farm house and a fine grain was imparted by vigorous stirring after the boiling while the sugar cooled.

Among the fire wood gathered in the sugar bush was an old hewn beam that had come from a building. "Dr." Case called my attention to it and remarked that it was once a part of the Union Church that stood on the farm, on the east side of the road just north of the great barn: the first church built in Wallingford. This interested me and I cut a chip from the beam as a souvenir. Grandfather once told me that when the church was being built Deacon Hall rode up on horseback, stopped in front of the building, and made the remark, "A meeting house without a steeple, a drunken priest and a wicked people." I do not believe he intended the remark to be personal in any respect.

Vermont in general, and Wallingford in particular, is fortunate in having numerous springs of crystal clear water on its hill sides. A suitable conduit is all that is necessary to bring a supply of water to the houses of the people. In the early days metal pipes were not available. Almost every article used in the domestic economy had to be made from the trees of the forest. Conduits for water were made of logs by boring a hole through them longitudinally with a hand auger, made by the village blacksmith, then tapering one end to fit into a conical-shaped recess of the other end of a similar log. These were called "pump logs," and by joining a sufficient number of them together a conduit of any length could be made.

In 1825 Lent Ives and James Rustin laid pump logs from a spring on the north side of what we now know as School Street, about opposite the site of the sash and blind shop, and conveyed the water to their respective homes in the village for both farm and domestic use. Later on the original pump logs made from logs were replaced by machine-made pump logs, which were square sticks about four inches thick, bored in a machine and fitted with iron bands on the ends.

WALLINGFORD IN THE 1870's

In 1876 the wooden conduit was replaced by welded iron pipe which is still in use at the present day. Mr. Isaac Munson was on his death-bed when the iron pipe was being laid and was much interested in the progress of the work, hoping that he might live to drink some of the water that was to flow in the new pipe to his residence, a hope that was fulfilled.

No event in the year created greater interest than the exhibition and performance of Barnum's Circus which every year or two made Rutland one of its stopping places. In the days of which we are writing, the circus traveled by horse drawn wagons and usually passed through Wallingford in the early morning hours of the day on which it was to exhibit. The elephants traveled on foot and some of the bridges could not be trusted to support their excessive weight. This was true of the bridge at the south end of the village, consequently the elephants were made to ford the creek and it was a sight not to be missed by the boys in town, for the elephants seemed to enjoy a bath and were disposed to linger in the water, taking pleasure in filling their trunks with water and then squirting it at some person or object that attracted their attention.

When the circus was expected many of the boys and presumably some older persons arose at an early hour to see the elephants ford the Creek.

In the early days spirituous liquors could be purchased at almost any grocery or general store. Then came the prohibition law which allowed them to be sold by a duly appointed town agent and for medicinal purposes only. This was the law in the 1870's. The first town agent whom I remember was Harvey Congdon. He usually accepted the statement of the purchaser that the liquor was for a sick wife and one marvels at the amount of illness among wives of that period.

George Tower succeeded Mr. Congdon as dispenser of liquor. His policy was to question the statements of purchasers as to the

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sickness of their wives or their need of the stimulant. As a result of this policy sales were much lighter than under Mr. Congdon's dispensation. The public was not entirely satisfied with either policy. Prohibitionists expressed the opinion that Mr. Congdon sold too much. Persons addicted to alcoholic stimulant thought Mr. Tower refused to sell to persons who should have the liquor.

The Fourth of July celebration was an annual event of importance in the 1870's. It began by raising a large United States flag across Main Street at the four corners where two flag poles were set, one on the southeast corner close to Martindale's store; the other on the southwest corner. A band of twenty or thirty pieces was engaged to provide martial music and a public speaker to stir patriotic emotions.

The celebration usually began with a street parade, led by the band and composed of a company of Civil War Veterans, symbolic floats, "horribles," etc. A prominent place was assigned to Lev. Allen with his fife that piped louder when a little prohibited something warmed the inner man; and by his side marched Martin Williams, who rolled a drum as none other could. These men had served in the Civil War and the music they made had a meaning. After the parade people assembled in the school yard facing a platform erected for the band, the officers of the day and the speaker. Then followed an oration that warmed the hearts of the audience. Two men who performed this service stand out in my memory: Hon. Joel C. Baker and Hon. David E. Nicholson, both prominent lawyers in Rutland. I can still see David E. waxing eloquent with frantic gestures until the tears ran down his cheeks in his endeavor to stir the patriotic emotions of his audience for the flag and those who fought for it. Loud applause followed when he finished and then the band played a national air. Gone are the days when the periodic return of our national holiday makes the heart beat stronger with patriotic pride. Then we were proud of our independence; now doubts

creep into our minds and we ask ourselves how much independence we really possess.

The year 1876 was outstanding in the annals of our family. First of all was a visit to the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. I went with my parents and the great Corliss Engine stands as clearly in my memory today as any event of my boyhood. With my taste for things mechanical, machinery hall was the part of the exposition that was really worthy of consideration in my estimation. I heard more or less about the wonderful invention of Alexander Graham Bell, enabling persons to converse at a great distance over a wire, which was being demonstrated, but I did not take advantage of an opportunity to test the device and have regretted it ever since.

Something else interested us that year more than the exposition at Philadelphia. My father purchased the Asa Webster place on Main Street, the second house north of Depot Street, and plans were being drawn to build a new house there the following year. Sheets of paper were procured ruled in quarter inch squares and all members of the family drew plans upon them. Father had pretty definite ideas of the house he wanted; mother preferred to have it smaller. Father's ideas seemed to predominate in the end.

First of all, the Webster house and small store that stood just north of the house, had to be moved. Mr. Webster and his family, consisting of his wife and two daughters, had lived there many years. His business, on a small scale, was a store in which he sold a miscellaneous assortment of articles, such as clothing, sheep twine, peanuts, tobacco, etc. Boys and young men of the village frequented the store and annoyed Mr. Webster by pranks which were not humorous from his point of view. For two generations he was the butt of practical jokes. After selling his house he moved to East Wallingford.

The Webster house and store were moved across the lots to

Railroad Street where they now stand, the store converted into a single tenement and the house, with little or no change, a tenement for two families. When these buildings were moved, George Harris, son of Howard Harris whose residence was opposite the Webster home, witnessed the removal and proposed the name Webster Avenue for the thoroughfare commonly called Railroad Street. He painted a street sign and nailed it up at the corner of Depot Street where it remained for a considerable time. When a new deed was drawn for the property that included the two Webster buildings, its location was given on Webster Avenue. In time the street sign disappeared, few persons remember the name given by Mr. Harris, and it has since been spoken of as Railroad Street for an obvious reason.

The Webster lot on Main Street was lower than the street surface, necessitating a retaining wall on three sides and earth filling to the extent of three thousand yards. James Titus was employed to build the wall, the stone coming from a ledge beside the creek. A yoke of oxen was purchased by my father to haul the earth filling from the farm of Abraham Adams on School Street.

When a general plan of the house to be built was determined it was given to Putnam and Graves, Architects, Rochester, New York, to develop the details and prepare specifications. A contract was entered into with Smith and Allen of Middlebury to build the house. Work of building began in the spring of 1877 and was not completed until the end of the year. My father sold our home on Depot Street to Harvey Congdon, agreeing to give possession January 1, 1878. We moved into the new house between Christmas and the New Year. As the weather was cold father took the precaution to keep up fires in the Depot Street house to prevent freezing of water pipes until he gave possession to Mr. Congdon. January 1st Mr. Congdon moved, in a blinding snow storm, and the next night allowed the fires to go out, resulting in burst

water pipes. The residence of Justin Batcheller is shown facing page 312.

In our new home we found ourselves surrounded by pleasant neighbors. We were in sight of the "four-corners" and took an interest in the occasional passerby. The life of this, like most other villages, is largely the interest we take in what our neighbors are doing. No one then dreamed of motor travel. Our next door neighbors on the south were the John Millers, and living with them were Mrs. Miller's father and mother, the Dickermans. Mr. Dickerman's chief occupation in his declining years was splitting wood. He could be seen at the wood pile almost every pleasant day, axe in hand, where his habit of industry kept his passing hours from hanging heavily. He died in his eighty-sixth year. Mr. Miller was a dignified gentleman, very discreet in speaking of his own affairs, but much interested in the affairs of his neighbors. A son, John D. Miller and his wife, lived with his father and mother. He conducted a small business with Henry C. Cole, manufacturing oxbows in the factory built by Franklin Post. He also had banking interests in Rutland.

Our next door neighbors on the north were Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Shaw, elderly people, Mr. Shaw having retired from active business. Their daughter married Col. Aldace F. Walker, who became a prominent railway attorney and officer. Their son, William Shaw, was Principal of the Wallingford public school for a year or two.

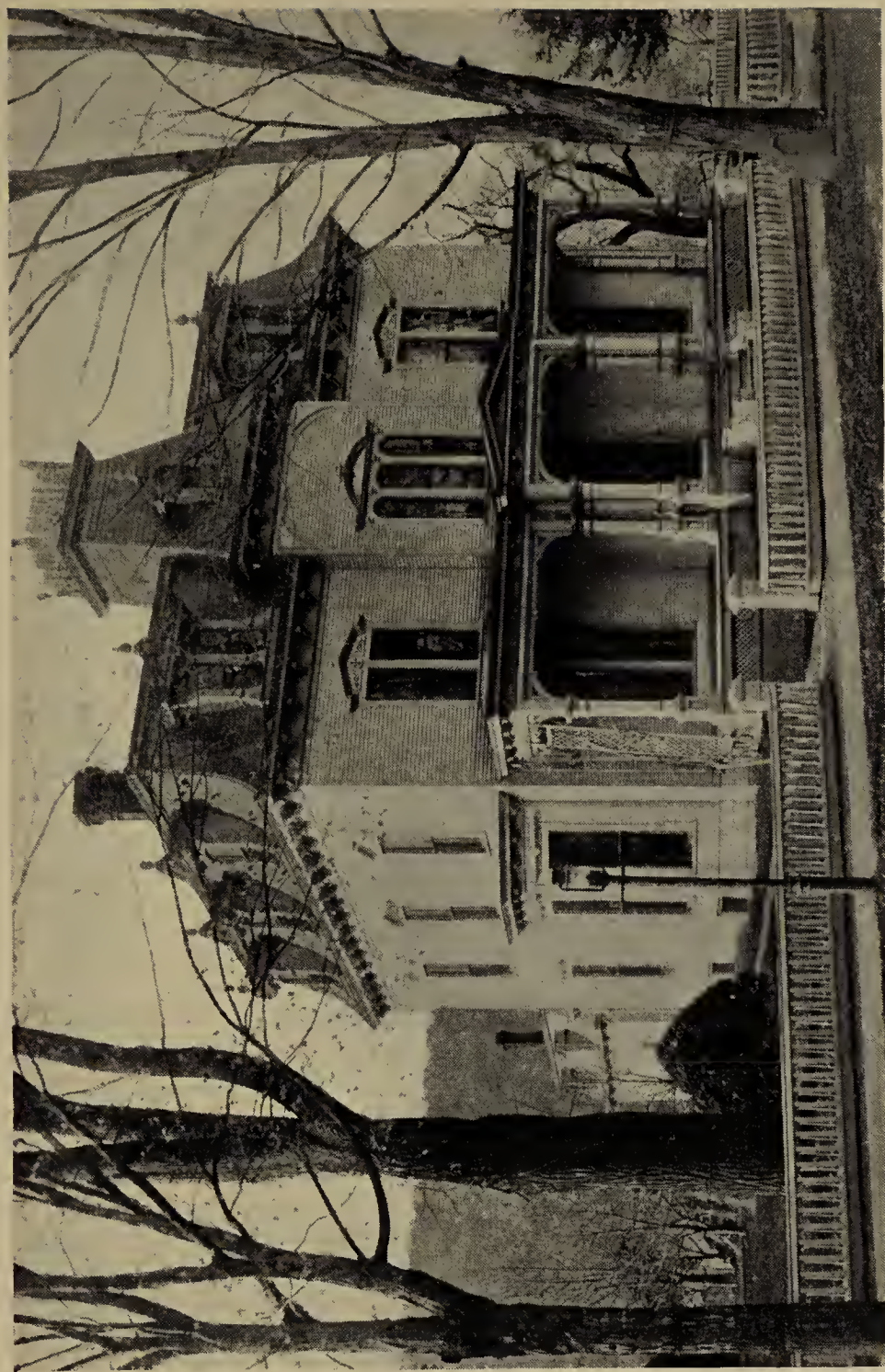
Across the street resided Judge and Mrs. Button. He was the leading lawyer in town. His office and law library was in a small building near the house. Beside attending court in Rutland, occasionally he took part in a trial before a justice of the peace, usually held in the public room of the tavern next door or in the town hall. "Judge" Ainsworth, a man who did some law business, although never having been admitted to the bar, usually was his opponent. There was no stenographer at these trials. The at-

torneys wrote out the testimony in long hand, which made the trials progress rather slowly. Spectators were always present.

Directly opposite our house and adjoining the home of Judge Button was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Harris. Mr. Harris came from Brattleboro to Wallingford in 1824 and engaged in mercantile business until his store, which stood on the home lot, was burned Dec. 25, 1851. His house, still standing and occupied at present by Mr. R. C. Taft, was built after the store burned. Mrs. Harris was a daughter of James Rustin who, in earlier days, had a hatter's shop near where the Gilbert Hart Library now stands. George Harris, a son, was for a time a druggist in Fair Haven, Vermont, and afterwards lived in Denver, Colorado. A grandson, Paul Harris, lived with his grandparents in Wallingford from about four years of age until he went away to college. He became a lawyer and lived in Chicago. Later he founded Rotary and has done much to establish it all over the world, gaining fame thereby.

Paul Harris writes of his life in his grandfather's home in the following words: "However, to Paul, at least, there was one compensation, he fell heir to the love and devotion of self-sacrificing grandparents in a well regulated home, where the high ideals characteristic of New England's early days prevailed. There was never any foolishness talked in that home. Morning, noon, and night the conversation was of the better things. Religious and political liberty was the order of the day. Echoes of the words of Brooks, Phillips and Garrison were still heard. The philosophies of Emerson and Holmes, the nature studies of Thoreau, and the word pictures of Longfellow, Whittier and Bryant had served to soften the rigors of Puritan thought. Prosecutions for witchcraft had assumed their rightful position as the most stupid blunders in American history and the last scar of the *Scarlet Letter* had long since vanished.

"Grandfather was a man of few words. He had enjoyed lim-



RESIDENCE OF JUSTIN BATCHELLER



BATCHELLER BLOCK

ited educational advantages only, but valued education beyond all else. On hot summer afternoons, he frequently took his grandson with him to the barn and seriously pronounced words from the ancient spelling book. Even though he revolted against it at times, Paul's subconscious mind was deeply impressed and later in life he chose the vocation which to his grandfather had been an ideal, the practice of law. If there has been anything of merit in any achievement of his, it is all attributable to the training received in that New England home. Words are not sufficient to express his appreciation of the benefits he derived from the devoted ministrations of those two good New England people."

Again Paul writes: "Grandfather and grandmother were very punctual in their habits. Their motto was 'Early to bed and early to rise.' "

The next neighbors on the east side of the street, in the large brick house, were Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Martindale. They had no children. Mr. Martindale, a quiet spoken man, was a merchant, whose general store stood on the southeast corner of Main and School Streets. For twenty years he was Town Treasurer, and Town Clerk for a long term, playing an important role in town affairs. Their house contained the finest furnishings of any in town, but, like most New England homes, the parlor with its choice furniture, draperies and pictures was tightly closed except on rare occasions. Mrs. Martindale was a daughter of Dr. John Fox and a sister of Dr. William C. and Dr. George H. Fox, the latter a physician in Rutland. In 1873 Mr. Martindale went with my father to California, a trip made chiefly for pleasure. That was not long after the Union Pacific Railway was completed. Mr. Martindale took great interest in the building of our house, making slight acquaintance with the carpenters. Occasionally, as he passed on his way to the store, he would leave an apple where one of the men would find it. This was typical, for his numerous kind acts were done unostentatiously.

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The building of our house was followed the next year by extensive changes at the south end of the village. The old Lyman Batcheller house, then owned by his son-in-law, John Scribner, was enlarged by an addition at the rear and adorned by piazzas on the front and north side. The house opposite, the home of the John Batchellers, was extensively altered by adding a tower and an elaborate roof structure with numerous dormer windows. The home of the Lyman Batchellers adjoining the John Batchellers on the north, was enlarged by adding a mansard roof. All of these changes were of particular concern to the wives who occupied the houses. John Scribner accused my father of starting and therefore being responsible for these extensive alterations.

In 1879 the store that stood on the northwest corner of Main and Depot Streets burned. It had been made out of a dwelling house moved to the location and was occupied by my father and his brother-in-law John Scribner from 1856 to 1868 for a mercantile business; later by Arnold Hill and Son and, at the time of the fire, by Batcheller & Cobb. My father owned the building. After the fire he proceeded to erect a new building, designed for two stores on the ground floor and two living apartments on the second floor. The building stands today substantially unchanged. The first occupant of the stores was a firm consisting of B. E. Crapo, Calvin Townsend and George L. Batcheller. The building is shown facing page 313.

The removal of the Webster buildings, the construction of our house, alterations of houses at the south end of the village, building of the store block at Main and Depot Streets, and the destruction by fire in 1884 of the old tavern building, called the "Bee Hive," at the corner of Main and Church Street, greatly altered the appearance of the village. Perhaps no greater change, within so short a period, occurred at any other time. It was a mark of progress for the changes were all for the better.

An atlas of Rutland County was published in 1869. From this

atlas I have had reproduced and included herein Plate V, a map of the village of Wallingford which shows all the houses and other buildings then existing, together with the names of the owners. The reader will find this map a convenient supplement to the text, particularly this chapter.

Mr. A. G. Stone came to Wallingford and assisted in the survey from which the atlas was made. He afterwards married Miss Lucretia Kent and resided here for the remainder of his life. From 1877 to 1880 Mr. Stone edited and published a weekly newspaper entitled *The Wallingford Standard* which was devoted largely to local affairs. It was printed in Bennington and Brandon. A monument to his memory in the form of a boulder bearing a bronze tablet has been erected in the park of thirty acres which was given by his wife to the town.

A man, long familiar on the streets of Wallingford and in public gatherings, passed away July 13, 1879. Deacon Post was born in Tinmouth, April 6, 1816. In early life he learned the tanning and currier trade of Col. Dyer Townsend. This business he conducted here for more than thirty years. He married Emily, daughter of David and Hannah Meachum, who died in 1870. He was survived by three children: Franklin, who built the factory at the north end of the village, Henry of Willington, Kansas, and Emma, wife of H. W. Piersons of Lacygue, Kansas.

It was about the end of the decade, the exact date I do not remember, when one evening my grandfather Clark invited me to drive with him to Rutland to see the new electric light. I was delighted to go. The exhibit was made in the Bates House which then occupied the corner of Merchants Row and Center Streets. A single arc light illuminated the lobby of the hotel brilliantly, although at times with some flickering and sputtering. The lamp was removed to the hotel balcony and people in the street measured the illumination by trying to read newsprint. I noticed two covered wires that led from the lamp through a window down

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into the court. I followed these wires and discovered that they terminated in the basement of the Tuttle building where they were attached to a machine that was being driven at a high rate of speed by a belt, and from one side of the machine brilliant sparks were emitted. It was all very mysterious to me for I had never seen a dynamo before and did not understand it, but I assumed that it created electricity that caused the light to burn. About five years later I constructed a small dynamo with which I lighted one room in our house, and made an arc lamp from which a beam of light was projected on the houses of the village. This period marked the beginning of a great scientific development. Both the telephone and the dynamo had their birth in the 1870's.

When I was, perhaps, twelve or fourteen years of age I had a hand-operated printing press, a few fonts of type and other small printing equipment with which I did some job work, such as printing letter-heads, time tickets, calling cards, etc., and thereby earned a little money. My printing outfit was established in one corner of the attic of our house.

I carefully read the advertisements of printing presses which appeared in the *Youth's Companion* and other magazines, and I usually made a written request for a catalogue, price-list, etc. Somewhere I saw an advertisement of Hoe Presses and, as was my habit, I wrote for a catalogue with lowest prices, not realizing the character of the presses made by that firm. A few days later I happened to be at the tavern. The landlord said to me, "There was a man here from the Hoe Printing Press Company asking where Batcheller's printing office is. I said, I guess it is in his house." The man departed without an interview. I felt a little abashed that I had unintentionally caused the makers of the largest rotary newspaper presses to send a representative from New York to Wallingford.

The people of Wallingford village owe a debt of gratitude which the present generation does not realize, to Rev. H. H. San-

derson, who was minister of the Congregational Church from 1853 to 1862. He was instrumental in having many maple trees planted along the main street and in the school yard, that in later years have contributed more than anything else to the beauty of the village. Thus after his voice was no longer heard his influence upon the lives of several generations has been real, though unconsciously felt. He helped to create an environment, the influence of which cannot be measured but is here recorded to his credit.

The beauty of the village has been enhanced by a few great elms, some of which have been planted but the greater number were probably self sown. Two large trees stood almost in the center of Main Street, one in front of Alexander Miller's house and the Congregational Church; the other a short distance farther north. These are shown in photographs reproduced herein. When roads were widened and straightened for motor traffic these landmarks had to be sacrificed. Another great elm still stands in front of the house now occupied by Mrs. C. N. Batcheller.



FOX POND (ELFIN LAKE) FROM THE AIR

CHRONOLOGY

- 1761 Asa Peabody surveyed through Otter Creek valley for
Lydias.
Charter of Wallingford granted by Governor Benning
Wentworth.
- 1770 Wallingford surveyed by Remember Baker.
- 1772 First meeting of the Proprietors at Wallingford, Con-
necticut.
- 1773 Drawing of Lots by the Proprietors.
Abraham Jackson settled in Wallingford.
Town Lots surveyed by Abraham Ives.
- 1777 First burial in Green Hill Cemetery.
- 1778 Town of Wallingford organized.
- 1780 Baptist Church organized.
- 1783 Voted to build a bridge across Otter Creek.
- 1784 Lent Ives built his residence on Main Street.
- 1786 One fourth acre of land purchased for a public burying
ground.
- 1788 Voted to make Main Street four rods wide.
Dam built across Otter Creek.
Town districts established.
- 1792 Land taken from Wallingford to make the township of
Mount Holly.
- 1793 A portion of Tinmouth annexed to Wallingford.
- 1796 Harvey Shaw appointed Surveyor.
- 1800 Union Church erected.
- 1805 Survey of Creek Road to the Clarendon line.
- 1807 Church Street Road surveyed.
Meachum built his residence on southwest corner of Main
and Elm Streets.
Alexander Miller built his residence on Main Street.
- 1813 "Epidemic Fever" became prevalent.

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

- 1816 Distillery of William Fox burned.
- 1818 Brick School House (Chapel) erected.
- 1824 Store erected by Button & Townsend, Johnson & Marsh
on a site which afterwards became the southeast corner
of Main and School Streets.
- 1826 Tavern on the site of the present True Temper Inn com-
pleted by John Ives.
- 1827 Baptist Church erected.
- 1828 Survey of County Road from Mount Holly to Middle-
town.
- 1829 Congregational Church erected.
- 1830 Gulf Road completed.
- 1835 Chester Spencer opened a "Temperance Tavern."
Lyman Batcheller established the pitchfork industry.
Isaac Munson built a brick farm residence.
- 1839 Voted to build a Town House.
- 1840 Union Church erected at South Wallingford.
- 1845 P. G. Clark built his farm residence.
- 1846 Sash Factory built by Silas K. Moore.
- 1848 Pitchfork factory of Lyman Batcheller burned; "Stone
Shop" erected.
- 1851 Store of Howard Harris burned.
- 1852 Trains began running on the Western Vermont Railroad.
- 1853 Depot Street surveyed.
- 1856 Lent Ives' house moved to School Street.
Isaac B. Munson built his residence on Main Street.
Jonathan Carpenter built his residence on Depot Street.
Lyman Batcheller, Jr. built his residence on Main Street.
- 1858 Wallingford Depot burned.
- 1859 Creek Bridge built.
- 1860 F. H. Hoadley built a blacksmith and carriage shop on
School Street.
Sherman Pratt began dealing in coffins and caskets.

CHRONOLOGY

- 1861 Town Poor Farm purchased.
- 1864 Brett & Son established a shoe peg industry.
- 1865 Batcheller & Sons purchased mill property on the Creek.
School House built on School Street.
George H. Edgerton opened a drug store.
Roman Catholic Church organized.
- 1866 St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church built.
Batcheller & Sons moved their manufacturing plant.
- 1869 Freshet, October 4th.
- 1871 Wallingford Militia Company organized.
Graded School established.
Land purchased to enlarge Green Hill Cemetery.
- 1873 Centennial of the town.
- 1874 Voted to build Tinmouth Road.
- 1875 Charles Hill built his residence on Main Street.
- 1876 Bradford's Tannery burned.
- 1877 *The Wallingford Standard* established.
Justin Batcheller built his residence on Main Street.
- 1880 Centennial of the Baptist Church.
- 1882 Batcheller & Sons Company incorporated.
- 1884 "Bee-hive" Tavern burned.
- 1893 Danforth Hulett built the "New Wallingford" Hotel.
Gilbert Hart Library Association organized.
- 1902 Batcheller & Sons Company merged into The American
Fork & Hoe Company.
Wallingford Manufacturing Company incorporated.
Voted to build a Town Hall.
- 1906 New Town Hall built.
Fire District No. 1 incorporated.
- 1908 Edwin Sabin's Tin-shop burned.
- 1910 Welland Vale Manufacturing Company purchased control of Wallingford Manufacturing Company.
- 1913 School House enlarged.

PEOPLE OF WALLINGFORD

- 1919 Wallingford Park Association incorporated.
- 1922 River Street Cement Bridge over the Creek built.
- 1923 Sash and Blind Factory Building burned.
- 1924 Batcheller Works of The American Fork & Hoe Company
burned.
The American Fork & Hoe Company purchased Walling-
ford Manufacturing Company plant.
- 1927 The True Temper Inn built.
Freshet, November 3d.
- 1929 Baseball Park deeded to the Park Association.
Fire District Bonds issued.
- 1933 Gymnasium and two class rooms added to the school
house.
Christopher Swezey established a Clothes Pin Factory.
- 1937 Bridge over the Creek and a Railway Over-pass built.
Main Street paved with concrete.

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